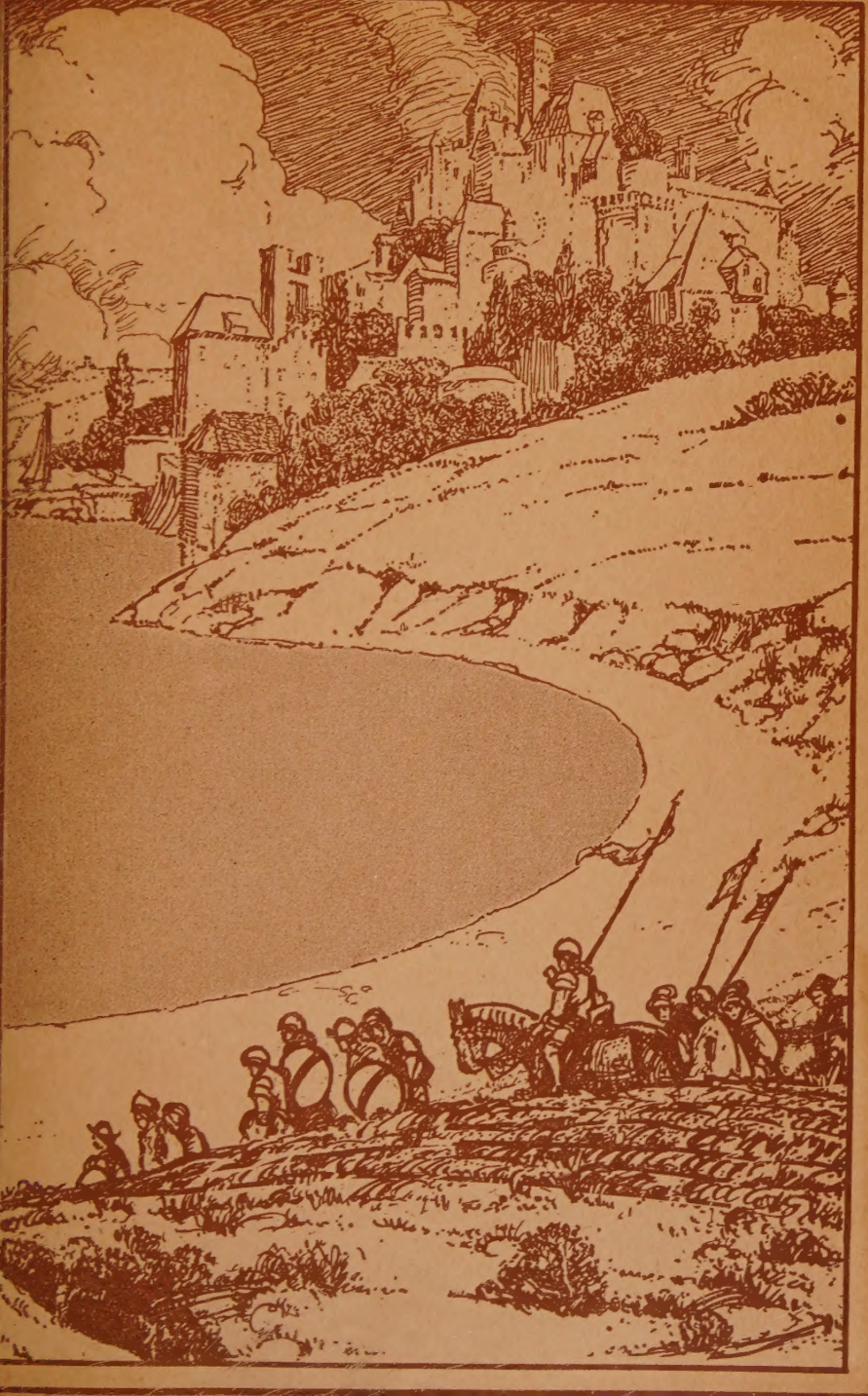
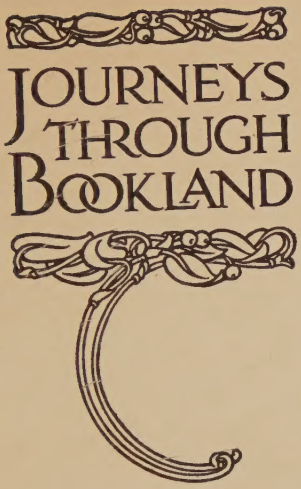
Journeys
Through
Bookland




JOURNEYS
THROUGH
BOOKLAND

W. S. Southworth

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Journeys Through Bookland

A New and Original Plan for Reading, Applied to the World's Best Literature for Children

BY

Charles H. Sylvester

AUTHOR OF *English and American Literature, Etc.*

VOLUME FOUR

BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY

CHICAGO

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BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find

A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,

THE BAREFOOT BOY

And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,

And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,—
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.

Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

RAIN ON THE ROOF[1]

When the humid showers hover
  Over all the starry spheres
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart:
And a thousand dreamy fancies
  Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the rain upon the roof.

1. Coates Kinney, born in New York in 1826, gives this account of the way in which the song came to be written: "The verses were written when I was about twenty years of age, as nearly as I can remember. They were inspired close to the rafters of a little story-and-a-half frame house. The language, as first published, was not composed, it *came*. I had just a little more to do with it than I had to do with the coming of the rain. This poem, in its entirety, came to me and asked me to put it down, the next afternoon, in the course of a solitary and aimless squandering of a young man's precious time along a no-whiter road through a summer wood. Every word of it is a fact and a tremendous heart throb."

The poem was rejected and thrown into the wastebasket by the editor of the paper to which it was sent, but the publisher found it and was pleased with it, and it has pleased people all over the world.

A COTTAGE CHAMBER BED

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she was long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain

Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

ADAPTED BY ANNA McCALEB

ONCE upon a time, in a far-off country whose exact location no man knows, there lived a king whose chief glory and pride was in his three beautiful daughters. The two elder sisters were sought in marriage by princes, but Psyche, by far the most beautiful of the three, remained at her father's home, unsought. The fact was, she was so lovely that all the people worshiped her as a goddess, while no man felt that he was worthy to ask for her hand.

"Shall a mere mortal," they said, "venture to seek the love of Venus, queen of beauty?"

When Psyche learned of the name they had given her she was frightened, for she knew well the jealous, vengeful nature of the goddess of beauty. And she did well to fear; for Venus, jealous, angry, was even then plotting her destruction.

"Go," she said to her son Cupid. "Wound that proud, impertinent girl with your arrows, and see to it that she falls in love with some wretched, depraved human being. She shall pay for attempting to rival me."

Off went the mischievous youth, pleased with his errand; but when he bent over the sleeping Psyche and saw that she was far more beautiful

than any one whom he had ever looked upon, he started hastily back, and wounded, not the maiden, but himself, with his arrow. Happy, and yet wretched in his love (for he knew his mother too well to fancy that she would relent toward the offending Psyche), he stole away; and for days he did not go near his mother, knowing that she would demand of him the outcome of his mission.

Meanwhile the old king, feeling that disgrace rested on his family because no man had come to seek Psyche in marriage, sent messengers to ask of the oracle[1] of Apollo whether he or his family had ignorantly offended any of the gods. Eagerly he watched for the return of the messengers, but as they came back the sight of their white faces told him that no favorable answer had been theirs.

"Pardon, O King," said the spokesman, "thy servants who bring thee ill news. We can but speak the words of the gods, which were these:

"'For hear thy doom; a rugged rock there is
Set back a league from thine own palace fair;

1. An oracle was a place where some god answered questions about future happenings. The same name was also given to the answers made by the god. The most famous oracles were that of Jupiter at Dodona and that of Apollo at Delphi, the latter holding chief place. At Delphi there was a temple to Apollo built over a chasm in the mountain side from which came sulphurous fumes. A priestess took her seat on a tripod over this chasm, and the answers she gave to inquiries were supposed to be dictated by the god. These answers were almost always unintelligible, and even when interpreted by the priests were ambiguous and of little use. Nevertheless, the Greeks believed in oracles firmly, and never undertook any important work without first consulting one or more of them.

There leave the maid, that she may wait the kiss
Of the fell monster that doth harbour there:
This is the mate for whom her yellow hair
And tender limbs have been so fashioned,
This is the pillow for her lovely head.

"'And if thou sparest now to do this thing,
I will destroy thee and thy land also,
And of dead corpses shalt thou be the king,
And stumbling through the dark land shalt thou go,
Howling for second death to end thy woe;
Live therefore as thou mayst and do my will,
And be a king that men may envy still.'"[2]

Imagine the grief of the loving father at these words! Had the oracle but threatened punishment to him, he would have endured any torture before subjecting his child to such a fate; but as a king, he dared not bring ruin on all his people, who trusted him. Psyche, herself, numb with horror, commanded quietly that preparations be made for the procession which should accompany her to the rock described by the oracle. Some days later, this procession set out, the priests in their white robes preceding Psyche, who, in mourning garments, with bowed head and clasped hands, walked between her father and mother. Her parents bewailed their fate and clung to her, but she said only, "It is the will of the gods, and therefore must be."

2. From William Morris's *Earthly Paradise.*

At last the mountain top was reached, the last heart-breaking farewells were said, and the procession wound back toward the city, leaving Psyche alone. All the horror of her fate burst upon her as she stood on the bleak rock, and she raised her hands to heaven and cried. Suddenly, however, it seemed to her that the breeze which blew past her murmured in her ear "Do not fear"; and certainly she felt herself being lifted gently and carried over mountain and valley and sea. At last, she was placed on a grassy bank, in a pleasant, flower-bright valley, and here she fell asleep, feeling quite safe after all her fears.

On awaking, she strolled about the lovely garden in which she found herself, wondering to see no one, though on all sides there were signs of work and care and thought. At the door of a palace, more gorgeous than any she had ever seen before, she paused, but soft voices called "Enter, beautiful maiden," and gentle hands, which she saw not, drew her within the door. While she gazed in wonder at the wrought golden pillars, the ivory and gold furnishings, the mosaic of precious stones which formed the floor, a voice said, close beside her:

"Sovereign lady, let not fear oppress thee:
All is thine on which thine eye doth rest.
We, whose voices greet thee, are thy servants—
Thou art mistress here, not passing guest.
In thy chamber, bed of down awaits thee;
Perfumed baths our skilléd hands prepare."

As she had slept in the garden, Psyche felt no need of rest, but passed at once to the refreshment of the bath. Then, for she had eaten nothing since the oracle's decree, she seated herself at the table and ate of the delicious dishes which the invisible hands presented to her. Swiftly the remaining hours of daylight passed, while the amazed and enraptured Psyche wandered about the palace and listened to the exquisite music which invisible performers furnished for her.

With the coming of the darkness, the voice which had spoken to her at her entrance said, "Our master comes!" And shortly after, he began to speak to her himself. At the first tones of his gentle, loving voice, Psyche forgot her fears, forgot the oracle; and when her unseen lover said, "Canst thou love me somewhat in return for all the love I give thee?" she answered, "Willingly!"

"Thou mayst have all the joys which earth and heaven afford; one thing only I ask of thee in return. I shall come to thee with the darkness, and never shalt thou try to see my face."

Psyche promised, and she kept her promise faithfully for a long time, though her longing to see the husband who was so good to her was great. During the hours when he was with her, she was perfectly happy, but through the long days, when she had nothing but the voices that had greeted her on her arrival, and her own thoughts for company, she longed and longed to see her sisters, and to send to her parents news

of her happiness. One night when her husband came, she begged of him that he would allow her sisters to visit her.

"Art thou not happy with me, Psyche?" he asked sorrowfully. "Do I not fill thy heart as thou fillest mine?"

"I am happier with thee than ever happy girl was with seen lover," replied Psyche, "but my parents and my sisters are yet in sorrow over my fate, and my heart tells me it is selfishness for me to be so happy while they grieve for me."

At last, her husband gave a reluctant consent to her request, and on the very next day, the West Wind,[3] who had brought Psyche to this retreat, brought her two sisters and set them down at her door. Joyfully Psyche led them in, and she commanded her invisible servants to serve them with the finest foods and entertain them with the most exquisite music. After the meal was over, the happy girl conducted them about the palace and pointed out to them all its treasures. She was not proud or boastful; she only wanted to show them how kind and thoughtful her husband was. But the sights that met their eyes filled them with envy, and when Psyche left the room to make some further plans for their comfort, one said to the other:

"Is it not unendurable that this girl, who was left unsought in our father's house for years,

3. The winds, four in number, were the sons of Æolus, god of the storm and of winds. Their names were Boreas, the north wind; Zephyrus, the west wind; Auster, the south wind, and Eurus, the east wind.

should be living in such splendor? I shall hate the sight of my own palace when I return."

"Yes," sighed the other, "all the polished oaken furnishings of which I was so proud will be worthless in my eyes after seeing Psyche's magnificent ivory and gold. And she is our younger sister!"

"Do you notice," said the elder sister, "that while she says much about what her husband does for her, she says nothing at all about him? But wait—here she comes—say nothing, and I will question her."

Happy, innocent Psyche, never doubting that her sisters were as pleased at her good fortune as she would have been at theirs, came to lead them to another room, but her sister detained her.

"Stay," she said, "we have something to ask of you. About all the splendors of your palace you have talked; you have told us at great length about your husband's goodness to you. But not a word about his looks or his age or his occupation have you said. See, sister! She blushes! Shy girl, she has been unwilling to speak of him until we spoke first."

"No doubt," said the other sister, "she has saved until the last her description of him, since he is the best part of her life here."

Poor Psyche knew not what to say. How should she confess that, after these many months, she had never seen her husband; that she knew not at all what manner of man he was?

"Why, he's a young man," she replied

hesitatingly, "a very young man, and he spends much of his time hunting on the mountains."

"Has he blue eyes or brown?" asked the elder sister.

"I—why—O, blue eyes," said Psyche.

"And his hair," inquired the second sister, "is it straight or curling, black or fair?"

"It's—it's straight and- -and brown," faltered poor Psyche, who had never before uttered a lie.

"Now, see here, my child," said the elder sister, "I can tell from your answers that you've never seen this precious husband of yours. Is not that the case?"

Psyche nodded, the tears running down her cheeks.

"But he's so good to me," she whispered. "And I promised I wouldn't try to see him."

"Good to you! You deluded innocent, of course he's good to you! What did the oracle say? It's plain to be seen that the prophecy has come true and that you are wedded to some fearful monster, who is kind to you now that he may kill and devour you by-and-by."

At length, for they were older than Psyche, and she had always been accustomed to taking their advice, they convinced her that her only safety lay in discovering at once what sort of a monster had her in its possession.

"Now mind," they counseled her, "this very night conceal a lamp and a dagger where you can reach them easily, and as soon as he is asleep, steal upon him. You shall see what you shall

SHE LOOKED UPON THE GOD OF LOVE

see. And if he's the distorted monster we think him, plunge the knife into his heart."

Poor, timid Psyche! Left to herself, she scarce knew what to do. She kindled the lamp, then extinguished it, ashamed of her lack of faith in her kind husband. But when she heard

him coming, she again hastily lighted the lamp and hid it, with a sharp dagger, behind a tapestry. When her husband approached her she pretended weariness; she knew that if she allowed him to talk with her, her fears would melt away.

"My visit with my sisters has tired me. Let me rest," she pleaded, and her husband, always ready to humor any wish of hers, did not try to coax her into conversation. He threw himself upon the couch, and when his regular breathing told her that he really slept, Psyche arose tremblingly, took up her lamp and dagger and stole to his side. Lifting her lamp high she looked upon —the very god of Love, himself!

"I stood
Long time uncertain, and at length turned round
And gazed upon my love. He lay asleep,
And ah, how fair he was! The flickering light
Fell on the fairest of the gods, stretched out
In happy slumber. Looking on his locks
Of gold, and faultless face and smile, and limbs
Made perfect, a great joy and trembling took me
Who was most blest of women, and in awe
And fear I stooped to kiss him. One warm drop
From the full lamp within my trembling hand,
Fell on his shoulder."[4]

Cupid awoke, looked with startled eyes at his wife, and reading aright the story of the lamp and the dagger, spread his wings and flew through the open window, saying sadly:

4. From *Epic of Hades*, by Lewis Morris.

"Farewell! There is no love except with Faith,
And thine is dead! Farewell! I come no
more!"

Weeping and calling out to her husband, Psyche ran out of doors into the black, stormy night. To the edge of the garden she ran, and then, in her grief and terror she swooned. When she awakened, the palace and garden had vanished, but Psyche cared little for that; henceforth her only care was to seek her husband.

Encountering on her wanderings the kindly Ceres, Psyche implored her help; but Ceres could give her no aid except advice.

"The gods must stand by each other," she said. "If Venus is angered at thee, I can give thee no aid. This, though, thou mayst do: Go to Venus, submit thyself unto her, and perhaps thou mayst win her favor."

At the temple of Venus, Psyche encountered that goddess, the cause of all her misfortunes; and right glad was Venus to have the once proud maiden for her humble slave.

"Many are the tasks thou canst perform for me," said the disdainful goddess, "if thou art not as stupid as thou art ugly. Here is a simple little task to begin upon."

She led Psyche to the storehouse of the temple and pointed out to her a great heap of grain—wheat, barley, poppy seeds, beans and millet.

"When I return at evening," she commanded, "have each sort of grain in a heap by itself."

The luckless girl knew that the work could

not be accomplished in the time allowed her, and she made, therefore, no attempt to begin it. As she sat with her head in her hands, she heard a faint sound, as if the grain were being stirred about, and looking up, she saw that the ants had come in vast numbers and were sorting it out. Fascinated, she watched them, until long before evening the task was done.

"Thou couldst never have done this by thyself, lazy one," exclaimed Venus, on her return. "To-morrow I will see whether thou art indeed able to do anything. Beyond the river which flows past my temple are golden-fleeced sheep, roaming without a shepherd. Do thou bring to me a portion of their fleece."

In the morning Psyche set out, utterly discouraged, but afraid to linger in the temple of the angry goddess. When she approached the sheep, she trembled, for they were numerous, and very fierce. As she stood concealed in the rushes by the river bank, the murmuring reeds said to her:

"Wait! At noon the sheep will seek the shade. Then mayst thou gather of their fleece from the bushes under which they have ranged."

With a thankful heart Psyche followed the directions, and at evening returned unharmed with the golden wool, which she presented to Venus. Again the goddess upbraided her.

"Well I know that of thine own self thou couldst never have done this," she cried wrathfully; nor did she stop to reflect that the fact that Psyche thus received aid, unasked, in her

difficulties, was a proof that all things on earth loved and pitied her. Instead, she gave her yet another task.

"Take this casket; go with it to the realms of the dead, and ask of Proserpina that she loan me a little of her beauty. I have worried about the undutiful conduct of my son until I have grown thin and pale, and I would look my best at the assembly of the gods to-morrow night."

This was the most hopeless task of all. To go to the realms of the dead—what did it mean but that she must die?

"As well soon as late," sighed the poor girl; and she climbed to the top of a high tower, meaning to cast herself down. But even here, where no living thing seemed to be, a voice came to her ears.

"Desist, rash girl, from thy plan! Thou art not yet to die. If thou wilt observe carefully all the directions which I shall give thee, thou shalt fulfil thy cruel mistress's stern behest. From a cave in yonder hill there leads a path, straight into the earth. No man has ever trodden it. Along this shalt thou journey, bearing in thy hand sops for the three-headed dog of Pluto, and money for the grim ferryman, Charon. It is written that thou shalt succeed; only, thou shalt not open the box which hides the beauty of Proserpina."

The voice ceased, and Psyche climbed from her tower and set out on the arduous journey. Through long, long hours she toiled over the rough path in utter darkness. What was on

either side of her, she knew not; no sound came to her except the far-off drip of water slipping through the rocks. At length, when she was ready to drop with fatigue and fear, a faint light appeared before her. Somewhat cheered, she walked on, and stepping from the vast tunnel in which she had been journeying, she found herself on the bank of a river. It was not such a river as she had seen gliding through the green fields and glittering over the rocks of her native country; it was a sluggish, inky-black stream,[5] which slid on without ever a ripple. A strange, gray light filled all the place, and showed to her a ferryboat moored to the shore, and a grim-looking, old, long-bearded ferryman.

"Will you take me over the river?" asked Psyche, in a faint voice. The ferryman gave her no answer, but she ventured to step upon his craft, upon which he instantly shoved off. Without a sound they moved across the river, and when Psyche stepped off on the farther shore, she knew she was really in Hades, the dreadful realm of Pluto. Tossing back onto the boat the coin she had brought, she went on

5. There were several great rivers in Pluto's realm. Phlegethon, a river of fire, separated Tartarus, the abode of the wicked, from the rest of Hades, while Cocytus, a salty river, was composed of the tears of the dwellers in Tartarus. But the most famous of the rivers were the Styx, by which the gods swore; the Lethe, a draught from which made one forget all that had ever happened and begin life anew; and the Acheron, a black, cold stream, over which the spirits of the dead had to be ferried before they could enter Pluto's realm. The ferryman was Charon; and since he would row no one over the river unless he were paid for it, the ancients placed under the tongue of the dead a small coin wherewith the fare might be paid.

PSYCHE AND CHARON

and on, until she came to a great gloomy tower of black marble. On the threshold stood Pluto's dog, three-headed Cerberus, and fiercely he barked at the poor frightened girl. However, the sop which she threw to him quieted him, and she passed on into the palace. There, on their

black thrones, sat Pluto and Proserpina, king and queen of this hopeless realm.

"Great queen," said Psyche, bowing humbly before Proserpina's throne, "my mistress has sent me to borrow for her a little of thy beauty."

"Willingly will I lend it," said Proserpina, kindly, "not to please thy proud mistress, but to help thee, poor girl." And taking the little casket which Psyche had brought with her, she breathed into it, closed it hurriedly, and handed it to the waiting girl.

Gladly did Psyche leave this gloomy abode and set out on her homeward journey. The black path seemed not so long nor so frightful when she knew she was moving toward the light of day; and O, how happy she was when she saw the sunlight glimmering ahead of her! Out once more in the free light and fresh air, she sat down for a time to rest, and a great curiosity came upon her to know what the little casket in her hand contained.

"My beauty must have been growing less through these weeks of trouble and fright," she thought, "and perhaps if my husband saw me now he would not love me. It can do no harm for me to borrow just a little of the contents of this box."

She raised the lid, but from the box there came, with a rushing sound, the spirit of sleep. This spirit seized upon Psyche and laid her by the roadside in a sleep resembling death, and here she might have slept for all time, had not Cupid, wandering by, spied her. Bending over

her, he kissed her; then he wrestled with the spirit of sleep until he had forced it to release Psyche, and to enter again the little casket from which her curiosity had loosed it.

"Psyche," he said, turning to his wife, who lay speechless with happiness at beholding him again, "once through thy curiosity I was lost to thee; this time thou wast almost lost to me. Never again must I leave thee; never must thou be absent from my sight."

Together, then, they hastened to Olympus, the dwelling of the gods: together they bowed before Jupiter's throne. The king of the gods, looking upon Psyche and seeing that she was beautiful as a goddess, listened favorably to their petition, and, calling for a cup of ambrosia, presented it to her and said:

"Drink, Psyche; so shalt thou become immortal, and fit wife for a god."

Venus, touched by her son's happiness, forgave his bride, and the young lovers, who had gone through so many griefs and hardships, lived happily forever in the beautiful palace presented to them by the king of the gods.

The myth of Cupid and Psyche is of much later date than most of the other myths; in fact, it is met with first in a writer of the second century of the Christian era. Many of the myths are material—that is, they explain physical happenings, such as the rising of the sun, the coming of winter, or the flashing of the lightning; but the myth of Cupid and Psyche has nothing

CUPID AND THE SPIRIT OF SLEEP

to do with the forces of nature—it is wholly spiritual in its application.

Cupid is Love, while Psyche represents the soul; and thus the story, in its descriptions of Psyche's sufferings, shows how the soul, loved by heaven, and really loving heaven, is robbed of its joy through its own folly. Only by striving and suffering, the story tells us, is the soul purified and made fit for joy everlasting.

Psyche's descent into the regions of the dead signifies that it is only after death that the soul realizes its true happiness. Even if we did not know just when this myth originated, we might guess from this teaching that the myth was a late one, for the earliest Greeks and Romans did not believe in a real happiness after death. They believed in existence after death, but it was a very shadowy existence, with the most negative sort of pleasures. Later, the Romans, even before they accepted Christianity, had their beliefs more or less modified by their contact with Christians.

We may sum this myth up by saying that it is an allegory of

"the soul of man, the deathless soul,
Defeated, struggling, purified and blest."

As you read this story of Cupid and Psyche, some incidents in it doubtless seemed familiar to you; you had come across them before in various fairy tales. Thus the story of Psyche's arrival at the palace and of the way in which she was waited upon by invisible beings will

remind you of certain parts of *Beauty and the Beast*, while the labors set for Psyche by Venus will recall *The Three Tasks*. Now, while some of the fairy stories are undoubtedly borrowed from this old, old tale, it is a singular fact that there is an old Norse story which contains some of the same incidents, and yet could not have been taken from this.

One of the most interesting things about the study of mythology is the attempt to discover how widely separate nations came to have similar stories. Many learned men have worked much over this question, and some of them say that, having the same facts to explain, or the same things to express in allegory, the various ancient peoples naturally hit upon the same explanations. Others believe that this similarity of myths shows that far, far back, the ancestors of these different people must have had intercourse with each other. Probably there is some truth in both theories, though most authorities believe that the former theory covers more cases than does the latter.

We have said that this story is an allegory; do you understand just what an allegory is? There are different types of allegories; in some, each person that appears represents some quality or some influence; in others, a general truth is set forth, but there is no attempt to make every minor character fill a place in the allegory. To which type do you think the story of Cupid and Psyche belongs? Do Psyche's sisters, for instance, represent anything?

What was the real fault of Psyche—the folly that cost her her happiness?

The word "Psyche" means in Greek, *the soul;* it is also the word for *butterfly.* Can you see any reason why the one name should be used for both?

There are still some very, very old pictures which show a man with a butterfly just fluttering out from between his lips. Remembering that the butterfly was the emblem of the soul, can you imagine what the artists meant to show by this?

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation,—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine

What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing."
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel,—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure;
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,

And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
Followed the piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the
pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe,—
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me'!—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

"MY THOUSAND GUILDERS!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council-dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!

AFTER HIM THE CHILDREN PRESSED

He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

* * * * * * * *

FRITHIOF THE BOLD

ADAPTED BY GRACE E. SELLON

INGEBORG was the favored child of King Bele of Sognland—favored not only by the king, but, it would seem, by the gods themselves; for while she possessed great beauty and a disposition of rare loveliness, her brothers, Helge and Halfdan, were endowed neither with comeliness nor with the bravery and the gentler virtues of true princes. Indeed, King Bele seemed to have good cause for regarding Frithiof, the stalwart son of his loyal friend Thorsten, with greater affection than he bestowed upon his own sons, for Frithiof was fearless in danger and could surpass all other youths in feats of strength, yet was so mild-mannered and noble-hearted that from the first he found great pleasure in the companionship of the little princess Ingeborg.

With so much satisfaction did King Bele look upon this comradeship that when Ingeborg was but a small child he gave her into the care of her foster-father, Hilding, under whose guardianship Frithiof also had been placed. Thus thrown constantly into each other's company, the youth and his child playmate found delight in daily expeditions through the forest and on the firth;[1] and rare times they had.

1. *Firth*, an arm of the sea.

"Her pilot soon he joyed to glide,
In Viking[2]-guise, o'er stream and tide:
Sure, hands so gentle, heart so gay,
Ne'er plauded rover's young essay!

"No beetling lair, no pine-rocked nest,
Might 'scape the love-urged spoiler's quest:
Oft ere an eaglet-wing had soared,
The eyry mourned its parted hoard.

"He sought each brook of rudest force,
To bear his Ing'borg o'er its source:
So thrilling, midst the wild alarm,
The tendril-twining of her arm."[3]

As the years passed, and Ingeborg became lovelier and Frithiof more brave and noble each day, their pleasure in each other's company grew deeper and more absorbing. From this state of happy content, however, Frithiof was to be rudely awakened by the faithful Hilding, who could see a great disappointment looming in the path of his young charge. Calling Frithiof to him one day, he said:

"Thou knowest the grief I would feel to see thee unhappy. For thy own good I warn thee that it is not possible for Ingeborg ever to be thine. Thou dost forget that she is the king's daughter, and can trace her lineage even to All-

2. *Viking*, the name of the Norse sea-pirates who coasted the shores of Europe in the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. The name is derived from *wick*, a kind of creek or inlet which these plunderers used as harbors.

3. From Longfellow's translation of portions of Tegner's *Frithiof Saga*.

father Odin,[4] while thou art a mere subject in this realm."

"Ah, but strength and prowess, the gifts of Thor[5] himself, must rank above the dignity of kings. Ingeborg, the white lily, shall be mine," retorted Frithiof in angry pride, and took himself off, apparently unheeding the counsel.

Nevertheless, when he thought later of Hilding's words and of the hostile feelings that Halfdan and Helge bore him because of envy of his prowess, he became troubled in mind.

It was not long after this that both Bele and his loyal Thorsten, after impressing many a word of wisdom upon the hearts and minds of their heirs, died peacefully and were placed so near each other that in death, as in life, they seemed always together.

Helge and Halfdan now became the kings of Sogn, and Frithiof went to live on the estate of Framnäs, left him by his father. Great indeed was his inheritance, for he came into possession of the wonderful sword Angurvadel, on the blade of which were mystic runes[6] dull in times of peace, but fiery red in war; the magic ring or armlet made by Vaulund the smith, and

4. Odin, the father of the Norse gods. From his lofty throne in Asgard, home of the gods, he could survey and govern all heaven.

5. Thor, the eldest son of Odin, superior in strength to all the other Norse gods. He was renowned for the possession of a wonderful hammer, which, after being cast at an object, came back of itself to the hand of him who had thrown it; a magic belt that greatly increased his strength; and a pair of iron gloves that gave him strength and skill in throwing his hammer.

6. *Runes*, letters or characters of ancient Scandinavian alphabets. The literal meaning of *rune*, a secret or mystery, is explained by the fact that at first these symbols could be read only by a few.

ALL JOY HAD GONE OUT OF THE WORLD

the ship Ellida, built in the shape of a dragon and swifter in its flight than any eagle.

These gifts of good fortune, however, failed to satisfy the new master of Framnäs. So greatly did he miss the presence of Ingeborg that he could find content in no occupation and

FRITHIOF MEETS THE TWO KINGS

wandered about in restlessness. At length he determined to dispel his loneliness by filling his great house with guests and holding a feast that should cause him to be remembered ever afterwards for boundless hospitality. Just at this time came Helge and Halfdan with their sister

Ingeborg to visit him. Then indeed did Frithiof's gloom take flight as he sat by Ingeborg's side or with her roamed the woods and fields, living over again the days of their happy comradeship and building hopes for an even happier reunion in the future. In renewing their love, they had secretly become betrothed, and thus the hours of the visit sped all too swiftly.

After the departure of Ingeborg it seemed to Frithiof that all joy had gone out of the world. His dark mood returned, and dismal fears began to haunt him day and night. Unable longer to endure this desperate state, he acted upon a sudden resolve, and set sail in his ship, Ellida, for the home of the princess, determined to ask formally for her hand in marriage. It was a daring project; but Frithiof was a fearless suitor.

Having anchored his boat on the shore of the firth, he advanced at once to where the two kings were "seated on Bele's tomb," administering law to the common people.

In a voice that reëchoed round the valleys and peaks, Frithiof cried,

"'Ye kings, my love is Ing'borg fair;
To ask her in marriage I here repair;
And what I require
I here maintain was King Bele's desire!" [7]

The bold words and kingly bearing of the youth drew to him the admiring gaze of all the

7. Spalding's translation of Tegner's *Frithiof Saga*.

great assembly. But Helge looked at him, at first in astonishment; then, in deep scorn.

"The hand of my sister, the Princess Ingeborg, is for none of such mean estate as thou. Wouldst thou enter our household? Accept then the place of serving-man," the king at length replied disdainfully.

At these slighting words Frithiof was so moved by rage that he would have slain the king then and there had not the place been hallowed by Bele's tomb. As it was, he split the royal shield in two with his mighty sword; then, drawing himself up to his full height, he turned abruptly and strode back to his ship, with head held loftily and eyes flashing with terrible anger.

Scarcely had he returned home when he was visited by his foster-father Hilding who, strange as it may seem, had come to ask his aid in behalf of Ingeborg and her brothers.

"The one whom thou lovest has given herself up to grief in the temple of Balder,[8] where she spends each day in tears," Hilding mournfully began. "Her fate is sealed, as is that of the whole kingdom, if thou wilt not help us resist King Ring of Ringland who, notwithstanding his great age, has demanded Ingeborg's hand in marriage, and in anger is marching against us because his request has been refused," continued the faithful old guardian beseechingly.

Frithiof was playing at chess with his companion Bjorn, and to all appearance did not hear nor heed the words of Hilding. His

8. Balder, the much-loved god of spring.

wounded pride cried for revenge. However, by artful remarks concerning the moves that were being made on the board, he let it be known that he was aware of the king's peril but would allow himself to be concerned only for the welfare of Ingeborg. When at length Hilding pressed for an answer, Frithiof cried out:

"Haste! tell the sons of royal Bele
I wear not a retainer's steel;[9]
For wounded honor bids divide
The sacred bond it once revered.[10]

Filled with secret dismay by Hilding's unsuccessful mission, Helge and Halfdan set forth at once to meet the invading King Ring. Scarcely had they departed when Frithiof, impelled by pity for Ingeborg, went to seek her in Balder's temple. Sympathy had indeed blinded Frithiof's better judgment, for the spot on which the temple stood was held so sacred that the law forbade it to be used for lovers' trysts. Regardless of peril, he approached Ingeborg, who, fearful for his safety, implored him to return to Framnäs; but the reckless youth, defying Balder's wrath, remained to assure the unhappy princess of his lasting devotion to her welfare.

"By the honor of my race, I swear that thou wilt ever be dearer to me than all things else beside," declared Frithiof solemnly, with bowed head. And then, giving Ingeborg the Vaulund

9. *Retainer's steel*, the sword of a subject.
10. Longfellow's translation.

ring, with her he made a vow that their troth should never be broken.

Little did they know how soon their words were to be proved vain! Even then were Helge and Halfdan coming back to Sogn to fulfil the promise made King Ring that Ingeborg should become his bride; and even then did Frithiof's violation of Balder's shrine cry out accusingly, demanding grim punishment.

Immediately upon Helge's return he learned of Frithiof's misdeed. Summoning the offender to him, he asked, in awful tones: "Hast thou aught to say in denial of the grave charge that stands against thee for defiling the sanctuary?"

"According to the law, the charge is just," calmly answered Frithiof.

"Then get thee hence at once," cried Helge. "Sail to the Orkney Islands and there let us see if thy boldness will avail to secure from Earl Angantyr the long-due tribute money. If thou succeed, return; but if thou fail, let shame for thy empty boasts and overweening pride keep thee from these shores forever."

The thought of parting seemed so cruel that Frithiof tried to persuade Ingeborg to go with him to the sunny land of Greece. "There shalt thou dwell in queenly fashion, and I myself will be thy most devoted subject," he pleaded.

Ingeborg, faithful to duty, replied: "My brothers now take my father's place in my life, and I cannot be happy unless I have their consent to my marriage."

In deep dejection Frithiof then set sail in

Ellida, Ingeborg watching him from the shore with a heavy and foreboding heart. Hardly had the ship got under way when there arose a terrible storm, caused by two witches whom Helge had paid to use their evil power against his enemy. For days the storm raged, until it seemed that the dragon-ship must be wrecked.

"As made with defeat,
It blows more and more hard;
There is bursting of sheet,
There is splintering of yard.
O'er and o'er the half-gulfed side,
Flood succeeding flood is poured;
Fast as they expel the tide,
Faster still it rolls aboard.
Now e'en Frithiof's dauntless mind
Owned the triumph of his foe;
Louder yet than wave and wind
Thus his thundering accents flow!
'Haste and grasp the tiller,
Bjorn, with might of bear-paw!
Tempest so infuriate
Comes not from Valhalla.[11]
Witchcraft is a-going;
Sure, the coward Helge
Spells[12] the raging billows!
Mine the charge to explore.'"[13]

Had the prayers of Ingeborg at length availed? Even as he was gazing out over the waters,

11. Valhalla, the palace of Odin, in Asgard, the home of the gods.
12. *Spells*, bewitches.
13. Longfellow's translation.

Frithiof beheld the two witches floating before him on the back of a great whale. Then it was that his ship Ellida, intelligent and faithful as a human servant, saved him from the power of the crafty Helge. Bearing down quickly upon the evil-workers, it despatched one of them with its sharp prow, while Frithiof, with one thrust of his weapon, destroyed the other. But the vessel was filled with water, and the sailors were forced to bale continually. In this desperate plight the Orkney Islands were reached, and the exhausted crew were borne ashore. Frithiof, too, was worn with fatigue, yet he carried eight of his men at one time from the ship to safety.

When Ellida put into harbor, Earl Angantyr and his warriors were in the midst of a drinking-bout at the palace. The old attendant Halvar, while refilling the Earl's horn[14] with mead,[15] called the attention of the party to the incoming vessel.

"A ship that can weather such a sea must be no other than Ellida, bearing the doughty son of my good friend Thorsten," exclaimed Angantyr, rising to get a better view.

At these words of praise the keenest envy was aroused in Atle and several of his companions who were most celebrated in that realm for their skill and prowess as huntsmen and warriors; and in a body they went down to the shore to challenge the far-famed youth of Norway.

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14. *Horn*, a drinking-vessel, horn-shaped, or made of horn.
15. *Mead*, a drink made of honey and water.

Again did the magic Angurvadel stand its owner in good stead. Atle's sword having been broken, Frithiof cast aside his own weapon, and the two men wrestled until the latter threw his opponent and stood over him victor.

"Now had I my sword, thou should'st die," cried Frithiof.

"Get thy weapon," calmly replied Atle. "I give thee my word I will await thy return."

Frithiof recovered Angurvadel, but as he was about to plunge it into Atle's body he was so moved by the fearlessness of the vanquished man that he spared his life. Earl Angantyr then warmly welcomed the son of his noble friend Thorsten, and because of the memory of this friendship agreed to pay the required tribute.

Not until spring did Frithiof return to Sogn. When he arrived in his native land he learned of two direful events. Helge had destroyed the estate at Framnäs, and had given Ingeborg as a bride to King Ring. Into such a furious passion did the news put him, that he went at once to seek out Helge. The two kings with their wives were worshiping in Balder's temple. Unable to suppress his rage, Frithiof advanced toward Helge and thrust Angantyr's tribute into the very face of the king. Then, finding that Helge's wife was wearing the magic ring that Ingeborg had been forced to give up, Frithiof tried to wrest this from its wearer, and in doing so caused the queen to drop into the fire an image of the god Balder. In the effort to avert this disaster Halfdan's wife let fall a second image, which she

held, and immediately the temple burst into flames.

Had not Frithiof been the most dauntless of all the sons of Norway, he would have been prostrated with fear for the consequences of this terrible sacrilege. Could he longer escape the avenging anger of Balder? Summoning all his courage, he ran to the shore and immediately embarked in Ellida. Swiftly the dragon-ship skimmed the waves, while Helge paced up and down the shore in helpless wrath, all of his vessels having been destroyed by the companions of his fleeing enemy.

For three years thereafter Frithiof roved the seas as a viking, overcoming the great sea-pirates, and taking from them their rich spoils. At length, when he had become very wealthy, he tired of his ceaseless roaming and came to feel that nothing would satisfy him but to see Ingeborg again. Then, despite the protests of Bjorn, he set out for Norway to visit the kingdom of Ringland.

Arrived at the king's palace he entered, disguised as an old man, and humbly seated himself among the servants. Soon those about him began to make fun of his forlorn appearance, whereupon he seized a youth standing near, and raising him high above his head, twisted him about as though he weighed no more than a mere babe. This surprising test of strength drew the attention of the entire party, and the king questioned:

"Who art thou, and where didst thou pass the night just gone?"

"In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead bright.
Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night"[16]

came in a quavering voice from Frithiof.

But the king, intent upon further discovery, bade the stranger remove his shaggy cloak. Then Frithiof knew that deception was no longer possible, and, throwing off his cloak, he stood forth in all the might of his manhood. Even had it not been otherwise possible to recognize him, the Vaulund ring worn on his arm would have betrayed its owner. At once his eyes traveled to Ingeborg, who blushed deeply, while the king feigned ignorance.

So much favor did Frithiof find with the aged monarch, that he was besought to remain at the court during the winter. On one occasion he repaid this hospitality by saving the lives of the king and queen when they were on their way to a feast. The ice over which they were passing broke, and they would have sunk into the river below had not Frithiof by main force pulled the pony and sleigh out of the water.

Somewhat later, while accompanying the royal party on a visit to the woods and fields where the new beauty of the springtime could be fully enjoyed, Frithiof was left alone with King Ring. Feeling weary, the old man lay down upon a cloak spread for him by his companion, and fell asleep with his head upon the younger

16. Longfellow's translation.

man's knee. As he lay thus, a coal-black raven from a near-by tree called in hoarse whispers to Frithiof: "Take his life, now that he is in thy power." But from another bough a bird, white as snow, admonished him: "Respect old age and be true to the trust that has been placed in thee." Thereupon Frithiof cast his sword from him as far as it could be thrown. Soon the king aroused himself from the sleep that he had merely pretended, and said in kindly tones:

"I know thee now to be a brave and loyal friend; and thy trustworthiness shall be rewarded, Frithiof. Do not be surprised that I speak thy name, for I have known thee from the first. Even now the darkness of death is closing round me, and when the light of Midgard[17] fades from my sight, I shall die willing that thou marry Ingeborg and rule my kingdom until my young son shall have grown to manhood."

Frithiof, whose noble nature had been deeply touched by the king's generosity, would have departed from Ringland soon afterward, but with great difficulty was prevailed upon to stay. And so it came about that when in a little time the king died, the long years of trial endured by Ingeborg and Frithiof were brought to an end, and their constancy was rewarded. To fill the measure of their joy, Halfdan, who was now reigning alone, Helge having died, became reconciled to them and gladly agreed to their union. Indeed, it was he who led his sister to

17. *Midgard*, the name given in Norse mythology to earth, as distinguished from Asgard (the home of the gods) and Hel (the lower world).

the altar in the restored temple of Balder and gave her into the safe-keeping of her faithful lover.

When you think how old your grandmother and grandfather seem, and then remember that they have lived less than a hundred years, you feel that a story which has been living for hundreds of years is indeed very old. Such a story is the one that you have just been reading. Many more children than you could possibly imagine, if you were trying to picture them all in one place—especially children of Norway, Sweden and Denmark—have delightedly read or listened to this same interesting tale.

The Frithiof *saga*,[18] as the story is called, did not appear in its present form until the fourteenth century, though it is believed to have existed, at least in part, in earlier ages. It has been told and retold by writers of Norway and Sweden, translated into many languages, and even made into a celebrated epic[19] poem by the Swedish poet, Tegner.

Of course in the fourteenth century the people of northern Europe no longer thought that Odin, Balder and the other gods mentioned in the story lived in Valhalla and ruled the world. But at that time many did believe in magic and in the evil power of witches; and it is altogether probable that the wonderful ship Ellida, which possessed human intelligence and could save its master

18. *Saga*, an ancient Scandinavian legend, or mythical or historical tale.

19. *Epic*, a narrative poem concerned usually with historic deeds and characters, and written in a style of marked dignity and grandeur.

from shipwreck; the witches traveling about on the whale's back; the talking birds, and the magical ring and sword would have seemed far less astonishing to these people than would our great ocean steamships and men-of-war, our railroad trains and trolley cars, our telephones and talking-machines, and many other modern wonders in which we fully believe.

While we agree with the children of the long-ago in admiring Frithiof's bravery and faithfulness and Ingeborg's amiability and constancy, probably we are most interested in the story because of the many adventures that it contains. How many of the bold deeds of Frithiof can you recall without turning to the story? If you can remember all of them you are surely doing well. Can you name these deeds in just the order in which you have read them?

Suppose you tell this story some time when you are playing school with the younger children in the family or in the neighborhood. It would be a good thing for you to do just what a real teacher might do: go over the story, picking out all of the principal events and writing these briefly and clearly on a slip of paper, one under another, exactly in the order in which they occur. Then when you are teaching your class, you can lay this paper on your desk and look at it from time to time as you tell the story. Thus you will not forget any of the most important happenings. It is very likely that you will find this a good plan not only for the *Frithiof saga* but for many other stories as well.

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

ADAPTED BY GRACE E. SELLON

NOTE,—Near the beginning of the thirteenth century there was written in Germany one of the greatest story-poems in the literature of the world. This is the *Nibelungenlied*, a partly historical, partly mythical tale containing more than two thousand stanzas composed by an unknown poet, or perhaps by several poets. The first half of the poem is made up mostly of the deeds of Siegfried, a warrior king claimed as a national hero, not only by the Germans but by the Norse people, who lived in northern Europe, in the countries of Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In the Norse stories, however, Siegfried is known as Sigurd.

It is not at all certain that Siegfried was an historical person. Though there is some reason for thinking that he was Arminius, the fearless leader of the Germans in the terrible revolt by which they overthrew their Roman rulers in the year 9 A. D., yet of the warriors with whom he has been identified, Siegfried seems most like Sigibert, king of the Franks who lived in Austrasia, or ancient Germany. For this king, like Siegfried, overcame the Saxons and Danes by his brave fighting, he too discovered a hidden treasure, and he was at length treacherously put to death by pages of his sister-in-law, Fredegunde, with whom his

wife, Brunhilde, had quarreled over some question of precedence.

After all, though, it does not make a great difference whether or not Siegfried was any of the heroes to whom he has been likened or was all of them put together; he really lives for us in the wonderful story of his knightly bravery and good faith.

Some of the greatest poets and dramatists and composers, not only of Germany, but of other countries as well, have made use of incidents from the *Nibelungenlied.* Of all these works which have been produced with this old poem as a basis, the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, a group of four operas by Richard Wagner, is most famous. These operas, which are among the finest works of this great composer, are not based absolutely on the *Nibelungenlied;* many happenings in the life of the hero, Siegfried, are different. But it is clear that Wagner drew his inspiration from this thirteenth century epic, and his use of it has opened other people's eyes to its beauties.

IN the golden days of knightly adventure, when heroes famed for marvelous daring went up and down the land in search of deeds in which to display their skill, strength and courage in combat, and their gallantry towards fair ladies, there lived in one of the countries on the Rhine a prince named Siegfried who, though but a youth, was noted far and wide for his unequaled valor and

SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON

boldness. When he was a mere boy he nobly served his country in putting to death the Dragon of the Linden-tree, a monster so full of hate that it would cast its poison out upon any one who came near it, and so strong that it could destroy any one who tried to conquer it. Nevertheless

the fearless Siegfried not only slew this evil creature but bathed in its blood, thus making his own skin so hard that it could never afterward be pierced by any weapon. At another time, while traveling through the land of the Nibelungers, he came upon the two princes of the country and a company of their attendants gathered about the foot of a hill from which had just been taken great quantities of gold and precious stones.

"Ho, Siegfried," called one of the princes, advancing to meet him, "come to our aid, for we are much in need of some one to divide between my brother and myself this treasure left us by our father. For such help we will prove to you our gratitude."

Siegfried, however, would have ridden on had not both princes and all those about them urged him again and again to make the division. They gave him, for reward, the mighty sword Balmung, that had belonged to the dead king of the Nibelungers, and then in anxious expectation stood around him as he began to count out and separate the pieces of gold and the shining stones.

But Siegfried soon grew weary of his task, and glancing over the great piles of treasure that would have filled more than a hundred wagons, he turned impatiently away and would have departed had not twelve powerful companions of the two princes blocked his path.

"Do you think to stay me thus?" cried Siegfried; and before they could answer he attacked them one after another and put them all to death.

Then in fury rode against him seven hundred of the great warriors of that land, but, secure in the possession of Balmung, and with a skin like horn, Siegfried overcame every opponent. Last of all he slew the two princes and subdued the dwarf Alberich, whom he made keeper of the treasure.

From this same dwarf he wrested a magic cloak or *tarnkappe*, that gave its owner wonderful strength, made him proof against every blow dealt him, and enabled him to become invisible. At length, when the remaining nobles had sworn allegiance to him, Siegfried rode away, lord of the Nibelunger's land and treasure.

At this time there dwelt in Burgundy, on the Rhine, a young princess of such rare virtue and beauty that noble youths had come from every land to win her as a bride. As yet, however, she had bestowed her favor upon no one. What, then, were the surprise and foreboding felt by King Siegmund and his queen, Siegelind, the parents of Siegfried, when he made known to them that he was about to fare forth to Burgundy, to sue for the hand of the princess Kriemhild. For they knew that King Gunther, Kriemhild's brother, was a man of great might, and that he and his powerful nobles might look with displeasure upon Siegfried's proud bearing. Finding, however, that they could not change the purpose of the young prince, they provided him and his eleven companions with the finest of garments and with armor of dazzling brightness, and allowed him to depart.

Siegfried was not in the least dismayed when, upon reaching the court of Burgundy, he was taken into the presence of the king.

"It would please me much to know why you have journeyed hither, Prince Siegfried," said Gunther, in kindly tones.

"That I shall tell you without delay," replied the youth. "I have heard of your prowess, King Gunther, and I have come to prove who is the better in arms, you or I. If in fair combat I am victor, let your kingly authority and your lands be given over to me. If I am vanquished, you may claim my rights and possessions as heir to the throne of Netherland."

Upon hearing these bold words Gunther looked on the prince with much surprise, yet with no ill will; but his nobles exchanged angry glances and then broke out in threats of punishment for such overweening pride. Not at all daunted, Siegfried would have challenged the whole company had not the king addressed him with such generous courtesy and offers of entertainment for himself and his companions that the large-hearted knight could not refuse to be pacified.

Little did King Gunther know how greatly he was to profit by this kindness. Before long his kingdom was threatened by the combined armies of the Danes and the Saxons led by their kings, Ludegast and Ludger. Learning of the great danger that had cast a gloom over Gunther, Siegfried assured the king, "Do not let yourself be troubled. I am your friend and for your sake

will teach these upstarts to rue the day when they foolishly defied the King of Burgundy." Well pleased with this show of sincere friendship, Gunther entrusted his army to Siegfried, and the young prince of Netherland set forth to meet his foes.

As the Burgundians approached the camp of the enemy, Siegfried rode far in advance to learn what were the numbers of their foes. Thus it was that just without the camp he was challenged by a knight whom he at once recognized as King Ludegast. Leveling their lances, the two warriors rushed together, and each struck full against the other's shield. Then drawing their swords they fought fiercely until Ludegast, severely wounded, fell from his horse. Immediately, thirty of the followers of the Danish king hurled themselves upon Siegfried, and all but one, who begged for life, were slain by the mighty sword Balmung.

After leading the Burgundians into battle, Siegfried fought in the thickest of the fray until almost unhorsed by the Saxon king, Ludger. Stirred to keenest anger by this incident, the prince of Netherland began to rain blows upon his opponent and doubtless would have overcome him had not Ludger suddenly discovered with whom he was fighting, and cried: "Hold! Stay your hand! Let the battle cease. I will not fight against the terrible might of Siegfried, the Netherlander. Let my men surrender, as I submit."

Thus was the day won for the Burgundians;

KRIEMHILD SECRETLY OBSERVED HIM

and with mingled sorrow for their fallen warriors and joy for the good tidings that they were bearing King Gunther, they traveled back to the Rhine, accompanied by the captive Danes and Saxons and the prisoner kings. Never was a conquering army more gladly and fittingly

received with merry-making and pageants, kind gifts and unstinted praise than was the great host that returned to Gunther's capital.

And, as he deserved, Siegfried was most honored of all. As if the brothers knew what could reward the hero better than anything else in the world, they arranged that Siegfried should at length be presented to their lovely sister, Kriemhild. The plan was indeed no less pleasing to the maiden than to the young prince, for although she lived in seclusion, she had secretly observed him and had come to feel deep admiration and affection for him.

On the day set for the meeting, Kriemhild and her mother, with many attendants, advanced in state to the great room where Gunther held his court. As the princess passed through the crowds that thronged the way, her eyes were often downcast, and a vivid pink overspread the pure whiteness of her cheeks as hundreds of eyes bent upon her their admiring glances. For of all the fair ladies of that court, she was indeed the fairest.

Noting her rare beauty and the modesty, gentleness and grace of her bearing, Siegfried could only exclaim to himself, "She is too good and beautiful for me to win; yet I must always be wretched if I go from this land and never see her again."

Shortly afterward, with formal ceremony, he was presented to the princess, and as he knelt and kissed her hand she murmured: "Welcome again to Burgundy, Sir Siegfried, for

surely you have been a brave defender of the honor of our land."

As the last words fell from her lips she looked at Siegfried with such kind interest and he returned her glance with so much ardor that words were not needed to declare their love. For several days thereafter great festivities were held by the King and his court, and whether at tournament or feast Siegfried always held the envied place by Kriemhild's side.

Meanwhile a great project had been forming in Gunther's mind, and one day as he sat among his nobles he declared: "It is my purpose to set forth soon to win a bride who lives in a far distant land. Though the terms by which she is to be won are hard, I cannot be content until I have tried my fate and have either made the fair Brunhild my wife, or have died in the effort."

At the mention of the name Brunhild, Gunther's companions cried out in dismay, and one of the lords exclaimed:

"Oh give up, I pray you, this wild enterprise. A great and good king should not be sacrificed to the strange caprice of the Queen of Issland. You know that like all others who have contested against the unmatched strength of Brunhild, you will die without honor."

Gunther, however, was unmoved by the warning, and turning to Siegfried, he asked, "Will you not help me to carry out my plan? Queen Brunhild, you know, is mightier in combat than any man that lives, yet he who wins her must prove himself superior to her in strength

A GREAT CASTLE TOWERING ABOVE CLIFFS

and skill. If he fail, he must die. My friends here think me rash and would induce me to stay at home. In most things I would not oppose them, but in this case I must do as my own heart bids me."

After some thought Siegfried replied, slowly

and impressively: "There is one condition on which I will aid you. I will win Brunhild for you if in return you will give me the hand of your sister, Kriemhild."

"There is no other to whom I would more gladly trust her than to you," replied Gunther; and then with clasped hands the two friends sealed their compact.

After busy days of preparation, during which the most splendid raiment that ever clad brave knights was made by Kriemhild and her maidens, Gunther and Siegfried, with several companions, set sail upon the river Rhine, thence to cross the sea to Issland, in the far north. Slowly passed the days of the voyage, for it was a time of keen suspense. "Will good King Gunther ever sail back again into the Rhine country?" was the question that haunted his loyal friends. All but Siegfried were doubtful.

At length, one day, they came into view of a great green castle towering above cliffs. "Behold the home of Brunhild!" cried Siegfried; and then as the eager watchers continued to gaze they could see people hurrying about the castle, evidently excited by the approach of a foreign vessel.

After anchoring the boat the company were taken at once into the presence of Queen Brunhild, who, recognizing the young Netherlander, exclaimed: "Welcome, Prince Siegfried. What brings you to our court?"

Then Siegfried, bowing low, made known their mission:

"Gracious queen, in the name of my lord, the King of Burgundy, I ask for a favorable hearing for his suit. None knows better of his noble qualities than do I, his subject; and none can say with more assurance than I that a nobler husband for Queen Brunhild is nowhere to be found."

"Ah, if that be his quest," cried Brunhild, "he can win his bride, not by gentle speeches and looks of love, but by a sterner test than any mortal suitor has ever yet endured."

Notwithstanding the harsh warning, Gunther, assured by Siegfried, declared: "In the presence of your great beauty, Queen Brunhild, even the strange terms that you propose seem reasonable, and I must accept them, though they bring me and my followers death."

Thereupon Brunhild began to make ready for the contest, and Siegfried, unobserved, slipped down to the boat in the harbor. Soon three of the Queen's attendants came staggering under the weight of an immense javelin, and a little later twelve other men slowly and with great difficulty pushed an enormous stone into the field. Then the Queen herself appeared clad in massive armor. The King and his attendants looked on; and when it seemed that surely all must die, they would gladly have withdrawn; but from shame they strove to hide their fears as best they could.

Meanwhile Siegfried had arrayed himself in his magic cloak, the *tarnkappe*, and thus made invisible to all he returned to the company and hastened to King Gunther's side.

"Never fear," whispered Siegfried; "if only you let me do the fighting, while you pretend, by look and movement, to be the doer, Brunhild can never withstand us."

No sooner had the words been spoken and Siegfried had taken Gunther's shield in his hand, than the Queen hurled her mighty javelin straight against the two knights. All the earth seemed to resound with the death-dealing blow, and surely had it not been for the *tarnkappe* both Siegfried and Gunther would have keen killed as the great spear pierced the King's massive shield. But Siegfried, alert for action, seized the weapon and, with the point turned toward himself, returned it with such terrific force that Brunhild was struck to the ground. Hastily arising in confusion and anger, she seized the huge stone, and twirling it about her head sent it flying through the air to a spot more than seventy feet distant. Hardly had it alighted when the Queen, springing up lightly, leapt to a mark beyond. Not at all daunted by this awful show of strength, the invisible Siegfried, with Gunther following, hastened to where the stone lay, and picking it up easily, threw it a much greater distance than had the Queen. Then, carrying Gunther with him, he jumped even farther than the stone had been hurled.

With unconcealed chagrin and disappointment, Brunhild advanced to where Gunther stood and pointing to the King declared: "Behold your lord and master, my subjects. Hereafter give to him your loyal service. Brunhild

is no longer your queen." Then in stately manner the King with his fair companion returned to the castle.

Great indeed was the joy in Gunther's capital when Siegfried and his attendants, riding in advance of the bridal party, made known the news of the King's victory. Queen Uta, mother of Gunther and Kriemhild, gave orders that the most splendid preparation be made for receiving Brunhild, and busily did her maidens ply their needles in making garments more beautiful and costly than ever before had adorned fair ladies. And no less industriously did the squires polish the armor of the knights, while their masters tested their trusty blades, that they might fittingly bear themselves in the jousts and tournaments with which Gunther's triumph and home-coming would be celebrated.

Long and loud was the shout of welcome that arose from the crowds gathered along the river bank as the ship bearing Gunther and his bride came into view. Then Queen Uta, followed by a long line of maidens, arrayed in many-colored garments that glittered with the most precious of gems, slowly moved down to the strand, while Kriemhild followed, attended by Siegfried.

As Gunther and his bride stepped from the boat, Kriemhild was first to greet the Queen. "Welcome to Burgundy, sweet Brunhild. May you dwell among us so content that regret for Issland will never trouble you," she cried. Then taking Brunhild's hand she kissed her with

gracious good will. Queen Uta likewise made known her gladness in receiving the hard-won bride of Gunther. For days thereafter all the court, with the knights and ladies gathered from every part of that realm, made merry continually, and never was a time more memorable for chivalrous deeds and giving of costly gifts.

On the evening of Gunther's arrival, as the guests were assembling at a feast, Siegfried recalled to the King the terms of their compact: "Brunhild is now yours. Have you forgotten that you promised me the hand of the lady Kriemhild?"

"That have I not, good Siegfried," replied the King, and he at once sent for his sister.

Then in the presence of all the great company, Gunther, taking Kriemhild's hand, said: "Fair sister, many days ago I promised you in marriage to one of the noblest knights that ever served our land of Burgundy. I ask now that you accept his love and thus fulfil my promise."

"It is my part to obey you in all things, my brother," replied Kriemhild, with downcast eyes. "I shall as gladly do your bidding now as always in the past."

How all the beholders marveled at the gentleness and beauty of the princess, as with blushes she was led to Siegfried's side. Never had a brave and loyal friend been rewarded with a greater measure of joy than was Siegfried's then.

Gunther, however, had won a bride to whom such modest, docile ways were quite unknown,

Brunhild's pride had not been conquered, and her cheeks would sometimes flush with anger as she recalled that the fame of her peerless strength was no longer glorious and that she was now subject to another's will. As the days passed on, these thoughts so vexed her that she could not bear the shame of her defeat, and she began to treat the King with scorn.

Thus provoked on one occasion, he would have shown her that he was master in that realm, when Brunhild, leaping upon him, tied his feet and hands together with a girdle that she wore about her waist, and suspended him from a nail projecting from the wall. In vain did Gunther struggle against her strength. He must hang upon the wall until, weak and exhausted, he begged her to release him, promising never again to offend her. However, Gunther could not forget this daring insult to his kingly authority, and he went moodily about the palace for the rest of the day.

Noticing his gloom, Siegfried exclaimed: "What troubles you, King Gunther? Surely your looks ill become this merry season."

"Perhaps if you had a wife who could tie you up and hang you upon the wall until you promised to do her bidding, you would not be so cheerful either," grumbled the King in return.

"Aha," laughed Siegfried, "so that is what the fair lady has been up to, is it? Well, I think that for such waywardness we can try the same remedy that saved us from her power in Issland. Just call upon me the next time that

trouble arises and we will subdue the proud Brunhild once for all."

And so it chanced that with the help of the *tarnkappe*, Siegfried, all unseen, overcame the Queen in a mighty struggle that had been brought on by some show of authority on Gunther's part. At this time he wrested from her the magic ring and girdle that were the source of all her strength, and ever afterward there was peace in Gunther's household.

It was not long before Siegfried with his bride returned to his home in Netherland, and was made king of that realm by his father Siegmund. No less brave and generous was he as a ruler than as a knight, and the years sped on in high prosperity for all the kingdom. But envy was at work, and all too soon was Siegfried's good fortune brought to an end.

In the court of Burgundy Brunhild remained ill content. She could not understand why it was that if Siegfried was Gunther's subject, as he had declared himself to be when in Issland, he did not yield the obedience and service of a subject. As Gunther could not well explain Siegfried's deception and make known that the Netherlander was not indeed a vassal, he evaded Brunhild's questions. But the Queen was persistent, for it vexed her that Siegfried and his lady offered no homage at the court of Burgundy. At length one day she entreated the King: "Since you are unwilling to require a vassal's service of the King of Netherland, at least invite him to pay a visit to our court. Many

years have passed since I have seen your sister Kriemhild, and I would be most glad to renew my friendship with her."

Thus it came about that Siegfried and Kriemhild were bidden to visit Burgundy, and in the course of a few months journeyed thither. The merriest of entertainment was provided, and Gunther and his queen were so lavish of their kindness that never would one have suspected Brunhild's deeply burning resentment. All at once, however, her ill feeling flamed into uncontrollable fury and brought about the sorrowful deed that ever afterward dimmed the fair honor of Burgundy.

Shortly before the vesper service in the cathedral the two queens met one evening, and Kriemhild, having just witnessed some daring feats performed by Siegfried in the courtyard of the castle, exclaimed in admiration: "Oh, surely so bold a knight as my husband is fit to rule this land of Burgundy!"

"But not while Gunther lives," returned Brunhild in wrath. "No vassal indeed can presume to fill the place and take upon him the dignity of his lord and master."

"I am speaking, not of a vassal, but of the King of Netherland," retorted Kriemhild.

"Ah, but that same King, as I heard from his own lips when he bore Gunther company in Issland, is my husband's vassal!" exclaimed Brunhild flushing scarlet in her anger.

"How little you know," replied Kriemhild, laughing scornfully, "of the clever trick by

which my brother won you! Perhaps you have never heard of Siegfried's *tarnkappe.* But you shall learn now that it stood my husband in good stead when he and my noble brother were near to death in Issland. Know, O Queen, that it was Siegfried who, all unseen, performed the mighty feats that gained a bride for Gunther, and that it was no other than the same great knight who later brought into subjection the over-proud Queen Brunhild. For proof of this behold the cord and ring taken from you that day. Let us hear no more of vassals and their homage. As token of the honor that befits me, now stand aside and let me enter this cathedral first!"

Slowly the color left Brunhild's cheeks as she stood speechless and helpless, while Kriemhild and her attendants passed into the church. Then bursting into violent weeping she sank to the ground, overcome with shame and anger. Soon the word of the disgraceful quarrel had spread among the Burgundians and their guests, and many an indignant speech was heard and many a revengeful plot was planned.

But it was Hagan, the crafty uncle of Gunther, who soothed the grief of Brunhild with a secret design by which Kriemhild's insult should be most cruelly paid for. After no little persuasion he won Gunther's aid. Then the great lords of the land were assembled, and Hagan addressed them thus: "You know well what dishonor has been done to the power of Burgundy by these haughty Netherlanders. Shall we brook

such insult? No! let us either suffer death ourselves or bring to destruction the over-bold King Siegfried."

With such approval did these words meet that the King sat silent, unable to defend one who had so loyally befriended him. Then it was planned that messengers should come to the court pretending to bear threats of war from the king of the Saxons and Danes. Siegfried would thus be deceived into offering Gunther service, and while away from the court should be put to death. So well did this plot work that the brave Netherlander, having proffered his services, was placed at the head of a great army to march against the foe.

At this time Hagan, assuming to be deeply concerned about Siegfried's welfare, was besought by Kriemhild to guard well the life of her husband. "You know," she confessed at length, reluctantly, "Siegfried's body cannot be pierced by any weapon,—except in one place between his shoulders where a linden leaf fell on him while he was bathing in the dragon's blood. Will you not remember that and try to shield him while in battle?"

"Dear Kriemhild, I will remember," replied the treacherous Hagan, "but that I may know just where the place is, will you not sew on his clothing, just above it, a token that will mark the spot?"

"Yes, I will stitch a little cross upon his surcoat," assented Kriemhild.

Then it was that the cruel Hagan, having

learned his opponent's secret, had messengers come to the court announcing that the enemy would not wage war with Burgundy but would remain at peace. So disappointed was Siegfried that, apparently to please him, a great hunting party was formed, and all the bold warriors rode away to the forest. Unwillingly did Kriemhild part with her husband, but so eager was he for the sport that nothing could stay him.

When the company reached the woods they separated in all directions, and Siegfried was soon in mad pursuit of a wild boar. When he had killed this and several other savage beasts, he surpassed all former deeds of boldness by capturing single-handed and on foot a great bear and leading it back to the camp. There he mischievously set the animal free, and as it raced away in wild haste, the servants who were getting ready the feast became so frightened, that pans and dishes containing all kinds of food were dropped upon the ground or into the fire, as cooks and maids fled in terror. The warrior huntsmen sped after the bear, but it was Siegfried who brought him to the ground.

When at length all had assembled about the table, merry and loud were the talk and laughter.

"But where is the wine, King Gunther?" cried Siegfried. "Surely it has not been omitted from the feast."

As the King turned with questioning look to Hagan, the latter said: "I supposed the feast was to be held elsewhere and ordered the wine sent to that place. However, there is a clear,

cold stream near by that we may drink from. I have heard how fleet of foot you are, friend Siegfried. Let us race to the brook and see who shall be the winner."

Pleased with the idea of such sport, Siegfried agreed. At once he set out swiftly, running with Hagan and Gunther, and easily reached the little creek before the others. However, out of courtesy, he let the King drink first, then with eager thirst he bent over the cool, glittering water. Immediately the King and Hagan bore away the weapons that lay by his side, and as the good knight touched his lips to the water, Hagan drove the spear full into the spot marked by the little cross.

In vain did Siegfried leap to his feet to recover his weapons, and combat with those who had given him the base blow. Nothing was left him but his shield, which he flung with such terrible force as to overthrow the fleeing Hagan. Before his looks of wrathful reproach the guilty pair shuddered in strange terror. Then, his anger giving way to a strange calm, he called to his betrayers: "Yours is the sorrow of this day! Not even in death can cowardice and treachery triumph over love and loyalty."

Thus speaking, the good King Siegfried sank upon the flowers of the meadow, and died as bravely as he had lived.

Carlyle translated parts of the *Nibelungenlied*, and his description of the death of Siegfried is as follows:

"Then, as to drink, Sir Siegfried down kneeling there be found,
He pierced him through the croslet, that sudden from the wound
Forth the life-blood spurted, e'en o'er his murderer's weed.
Nevermore will warrior dare so foul a deed.

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field.
Some time with death he struggled as though he scorned to yield
E'en to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.
At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead."

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

HE RODE ALL ALONE

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Let us see how many things we can find out about this poem. The first thing we think of is that it tells a story—just one story, without any outside, disconnected incidents. Then we notice that the style is very simple, that the meter is easy and swinging, and that the last line of every stanza is almost like a refrain. There is one other thing: the author does not show in the poem at all; that is, the poem is strictly a story, without comments by the author or any expressed moral.

This poem of *Lochinvar* belongs to a class of poems called ballads, all of which possess some, at least, of the characteristics which we have found in *Lochinvar*. All ballads do not have refrains, but all ballads do contain narratives in simple, often rude style. Most ballad stanzas have only four lines, though Scott uses six for this.

The history of ballad poetry is very interesting. In all nations, it is believed, it has been the earliest form of poetry, and it is thought that the great heroic poems, such as the *Cid* of the

Spaniards and the *Nibelungenlied* of the Germans, grew out of ballads. These early ballads were not written down; they were sung, or recited, and in thus being handed down by word of mouth, they underwent many changes, so that in time it could very well be said that a popular ballad had no one author—it belonged to all the people.

No doubt there were very early ballads in Great Britain, but the oldest ones we have now date from the fifteenth century. During the eighteenth century a great interest in ballad literature grew up in England, owing, in part, to the publication of a collection of ballads, under the title *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* Sir Walter Scott was always very fond of the ballad form, and wrote a number of poems in that style, besides making and publishing a collection of older ones.

Among the most interesting of the old ballads are those relating to the famous outlaw, Robin Hood. A number of them follow *Lochinvar* in this volume.

ROBIN HOOD

INTRODUCTION

AS to whether or not there ever was a Robin Hood, there is much uncertainty. Grave men have written grave books, some proving and some disproving his existence, but the question has never been settled. Some believe that he was a real outlaw; some believe that the stories about him were originally told about some elf of the woods, and that only gradually did he come to be looked upon as a man. However that may be, he is a very real character in literature. By no means all the writings about him are the grave books spoken of above. Stories, poems, dramas, operas have been written with him as the central figure; and these are so interesting that we take them for their own sakes, and trouble ourselves little about the identity of the hero. He seems real to us, and that is all we need to know.

The mythical Robin Hood was an outlaw, the most gentlemanly and pious and liberal of outlaws, and he dwelt with his trained yeomen in Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire, or in Barnsdale in Yorkshire. Here they lived a free and active life, subsisting on the King's deer which they shot in the woods, and on provisions which they took from travelers. Robin Hood

never himself molested or allowed any of his followers to molest any poor travelers; indeed, if he was thoroughly convinced that any of those whom he met were really needy, he helped them gladly and generously. But from the rich knights and clergy he took without scruple. Chief of his followers were Little John, Scathlock or Scalock, Will Stutely, Friar Tuck, and Much, the Miller's son.

The ballads which are given here relate to the first meeting of Robin Hood with Little John and with Scathlock, and give also two of his other characteristic adventures. Both the date and the authorship of the old ballads are unknown.

According to the legends, Robin Hood lived to be over eighty years old and then met his death in a very treacherous manner. Feeling ill, he went to a prioress, who was a relative of his, to be bled, and the prioress, induced by Robin Hood's enemies, allowed him to bleed to death.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down;[1]
He happen'd to meet with Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

1. This line means nothing; it is simply a refrain. The old ballads were usually sung or chanted, and many of those which are now printed without refrain lines undoubtedly had them originally.

Tho' he was called Little, his limbs they were large
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmèn,[2]
"Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

"We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go.
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow."

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good bye;
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood
"I'll show you right Nottingham play."

2. You will see that to make the meter right it is necessary to accent the word *bowmen* on the last syllable. These changes of accent often occur in ballads, and help to add to the quaintness and peculiarity of the old poems.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger replied, "I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string."

Quoth bold Robin Hood, "Thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow."

"Thou talk'st like a coward," the stranger reply'd;
"Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand."

"The name of a coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try."

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of brown oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

"Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away."

"With all my whole heart," the stranger reply'd,
"I scorn in the least to give out."
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, "This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

"So long as I am able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn."
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?"
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, "Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

TUMBLED HIM INTO THE BROOK

"I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end."

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.

The echo of which through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

"O, what's the matter?" quoth William Stutely;
"Good master, you are wet to the skin."
"No matter," quoth he, "the lad which you see
In fighting hath tumbled me in."

"He shall not go scot-free," the others reply'd;
So strait they were seizing him there.
To duck him likewise: but Robin Hood cries,
"He is a stout fellow; forbear.

"There's no one shall wrong thee, friend; be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait,

"And other accoutrements fitting also:
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear.
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer."

"O, here is my hand," the stranger reply'd.
"I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle:
Ne'er doubt it, for I'll play my part."

"His name shall be alter'd," quoth William Stutely,
"And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry," quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They lov'd what was good; so, in the green-wood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist;
A sweet pretty lad: much feasting they had:
Bold Robin the christ'ning grac'd,

With all his bowmen, who stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he;
"His name shall be changed anon:
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John."

They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment
And tippled strong liquor gillore.[3]

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloth'd him from top to toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the green-wood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

"We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command."

3. *Gillore* is an old form of *galore*.

Then music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they do him call.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER

Come listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.

"What time of day?" quoth Robin Hood then;
Quoth Little John, "'Tis in the prime."
"Why then we will to the green-wood gang,[1]
For we have no vittles to dine."

As Robin Hood walkt the forest along,
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deft[2] young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk, he said,
His stockings like scarlet shone,
And as he walkt on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

1. *Gang* is the Scotch word for *go.*
2. *Deft* means *neatly dressed, well-looking.*

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face;
"Now the best of you Ile[3] have to my dinner,
And that in a little space."

Now the stranger he made no mickle[4] adoe,
But he bends a right good bow,
And the best buck in the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him froe.[5]

"Well shot, well shot," quod Robin Hood then,
"That shot it was shot in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine."

"Go play the chiven,"[6] the stranger said;
"Make haste and quickly go,
Or with my fist, be sure of this,
Ile give thee buffets sto'."[7]

"Thou had'st not best buffet me," quod Robin Hood,
"For though I seem forlorn,
Yet I can have those that will take my part,
If I but blow my horn."

3. At the time the old ballads were first written down, spelling had not become settled. The contraction *I'll* was often spelled as it sounds.

4. *Mickle* is an old English and Scotch word meaning *much*, or *great*.

5. *Froe* means *from*. Such changes in order as occur in this line are frequent in the old ballads.

6. It is uncertain what the word *chiven* means. The likeliest explanation is that it means *coward*.

7. *Buffets sto'* means *store of buffets*.

"Thou wast not best wind thy horn," the stranger said,
"Beest thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw out a good broad sword,
And quickly cut the blast."

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow
To shoot, and that he would fain;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

"O hold thy hand, hold thy hand," quod Robin Hood,
"To shoot it would be in vain;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.

"But let's take our swords and our broad bucklèrs,
And gang under yonder tree."
"As I hope to be sav'd," the stranger said,
"One foot I will not flee."

Then Robin lent the stranger a blow
'Most scar'd him out of his wit:
"Thou never felt blow," the stranger he said,
"Thou shalt be better quit."

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robin's head,
The blood ran trickling down.

THE STRANGER OVERTHROWS ROBIN HOOD

"God a mercy, good fellow!" quod Robin Hood then,
"And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou doest wone."

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
"Ile tell thee where I did dwell;
In Maxwel town I was bred and born,
My name is young Gamwel.

"For killing of my own father's stewàrd,
I am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine;
Some call him Robin Hood."

"But art thou a cousin[8] of Robin Hood then?
The sooner we should have done."
"As I hope to be sav'd," the stranger then said,
"I am his own sister's son."

But lord! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet!
And they went all that summer's day,
And Little John did (not) meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He unto them did say,
"O master, pray where have you been,
You have tarried so long away?"

"I met with a stranger," quod Robin Hood,
"Full sore he hath beaten me."
"Then Ile have a bout with him," quod Little John,
"And try if he can beat me."

"Oh no, oh no," quoth Robin Hood then,
"Little John, it may not be so;
For he is my own dear sister's son,
And cousins I have no mo'.[9]

8. *Cousin* had formerly a broader meaning than it has to-day. Here it means, as the last line of the stanza shows, *nephew*.

9. *Mo* is used instead of *more*, for the sake of the rhyme.

"But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scalock[10] he shall be."

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly[1] old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's three squires in Nottingham town,
To-day are condemned to die."

"Oh, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the King's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

10. *Scalock*, or *Scathlock*, means *scarlet*. The name is given to the stranger because of his scarlet stockings.

1. *Silly* did not always have the unpleasant meaning it has now. Here it expresses a combination of simplicity and virtue.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,[2]
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town,
Are condemn'd to die this day."

2. A *palmer* was a person who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and brought back with him a palm branch. Later on the term was applied to a monk who had taken a vow of poverty, and who spent all his time traveling about from shrine to shrine.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silvèr,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

"Oh, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blew, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from ballup to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man lov'd little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist;[3]
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

3. The word *wrist* was formerly sometimes used for *ankle*.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHERIFF

Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was riding along the town.

"Oh Christ you save, oh, sheriff," he said,
"Oh Christ you save and see;
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee:

Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff, he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intend to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robìn,
"That first a hangman made.

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pockèt,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

"Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellòw,
Of thee I have no doubt:
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"Oh, who are these," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,
And releas'd their own three men.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay:
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
"Alack and a well a day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge,[1] the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"[2]

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept these seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she from me was tane,[3]
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin a Dale."

1. The miller's son is usually called *Much*, probably because of his size.

2. Robin Hood used to watch each day for a traveler, and when he met one, ask for money wherewith to provide a dinner for himself and his men, the stranger also being invited. If the stranger spoke the truth as to the amount he had with him, Robin Hood was generous and just with him; if he swore falsely, the outlaw took all he had.

3. *Tane* is an old elision for *taken*.

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold or fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servànt for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint[4] nor lin,[4]
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his weddìng.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That musick best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no musick," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

4. *Stint* and *lin* here mean practically the same; that is, *cease* or *stop*.

ROBIN HOOD PLAYS HARPER

With that came in a wealthy knight,
  Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin[5] lass,
  Did shine like glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quod bold Robin Hood,
  "That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
  The bride shall chuse her own dear."

5. *Finikin* here means *dainty.*

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

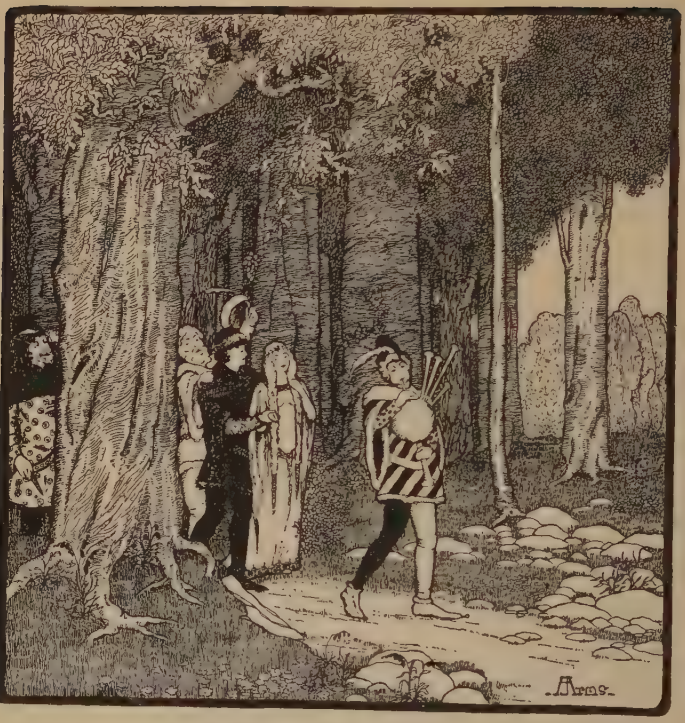
"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John:
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,[6]
The people began to laugh;
He askt them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

6. *Quire* is an old spelling of *choir*. It here means the choir loft.



IN THE GREENWOOD

Thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROLAND AT RONCESVALLES

NOTE,—The greatest legendary hero of France is Roland, one of Charlemagne's knights. His deeds are told in *Chansons de Roland* (*Songs of Roland*). These songs correspond to the legends of King Arthur in England and to the stories of the Cid in Spain.

Every nation possesses a few of these great characters whose lives have furnished incidents without number to enrich the literature of the land. Roland shines as one of the finest of national heroes.

HARLEMAGNE, old and gray, grown weary with fighting and the conquest of Europe, sat at ease among his noble councilors in the shade of a great tree in northern Spain. Around him were camped the mighty hosts that he had led against the Saracens, and now their leaders were talking over their plans for the future. Only one strong castle, the great fortress of Zaragoz, on a steep and rugged mountain top, held out against him after his seven years of combat against the Mohammedans in Spain. So heavy were the walls of this stronghold and so difficult the guarded paths that led up to it that it seemed impossible for man to take it. One after another, the valorous knights, the twelve great

paladins of Charlemagne gave their opinions, but no conclusion could be reached.

Among these hardy warriors was Roland, favorite nephew of the king, and greatest of all the paladins. Next him sat Oliver, the friend of his soul, closer knit in bonds of friendship than ever the ties of blood bound brother to brother. Others there were of valiant men who had often proved their courage against their pagan enemies. None, however, matched in massiveness and kingly bearing the great Charles himself, who sat now on his chair of gold over which twined a flowering rose vine. In the boughs of the towering pine the birds sang blithely, unconscious of the tragic events planning below them.

While they sat there in council there appeared among them a herald bearing the white flag of peace. Behind him came Blancandrin, chief noble and councilor of Marsilius, the ruler of the fortress about which King Charles and his paladins had been talking.

"My Lord the king," said Blancandrin, kneeling at the feet of the stately old monarch, "I come as a messenger of peace from my master, King Marsilius, who now, after these years, sees in you the great king whom all men may worship. Rich gifts bear I to your glorious majesty,—bears, lions and hounds in numbers, falcons trained to hunt and keen for their prey, and four hundred powerful mules drawing fifty chariots full of gold, rich tapestries and precious jewels, wealth which even Charles the Great need not scorn to take.

"For all this richness my master begs only peace from thee, and privilege to reign over Spain as thy loyal vassal. On the Feast of Michael will Marsilius go to thy palace at Aachen and render homage unto thee, and thenceforth shalt thou be his lord, and thy God shall be his God, only so that thou removest thine armies from out this kingdom."

The king listened in silence and bowed his head in meditation. For a quarter of an hour was no word spoken, for gravely Charlemagne considered every question placed before him, and weighed well his words; for once he had given pledge no power could make him change.

At last he turned upon the messenger his face clothed in its aureole of silvery hair, and said, "What assurance have I that Marsilius will keep his word and be my faithful subject?"

"Most noble king," said Blancandrin, "we have with us twenty boys, sons of twenty of the greatest nobles of our land. Take them all and keep them as hostages till my master pays homage to thee at Aachen as he has promised. Deal gently with these young men of ours, I pray thee, for they are dear to our hearts and are of the very flower of our kingdom."

That night the king lodged the messengers sumptuously, with due care, however, that they learned none of the secrets of his camp, for in his heart he felt that some treachery was planned. When morning came, Blancandrin was sent on his journey back to Marsilius with word that messengers from Charlemagne would soon fol-

low. The great king called together his paladins and all the leaders of his force to consider the proposal that Blancandrin had brought. Among them were Turpin, the Archbishop, and Roland with his inseparable companion, Oliver. And in the group, too, might be seen the lowering brow and sneaking face of Ganelon, the traitorous friend of Charlemagne.

The king laid before them in full the message of Marsilius and bade them say what they thought of the strange proposal. With one accord all shouted, "Beware of treachery from King Marsilius."

Roland, towering above all the other warriors, spoke for himself: "Trust not the heathen king. Have no parley with him. Remember what seven years of warfare have cost us in blood and treasure, and without hesitation go on to finish the work we have begun. Proceed at once to lay siege to Zaragoz, conquer this last great stronghold and free Spain utterly from Mohammedan rule. Remember the treachery Marsilius once before practiced against our good messengers, whom he slew under the flag of truce. Go and avenge their death."

But the fierce Ganelon slyly crept to the king's side and whispered in his ear, "Hear no word of any babbling fool. This Roland, though my stepson, is a babbling idiot. He thinks only of battle and his own glory. So brave and strong is he that he can protect himself and cares nothing for kinsmen or friends. Marsilius promises everything we could demand or secure, and

what shall it profit us to sacrifice our noble soldiers in useless warfare when we can gain everything we seek by this bloodless surrender?"

To others, also, the specious reasoning of Ganelon appealed, and so many joined in urging peace that at last Charles said, "Well and good; but who among you will bear to Marsilius my glove and staff and make the covenant with him?"

Then Roland said, "If so be it that the king would have a messenger, send me."

But Oliver straightway interfered. "Send Roland on a peaceful mission? He would only embroil us in further trouble. My hot-blooded friend has no skill in parleying. Send me, I pray you, my Lord the king."

Others offered their services, and the king stroked his silvery beard in silent meditation.

"No, neither of you, nor any who have yet offered, not even Archbishop Turpin, shall go."

Then Roland spoke again. "To me, my stepfather seems the man, for there is none among us more cunning in speech than he. Send Ganelon, my stepfather."

With all his fierceness Ganelon was an arrant coward, and much he feared to take the message to Marsilius, for well he remembered the fate of Basant and Basil. Pale with anger and with coward fear, Ganelon threw his sable cloak from his shoulders and faced the gallant Roland. "All the world knows," said Ganelon, "that I am thy stepfather, and that I bear thee no love, but only hatred and contempt; but to show

your malice toward me thus openly is the work of a fool and a coward. If I return from this dangerous mission, then will I avenge myself for your insults."

"I had no thought of malice," said Roland, "as all my companions may bear me witness. The post is one of honor, and you should feel proud that it is entrusted to you. As for your anger and malice, I have only contempt for your words and despise them utterly."

"Do not think," replied the wrathy Ganelon, "that I go at your bidding or that anything you might say will move me from my steady purpose. If the king chooses me his messenger, I will do him service; but as for you, you shall repent that you ever spoke my name."

This fierce speech was received by Roland with loud laughter, which was echoed by Oliver and his companions, for all knew well the mighty prowess of the great paladin. The act, however, served only to enrage Ganelon the more, and as he turned his back he muttered fiercely, "I say, you shall repent of this."

Stepping to the throne of Charlemagne, he knelt and said, "Most noble emperor, from Marsilius no messenger ever yet returned alive. Willingly will I go to Zaragoz and make for thee thy covenant. One favor only do I ask, and that is that if I should not return thou wilt care for Baldwin, my son, and the son of thy sister to whom I am wed. Confer on him my honors and possessions and bring him up among the knights of thy court."

Charlemagne put forth his hand and touched the kneeling Ganelon. "Since the Franks have chosen thee," he said, "enter upon thy journey with a brave heart. Put aside all fear and take my glove and baton."

Still trembling, half with rage and half with fear, Ganelon said, "But for Roland would this service never have fallen upon me; and I hate him and his friend, the doughty Oliver. As for the rest of the nobles, who have joined so willingly in the cry, I bid them all defiance."

The king answered, "Truly, Count Ganelon, your words were well tempered and well chosen, but my knights know your deeds never keep pace with your words, else might they fear your threatenings. Perchance, in this one instance, however, your ready tongue will serve us better than your sword."

Then from his hand the king drew off his glove, and as Ganelon essayed to take it, it dropped upon the floor. The Frankish warriors trembled at this ill omen and whispered among themselves that it boded no good to the messenger; but Ganelon picked the glove up quickly, saying, "Fear nothing from so slight an accident. You shall hear again from this glove."

"Take the letter, signed and sealed with my signet, and go in God's name," said the king.

With anger still burning in his heart, Ganelon leaped upon his horse and set forth upon his dangerous mission. So rapidly did he ride that he soon overtook Blancandrin and his followers, who were resting by the wayside, and fell into

friendly converse with them. The messenger of Marsilius was a wily man accustomed to read the emotions of men in their faces, and ere the vengeful Ganelon had spoken many words his companion had sounded the depths of the warrior's treacherous soul.

GANELON TAKES THE MESSAGE

Noting well the kind of man to whom he was speaking, Blancandrin hesitated not to tell the story of the treachery which Marsilius had planned. The wily king had no thought of going to Aachen to pay tribute to Charlemagne, but, on the other hand, sought the opportunity to destroy the garrisons which Charles the king should leave behind him and to repossess himself of Spain. In the council at which this was

determined, the cruel Moslems, dead to the love that fathers should bear their children, had determined to sacrifice their twenty sons, the hostages who had been left with King Charles. What were the lives of twenty boys compared with the reëstablishment of their own power and wealth! Now when Ganelon heard the dastardly plan which the Saracens had made, he opened his heart to Blancandrin and told how he hated Roland and how gladly he would do anything so he would not be obliged again to be a witness to his stepson's good fortune.

When each had shown his true nature freely to the other they joined their wits and laid their plans. Thus when they were come to Zaragoz, Blancandrin took Ganelon by the hand and led him before King Marsilius, saying, "O king, thy message have I taken to the haughty Charlemagne, but no answer did he give me. He has, however, sent the noble Count Ganelon who shall tell you the decision."

According to the plans which had been matured on the journey Ganelon said, "God protect the good king, Marsilius. King Charles saith that if thou wilt lay aside thy Moslem faith and do homage to him at Aachen thou shalt hold in fealty to him one half the lands of Spain, but if thou failest in any respect, then will he come with sword and fire and lay waste the land and carry thee to Aachen to thy death."

No sooner were the words spoken than Marsilius seized a javelin and aimed it at the messenger's head, but Ganelon, standing his ground

manfully, said, "What shall it bring thee to slay the messenger because the message was evil? I act but as the mouthpiece of my master. Under penalty of death have I come, or I should not have left the Christian camp. Behold, here is a letter which the great Charles has sent for thy perusal."

So saying, he handed King Marsilius a letter signed and sealed with the signet of the great king. His hands trembling with anger, Marsilius opened the letter and read, "I, King Charles, remembering well what thou didst to my servants, Basant and Basil, summon thee to send to me thy caliph who sitteth next thy throne on the right for me to do with him as I list."

The anger of Marsilius burned more strongly, and seizing a spear from one of his attendants he rushed at Ganelon and would have slain him on the spot had not Blancandrin interfered.

"Stay thy hand, O my master," he said, "for this man, Ganelon, hath promised to be our spy and work in our behalf."

Pleased with this show of Christian treachery, the Moslem king said, "Verily, Ganelon, thou wast near Death's door, but I will pardon thee and reward thee with one hundred pieces of gold. Take them and be faithful to us."

Ganelon accepted the price of his treason, saying, "That man is a fool who taketh not the goods which the gods place before him.

"Now truly, the old king, the aged Charles, is indeed weary of war, has glutted his passion for wealth and would indeed grant thee peace

and withdraw his army from Spain were it not that his captain, Roland, and Oliver, his friend, both men of war, are continually inciting the weary monarch to further warfare. They with the other peers of France do lead the king as they wish, for he is old and feeble. If only these and their twenty thousand picked men could be slain, then all the world would be at peace.

"Now listen to my counsel. Give the hostages to Charles as you had planned, and grant his every request. Then will he take his armies out of Spain, leaving only the rear guard to follow in his wake. This guard, the pride and strength of his army, is commanded by the captain Roland. As they leave Spain they will go through the narrow pass of Roncesvalles. Surround the valley with thy hosts and lie in wait for them. When they come fall upon them and slaughter them to the last man. The fight will be a bitter one, but thou shalt win."

Having made Ganelon swear to the truth of what he had said and that things should come to pass as he predicted, Marsilius gave the traitor many jewels and rich garments and despatched him back to King Charles with the message they had framed.

When Ganelon came again to Charlemagne he told him that Marsilius had yielded every point and was already on his way to Aachen, where he would give up his religion and be baptized into the Christian faith. Then was the great Charles filled with joy at this bloodless end to his long campaign, and right willingly he

went before his warriors and told them the great news.

At last night fell upon the camp of rejoicing Christians, and Charles retired to his pavilion to sleep. But it was for him a terrible night filled with dreams and dark forebodings. He thought he was in a narrow pass closely pressed by deadly enemies and with no weapon in hand but an ashen spear. Count Ganelon, riding by, snatched the spear from his hand and broke it into splinters. Then again he dreamed that he was back at home in the royal palace, but that a poisonous viper fastened itself upon his hand and in spite of all his efforts he could not remove it; and as he struggled unavailingly a leopard leaped upon him and bore him to the earth and would have killed him but for a favorite hound who rushed between and seized the leopard by the throat. Viciously the two struggled, and Charles watched the terrible combat, but try as he might he could not see which animal was the victor.

When morning came, and the sun shone over the Christian camp, dispelling the mists of sleep from the brain of Charles, he knew he had been dreaming, but still he was not able to shake off the dread forebodings that weighed on his soul. The camps were struck and the hosts of Charles prepared to march from Spain.

"Whom shall I leave in command of the rear guard?" said the emperor to Ganelon.

"Leave Roland," replied the traitor; "he is the only man worthy of so important a post."

Roland only too willingly accepted the task, saying to Charles, "Give to me, I pray thee, the bow that is in thy hand. Trust me, I shall not let it fall as Ganelon let fall thy glove."

The emperor handed the bow to Roland, and thus was he made captain of the rear guard. Oliver, his friend, remained behind with him and the twelve peers and Turpin, the Archbishop, besides twenty thousand picked warriors.

"Roland, my dear nephew," said the emperor, "behold, I leave with thee one half my army. Keep them safely for me."

"Fear nothing," Roland answered; "a good account shall I render of my charge."

Thus the king parted from Roland and marched away with the bulk of his army toward his own land. But ever as he passed over the high mountains and through the deep ravines whose steep sides shut out the light of the sun and seemed about to topple upon him, his heart grew heavy with some strange oppression he could not understand. Ever and anon he turned to his bodyguard and said, "I much fear me that some terrible danger awaiteth our beloved Roland and the noble rear guard. I feel that some treachery will be practised against them."

Even when he reached France the heaviness did not depart from his spirit, and he sat moody and disconsolate, his hoary head bowed upon his hands, awaiting impatiently news from the rear guard.

No sooner had Marsilius learned that Ganelon was carrying out his plan and that Roland was

to be left behind with only the rear guard, than he sent swift-riding messengers in every direction to summon his mighty men to meet him at Roncesvalles to await the coming of Roland. Before the rear guard reached the pass, a vast army of four hundred thousand men lay concealed in the rocky and woody fastnesses around Roncesvalles. Every man pledged to fight Roland and his followers to the death.

Slowly the little army of Roland crossed the plains and toiled up the rocky pass and the steep mountain sides whence they could look down on Roncesvalles, where lay the only road they could follow. What was it they saw in the narrow valley before them? What could it be but the sunlight gleaming on the spears of armed men, marching through the valley and placing themselves in favorable positions upon the sides. There seemed no limit to the multitude. They were like the blades of grass in a fair meadow, and the noise that arose from the moving multitude was like the murmur of the sea.

"Look," said Oliver to Roland; "Ganelon has played us false. What shall we do? This is a greater army than was ever gathered before for a single purpose, and they certainly mean our destruction."

"God grant it may be so," said Roland, "for sweet it is to battle for our country and our king. When we have rested a little we will push forward against the enemy."

"But," said Oliver, "we are a handful only, while they in number are as the sands of the

sea. Before it is too late sound thy great horn, I pray thee, that possibly Charles may hear and return to our relief."

"The greater the host the greater the glory in defeating it," replied Roland. "Never shall it be said that Roland shirked his duty and brought disgrace upon his followers. We will not call the king back, but I promise you that the murderous Saracens shall repent the attack upon us. Already I feel them as good as dead."

Thrice did Oliver urge Roland to sound the horn for relief, but every time the noble paladin refused, saying, "God and his angels are with us. They fight upon our side. God will perform wonders for us, and will not let shame rest upon our banners."

Oliver climbed a great tree whence he could see not only the host in the valley, but multitudes concealed from the general view as far as the eye could reach. He begged Roland to climb also and see, but Roland answered sturdily, "Time enough to know the numbers of our enemies when we count the slain."

Then Archbishop Turpin gathered the warriors about him, and while the Franks kneeled on the ground he shrived them clean and blessed them in the name of God, saying, "It is a right good thing to die for king and faith, but fear not death, though it certainly now faces you. To-night shall we meet in Paradise wearing the crowns of the martyrs. Arise from your knees and in penance for your sins scourge ye the pagans."

Upon his great battle horse, Veillantif, Roland rode to and fro brandishing his good sword, Durendal, putting his warriors in battle array. Little need had he to urge faith and constancy, for there was not a man but loved his commander to the utmost, and cheerfully would follow him even unto death. When Roland looked upon the pagan host his face grew fierce and terrible, but as he turned it upon his men a mild and gentle expression stole over it, and he said, "My lords and barons, good comrades all, let no man spare his life to-day, but see only that he sells it dear. The lives of twenty pagans is a poor price for one of yours. I have promised to give a good account of you, and to-night the battle-field will tell how I have kept my word. God alone knows the issue of the combat, but I have no fear. Of a certainty, much praise and honor await us on earth and a martyr's crown in Paradise."

So saying, he pricked the noble Veillantif with his golden spurs and set off at the head of the rear guard through the pass and down into the valley of death called Roncesvalles. Next following came Oliver, then Archbishop Turpin followed by the Twelve, and behind pushed forward the rear guard bearing aloft the snow-white banner of their king and shouting fiercely their battle cry, "Montjoy! Montjoy."[1]

1. *Montjoy* was the name given during the Middle Ages to any little rise of ground which lay on the line between two territorial divisions. As such a spot was a common meeting place of hostile armies, the term *Montjoy* came to be used as a war cry.

Savage and bloody was the battle, beyond the words of man to describe. Roland's ashen spear crashed through the brazen armor, skin, and bone of fifteen pagans before it shivered in his hands and he was compelled to draw the fair Durendal from its sheath.

Roland saw Oliver fighting with only the lesser half of his spear, and riding to him exclaimed, "Draw thy sword, comrade, and slay the enemy."

But Oliver replied, "Not so long as a handful of the stump remains. To-day are weapons precious."

All Twelve and the whole rear guard fought like men possessed, and before each lay a tale of pagan slain. No man sought to protect himself except by the slaughter of his enemies.

"Thank God," said Archbishop Turpin, as he rested for a moment, "thank God that I live to see the rear guard fight to-day."

The sun climbed the heavens, and it was noon, and not a Christian gave way. Wheresoever he planted his foot there he stayed until he could advance or until he died. The noble guard hewed down the pagans by the hundreds until the earth was heaped with the slain. Where Roland stood wielding Durendal, dripping with blood from point to hilt, lay a circle of dead Moslems, for from every side the multitude came to compass the death of Roland.

Though two hundred thousand of the pagans lay dead, many thousand Christians mingled with them. Of the Twelve but two remained,

THE FIGHT

when the hosts of Marsilius began to flee and he looked with dismay upon the slain. Then would Roland have won his battle in spite of numbers but that from the mountain side came the sound of trumpets, and down into the valley came twenty fresh battalions of Saracens, eager for the fray. Yet Roland and the remainder of his scattered force kept even these new legions long at bay, laughing in scorn at the Saracen warriors and calling out grim jests at them as

though the deadly battle were a friendly game. So marvelously did the Christians fight that the pagans almost yielded, for it seemed to them as though God and his angels must be fighting for the Christians.

Yet slowly and surely was the rear guard dwindling away. Dead were the noble Twelve and dead all the brave knights that were the immediate companions and guard of Roland, the flower of the rear guard.

"Comrade," said Roland to Oliver, "now will I blow my horn, which perchance Charles may hear and come to us."

"Thou art now too late," said the angry Oliver. "Hadst thou but taken my advice thou hadst saved much weeping among the women and children of France. Charles would not have lost his rear guard nor France her valiant Roland."

"Blow thy horn," said the Archbishop Turpin, "and talk not of what might have been. It is now too late for Charles to save our lives, but he may avenge them."

Then Roland put his horn to his lips and blew a mighty blast that rose up against the sides of the mountains and was echoed across the valleys over hill and dale till it reached the king among his courtiers in his great hall.

"What is that I hear?" he said; "surely our men are fighting to-day."

Said Ganelon, "What you hear is but the sighing of the wind in the trees."

Still more weary grew Roland, and he

took the horn again and winded it with all his strength. So loud, so long and so mighty was the blast that the veins stood out like whipcords on his brow; and even then he stopped not, but blew until his temples broke and the blood streamed down his face.

Charles heard the mighty blast in his palace and cried, "That is the horn of Roland; I know it. He is hard pressed in battle or he would not sound it."

Then answered the treacherous Ganelon, "If that be the horn of Roland, he hunteth perchance in the woods. Too brave is he to sound it in battle. My lord the king groweth old, and his fears are childish. What a merry jest would it be should the king call his thousands and go to the succor of Roland only to find him hunting the hare."

In pain and great weariness now, almost spent with loss of blood and the agony of his bursting temples, Roland again feebly winded his horn. In his palace Charles heard the feeble echo, and springing from his seat while the salt tears streamed from his eyes and rushed down his snowy beard, cried, "Oh Roland, my brave captain, too long have I delayed. Sorry is thy need, I know, by the wailing of thy horn. Men, to arms! Straightway will we go to help Roland. Seize that man," he said, pointing to Ganelon; "bind him fast in chains, and keep him till I return. Then shall we judge whether by his treason he hath duped us."

Fierce was the cruel throbbing in the brain of

Roland as he turned wearily again to his fight, but his good sword leapt savagely out, and the redoubtable pagans fell around him in heaps. Those who were left of the rear guard cut down great masses of the pagans as a reaper cuts down ripening corn at the harvest time, but one by one the weary reapers fell ere the harvest could be gathered in. Yet beside each dead Frank was a sheaf of pagan dead to show how well he had reaped his little field.

Then a pagan king, seeing where Oliver was fighting, stole up behind and smote him through the back a deadly wound, but Oliver turned, and with the fierce strength of a dying man swung his huge sword Haltclere, and before the pagan could know his triumph struck the king's helmet and cleft his head from forehead to teeth. Even now, with the pains of death so fastened upon him that his vision was blotted out, Oliver struck valiantly on every hand, shouting, "Montjoy, Montjoy."

Roland heard the feeble shout and cut his way through to help his companion from his horse; but Oliver, not knowing him, struck Roland such a mighty blow that he shattered his helmet on his throbbing head. In spite of all his pain, Roland lifted Oliver gently down from his horse, saying, "Dear comrade, I fear a deadly evil has happened to thee."

"Thy voice is that of Roland, but I cannot see thy face."

"It is I, Roland, thy comrade."

"Forgive me that I smote thee," said Oliver;

"it is so dark that I cannot see thy face. Give me thy hand. God bless thee, Roland. God bless Charlemagne and France."

So saying, he fell upon his face and died. With a heavy heart Roland turned from his fallen comrade and looked about for his valiant rear guard. Only two men were left beside himself. Turpin the Archbishop, Count Gaulter and Roland set themselves back to back while the pagans ran upon them in a multitude. Twenty men Roland slew, Count Gaulter six, and Turpin five. Then another charge of a thousand horsemen throwing spears and javelins bore down upon them. Count Gaulter fell at the first charge, and the archbishop's horse was killed; and there upon the ground Turpin lay with four wounds upon his forehead and four upon his breast.

Yet strange to say in those fearful charges Roland got never a wound, although in his broken temples his brain was parting asunder, and the pain was more than he could bear. Once more he winded his feeble horn, and Charles heard it as he came with his army to the relief of the rear guard. "Spare not spur nor steed for Roland's sake. I hear the sighing of his horn and know that he is in a last distress. Sound all our clarions loud and long."

The mighty mountains tossed the sound from peak to peak and carried it down into the valley of Roncesvalles where the pagans heard the echoes and knew that Charles was approaching for revenge.

"There is but one man more to slay," they cried. "Let us slaughter him and flee."

Then four hundred of the mounted Moslems charged at Roland, flinging their long javelins but venturing not to approach within reach of his sword, for they thought no man born of woman could slay this Roland. Veillantif dropped down dead, and Roland, his armor pierced with spear points, fell beneath him with a last great "Montjoy."

Spent with the fall, he lay there in a swoon, though not a single spear had touched his body. When the pagans looked on him they thought him dead, and fled through the pass, leaving the gloomy field in possession of the dead and wounded.

When the spirit of Roland came back from its swoon he looked about him and saw that the pagans had fled. With great pain he drew himself from beneath his horse and staggered to his feet, for scarcely could he stand from the pain beating in his temples. He dragged his bruised and weary body, searching everywhere among the slain. Round about each Christian lay a heap of pagan slain, and as Roland's eye wandered o'er the bloody field he said, "Charles will see that the rear guard has done its duty." At last he found where Oliver lay, and lifting the body tenderly in his arms, he said, "Comrade dear, ever wast thou a friend to me, kind and gentle. No better warrior ever broke a spear or wielded a sword. Now do I repent the only time that I failed to heed thy counsel. God rest

thy soul. A sweeter friend and truer comrade no man ever had."

Then Roland heard a feeble voice, and turning, saw the Archbishop Turpin dying on the ground, a piteous sight, his face all marred with wounds and his body well-nigh cut in twain. Yet Turpin raised his hand and blessed the dead about him, saying, "Thank God, dear Roland, the field is thine and mine. We have fought a good fight."

Then he joined his hands as though in prayer, but his strength failed him and he fell back fainting. Roland crawled away towards a little rill where water was flowing, but his own weakness was so great that when he came feebly to where the Archbishop lay he found him with his hands still clasped, but now at rest; for neither thirst nor pain would trouble him again. All alone in that field of death Roland wept with his slaughtered friends.

When Roland found death was drawing near he took Durendal in one hand and his good horn in the other and crept away to a green hillock, where he lay down in his armor. While he lay there in agony a Saracen appeared plundering the dead, and as he stole by Roland he saw the glitter of Durendal's hilt and put out his hand and snatched the sword. Roland opened his eyes and saw the thief before him with the sword in his hands, and turning suddenly he raised his horn and dealt the fellow so heavy a blow upon the skull that he stretched him dead upon the ground. Then, recovering Durendal, he clasped it in his hands and said, "Oh Durendal, keen of

edge and bright of blade, God sent thee by his angels to Charles to be his captain's sword. Charles girt thee at my side, and many a country hast thou helped to conquer in my hands. Though it grieveth me sore to part with thee, yet would I rather break thee asunder than that thou shouldst fall into the hands of an enemy of France."

So, praying God to give him strength, he struck the sword so mightily upon a gray stone of granite that the stone was chipped and splintered, but the good sword broke not nor was its good edge turned in the least. A second time he struck the stone, and though under the blow it was cleft in twain, the blade leaped back unharmed. On the third blow he powdered the stone, but failed to turn the blade of polished steel.

Then Roland knew that the sword was indeed holy, and holding the cross upon its hilt before his eyes, he said, "Oh Durendal, I am to blame. The angels brought thee and they will keep thee safe for Charles and France."

Now indeed Roland felt the throes of death approach, and turning his face toward Spain and toward his enemies he placed his sword and horn beneath him, and lifting his weary hands to heaven he closed his eyes. Death and silence brooded o'er the valley; the mists of night came up, and darkness hid the scene.

Charles and his followers had ridden hard and did not draw rein till they reached the mountain top and looked down into the valley of Ronces-

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

valles. They blew the clarions loud, but no answering sound was heard save the echoes from the mountain sides. Then down through the mists and darkness they rode and saw the awful carnage. Roland and Oliver dead, Archbishop Turpin and the noble Twelve, and all the twenty thousand stretched among the heaps of pagan corpses.

Charles fell upon his face and wept, for he had

brought up and nourished Roland from a babe, had taught him war and made him the bravest of knights and captain in his army. But anger burned in his bosom and dried his tears, so that when his officers approached and told him that they had found the tracks of the flying pagans he was ready to follow fiercely along their track.

Looking up, he saw that the sun was still some hours high, for God had miraculously stayed its passage that the Christians might be avenged. They overtook the flying enemy in the valley of Tenebrus, close by the swift torrent of the Ebro, and there with the swollen river in front and the fierce Franks on the flanks and rear the pagans were slowly cut to pieces. Only Marsilius and a little band, who had gone another way, escaped. Every Saracen in Tenebrus had perished before the Franks gave up their bloody work. Back to Roncesvalles went King Charles, where he buried the dead, all excepting Roland and Oliver, whose bodies he embalmed and carried in his richest chariots on his return journey.

Bitterly mourned the king in spite of the richness of his revenge. "Oh my Roland," he cried, "little pleasure have I in the land we have conquered. When I come again to my palace and people ask tidings, what can I say but that we have conquered cities, provinces and countries and left Roland dead? Then will there be no rejoicing. Sadness will fall upon our land, and every one will say the war has been in vain. Oh Roland, my friend, would God that I had died for thee."

When Charles had returned to Aachen he haled Ganelon before him and flatly accused the knight of treachery. This Ganelon denied, and the king set him on trial. By using the price of his treason, Ganelon secured among the judges thirty of his kinsmen, who by spending riches lavishly procured judgment for him, all voting him no traitor excepting a gentle youth, Tierry, who persisted in impeaching Ganelon as a felon and traitor who had betrayed Roland and the twenty thousand. Moreover, he accused the judges of treason and false judgment and offered to prove his charges upon any champion the accused should bring forth.

Tierry was a slender little lad, slight of limb and feeble in strength, and the champion selected by the accused was Pinabel, a giant among the Franks. All pitied Tierry and urged that some more doughty champion take up the cause, but King Charles said, "God will show the right."

So the lists were made ready and the combat began. Long and terrible was the fight, for the little champion seemed endowed with more than human strength and courage. Yet ever was he beaten back, and ever it seemed that he must be crushed to death under the terrific blows of the mighty Pinabel. At last a blow came which cut his helmet in two and split off his right cheek. Then with vision clouded by the blood and with fast-failing strength, Tierry aimed a blow with all his force straight at the head of Pinabel. God gave force to the weakening arm and directed the stroke so that it cleft the steel helmet

and the skull, and entered the brain of Pinabel, who fell gasping to the earth and died there in his sins.

Then all the people with one accord shouted, "God hath spoken the word. Again has the right triumphed in trial by battle. Away with Ganelon and his fellows."

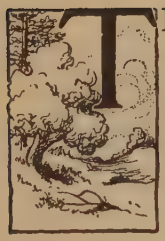
King Charles from his judgment hall pronounced sentence. "Take the thirty false judges and hang them. Let not one escape," decreed the king.

As for Ganelon, ten times worse was his punishment. Ropes were tied to the wrists and ankles of Ganelon and fastened to four prancing horses. Whining and begging for his life, the traitor lay extended while the horses, proud of their part, stood with noble arching necks ready without whip or spur to drag the coward traitor limb from limb. The halters were cast off, the horses sprang away, and Ganelon had paid his penalty.

Then to his lonely chamber retired the king, very old and decrepit, for years of grief had done more to age Charlemagne than years of war.

CID CAMPEADOR

INTRODUCTION



HE national hero of Spain is universally known as the Cid, and around his name have gathered tales as marvelous as those of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Some historians have doubted the existence of the Cid, while others, whom we may prefer to believe, give him a distinct place in history. According to the latter, he was a descendant of one of the noblest families of Castile, and as early as 1064 his name is mentioned as that of a great warrior. So far as we are concerned, we need not discuss the matter, for it is our purpose to see him as a great hero whose name stood for honor and bravery, and whose influence upon the youth of Spain has been wonderful. Accordingly, we must know the Cid as he appears in song and story rather than as he is known in history.

There are several prose chronicles in Spanish, which tell the story of the Cid, and numberless poems and legends. The English poet, Robert Southey, has given us the best translation of these, and from his famous work, *Chronicle of the Cid*, we take the selections which are printed in this volume.

According to the Spanish accounts, Rodrigo was born in 1026 in Burgos, the son of Diego

Laynez, who was then the head of the house of Layn Calvo. As a youth he was strong in arms and of high repute among his friends, for he early bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors.

While Rodrigo was still in his early youth, his father was grievously insulted and struck in the face by Count Don Gomez. Diego was a man so old that his strength had passed from him, and he could not take vengeance, but retired to his home to dwell in solitude and lament over his dishonor. He took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence as if the breath of his shame would taint them. The Count was a mighty man in arms and so powerful that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Rodrigo, young as he was, considered this power as nothing when he thought of the wrong done to his father, and determined to take his own revenge. His father, seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. Rodrigo went out, defied the Count, fought with and killed him, and cutting off his head, carried it home. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and, pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, bade him look up, saying, "Here is the herb which will restore to you your appetite. The tongue which insulted you is no longer a tongue, the

hand no longer a hand." Then the old man arose, embraced his son and placed him above him at the table, saying, "The man who brought home that head must be the head of the house of Layn Calvo."

At about this time, the king, Don Ferrando, who had heaped honors upon Rodrigo for his success against the Moors, called him to aid against the King of Aragon, who claimed the city of Calahorra, but had consented to let the ownership of the city rest upon a trial by combat between two of their greatest knights. The King of Aragon chose Don Martin Gonzalez, and Don Ferrando, Rodrigo. The latter was well pleased at the prospect of the battle, but before the day of the combat he started on a pilgrimage, which he had previously vowed.

"Rodrigo forthwith set out upon the road, and took with him twenty knights. And as he went he did great good, and gave alms, feeding the poor and needy. And upon the way they found a leper, struggling in a quagmire, who cried out to them with a loud voice to help him for the love of God; and when Rodrigo heard this, he alighted from his beast and helped him, and placed him upon the beast before him, and carried him with him in this manner to the inn where he took up his lodging that night. At this were his knights little pleased. And when supper was ready he bade his knights take their seats, and he took the leper by the hand, and seated him next himself, and ate with him out of the same dish. The knights were greatly of-

RODRIGO AND THE LEPER

fended at this foul sight, insomuch that they rose up and left the chamber. But Rodrigo ordered a bed to be made ready for himself and for the leper, and they twain slept together. When it was midnight and Rodrigo was fast asleep, the leper breathed against him between his shoulders, and that breath was so strong that it passed through him, even through his breast; and he awoke, being astounded, and felt for the leper

by him, and found him not; and he began to call him, but there was no reply. Then he arose in fear, and called for light, and it was brought him; and he looked for the leper and could see nothing; so he returned into the bed, leaving the light burning. And he began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and how the leper was not there. After a while, as he was thus musing, there appeared before him one in white garments, who said unto him, 'Sleepest thou or wakest thou, Rodrigo?' and he answered and said, 'I do not sleep: but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?' Then said he, 'I am Saint Lazarus, and know that I was a leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honor for the love of God; and because thou didst this for His sake hath God now granted thee a great gift; for whensoever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin, that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else, so that thy honor shall go on increasing from day to day; and thou shalt be feared both by Moors and Christians, and thy enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die an honorable death in thine own house, and in thy renown, for God hath blessed thee;—therefore go thou on, and evermore persevere in doing good;' and with that he disappeared. And Rodrigo arose and prayed to our lady and intercessor St. Mary, that she

would pray to her blessed son for him to watch over both his body and soul in all his undertakings; and he continued in prayer till the day broke. Then he proceeded on his way, and performed his pilgrimage, doing much good for the love of God and of St. Mary."

Rodrigo was successful in his combat against Martin Gonzalez, and after the death of the latter rose much higher in esteem with King Ferrando. At no time was Rodrigo unworthy of his confidence, so that finally the king knighted him after this manner: The king girded on his sword and gave him the kiss, but not the blow. Usually this blow was given with the hand upon the neck, at which time the king said, "Awake, and sleep not in the affairs of knighthood." The king omitted this, knowing that Rodrigo needed no such command. To do the new knight more honor, the queen gave him his horse and her daughter fastened on his spurs. From that day he was called Ruydiez. Ruy is merely an abbreviation of Rodrigo, and Ruydiez means Rodrigo, the son of Diego. Thereafter the king commanded him to knight nine noble squires with his own hand, and he took his sword before the altar and knighted them.

It was soon after this that there came to the king messengers from the Moors, whom Ruydiez had overpowered, all bringing him tribute and praising the generous treatment he had accorded them after his victory. At the same time they called him *Cid*, which meant *lord*, and from this time on by the king's orders Ruydiez

was called *The Cid*, because the Moors had so named him. To this name is often added the word *Campeador*, which means merely *The conqueror*.

The remaining incidents from the life of The Cid are taken directly from Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*.

THE CID MAKES A BRAVE MAN OF A COWARD

HERE the history relates that Martin Pelaez, the Asturian, came with a convoy of laden beasts, carrying provisions to the host of the Cid; and as he passed near the town the Moors sallied out in great numbers against him; but he, though he had few with him, defended the convoy right well, and did great hurt to the Moors, slaying many of them, and drove them into the town. This Martin Pelaez, who is here spoken of, did the Cid make a right good knight of a coward, as ye shall hear.

When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his

company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come, he would make him brave, whether he would or not.

And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, as ye have heard, for the Cid was alway upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day. One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner.

Now it was the custum of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honorably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon estrados, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honor of the Cid was ad-

vanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his badness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them.

And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, "You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than me; but I will have you with me:" and he seated him with himself at table.

And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honor him above all the others.

On the morrow the Cid and his company rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day.

And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first.

And the knight gave heed to that saying, and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the

Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore.

Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there; and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marveled at him, and asked where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before.

And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez full leisurely and quietly went to his lodging also, like a good knight.

MARTIN PELAEZ SLEW A GOOD KNIGHT

And when it was the hour of eating, the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez; and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, "My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and

with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them;" and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good.

And the history saith that from that day forward this knight, Martin Pelaez, was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly. And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the king of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die.

And when the Cid saw him come in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforward gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree, hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did

the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard; for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse.

THE CID DEFEATS TWO MOORISH KINGS

ND my Cid lay before Alcocer fifteen weeks; and when he saw that the town did not surrender, he ordered his people to break up their camp, as if they were flying, and they left one of their tents behind them, and took their way along the Salon, with their banners spread. And when the Moors saw this they rejoiced greatly, and there was a great stir among them, and they praised themselves for what they had done in withstanding him, and said that the Cid's bread and barley had failed him, and he had fled away, and left one of his tents behind him. And they said among themselves, "Let us pursue them and spoil them, for if they of Teruel should be before us, the honour and the profit will be theirs, and we shall have nothing." And they went out after him, great and little, leaving the gates open and shouting as they went; and there was not left in the town a man who could bear arms.

And when my Cid saw them coming he gave orders to quicken their speed, as if he was in fear, and would not let his people turn till the Moors were far enough from the town. But

when he saw that there was a good distance between them and the gates, then he bade his banner turn, and spurred towards them, crying, "Lay on, knights, by God's mercy the spoil is our own." God! what a good joy was theirs that morning! My Cid's vassals laid on without mercy—in one hour, and in a little space, three hundred Moors were slain, and the Cid and Alvar Fañez had good horses, and got between them and the castle, and stood in the gateway sword in hand, and there was a great mortality among the Moors; and my Cid won the place, and Pero Bermudez planted his banner upon the highest point of the castle. And the Cid said, "Blessed be God and all his saints, we have bettered our quarters both for horses and men."

And he said to Alvar Fañez and all his knights, "Hear me, we shall get nothing by killing these Moors; let us take them and they shall show us their treasures which they have hidden in their houses, and we will dwell here and they shall serve us." In this manner did my Cid win Alcocer, and take up his abode therein.

Much did this trouble the Moors of Teca, and it did not please those of Teruel, nor of Calatayud. And they sent to the king of Valencia to tell him that one who was called Ruydiez the Cid, whom King Don Alfonso had banished, was come into their country, and had taken Alcocer; and if a stop were not put to him, the king might look upon Teca and Teruel and Calatayud as lost, for nothing could stand against him, and he had plundered the whole country,

along the Salon on the one side, and the Siloca on the other. When the king of Valencia, whose name was Alcamin, heard this, he was greatly troubled; and incontinently he spake unto two Moorish kings, who were his vassals, bidding them take three thousand horsemen, and all the men of the border, and bring the Cid to him alive, that he might make atonement to him for having entered his land.

Fariz and Galve were the names of these two Moorish kings, and they set out with the companies of King Alcamin from Valencia, and halted the first night in Segorve, and the second night at Celfa de Canal. And they sent their messengers through the land to all the Councils thereof, ordering all men at arms, as well horsemen as footmen, to join them, and the third night they halted at Calatayud, and great numbers joined them; and they came up against Alcocer, and pitched their tents round about the castle. Every day their host increased, for their people were many in number, and their watchmen kept watch day and night; and my Cid had no succour to look for except the mercy of God, in which he put his trust. And the Moors beset them so close that they cut off their water, and albeit the Castillians would have sallied against them, my Cid forbade this. In this guise were my Cid and his people besieged for three weeks, and when the fourth week began, he called for Alvar Fañez, and for his company, and said unto them, "Ye see that the Moors have cut off our water, and we have but little bread; they

gather numbers day by day, and we become weak, and they are in their own country. If we would depart they would not let us, and we cannot go out by night because they have beset us round about on all sides, and we cannot pass on high through the air, neither through the earth which is underneath. Now then, if it please you, let us go out and fight with them, though they are many in number, and either defeat them or die an honourable death."

Then Minaya answered and said, "We have left the gentle land of Castille, and are come hither as banished men, and if we do not beat the Moors they will not give us food. Now though we are but few, yet are we of a good stock, and of one heart and one will; by God's help let us go out and smite them to-morrow, early in the morning, and you who are not in a state of penitence go and shrieve yourselves and repent ye of your sins." And they all held that what Alvar Fañez had said was good. And my Cid answered, "Minaya, you have spoken as you should do." Then ordered he all the Moors, both men and women, to be thrust out of the town, that it might not be known what they were preparing to do; and the rest of that day and the night also they passed in making ready for the battle. And on the morrow at sunrise the Cid gave his banner to Pero Bermudez, and bade him bear it boldly like a good man as he was, but he charged him not to thrust forward with it without his bidding. And Pero Bermudez kissed his hand, being well pleased.

BEARING THE BANNERS

Then leaving only two foot soldiers to keep the gates, they issued out; and the Moorish scouts saw them and hastened to the camp. Then was there such a noise of tambours as if the earth would have been broken, and the Moors armed themselves in great haste. Two royal

banners were there, and five city ones, and they drew up their men in two great bodies, and moved on, thinking to take my Cid and all his company alive; and my Cid bade his men remain still and not move till he should bid them.

Pero Bermudez could not bear this, but holding the banner in his hand, he cried, "God help you, Cid Campeador; I shall put your banner in the middle of that main body; and you who are bound to stand by it—I shall see how you will succour it." And he began to prick forward. And the Campeador called unto him to stop as he loved him, but Pero Bermudez replied he would stop for nothing, and away he spurred and carried his banner into the middle of the great body of the Moors. And the Moors fell upon him, that they might win the banner, and beset him on all sides, giving him many and great blows to beat him down; nevertheless his arms were proof, and they could not pierce them, neither could they beat him down, nor force the banner from him, for he was a right brave man, and a strong, and a good horseman, and of great heart. And when the Cid saw him thus beset he called to his people to move on and help him. Then placed they their shields before their hearts, and lowered their lances with the streamers thereon, and bending forward, rode on. Three hundred lances were they, each with its pendant, and every man at the first charge slew his Moor. "Smite them, knights, for the love of charity," cried the Campeador. "I am Ruydiez, the Cid of Bivar!"

Many a shield was pierced that day, and many a false corselet was broken, and many a white streamer dyed with blood, and many a horse left without a rider. The Misbelievers called on Mahomet, and the Christians on Santiago, and the noise of the tambours and of the trumpets was so great that none could hear his neighbor. And my Cid and his company succoured Pero Bermudez, and they rode through the host of the Moors, slaying as they went, and they rode back again in like manner; thirteen hundred did they kill in this guise. Wherever my Cid went, the Moors made a path before him, for he smote them down without mercy. And while the battle still continued, the Moors killed the horse of Alvar Fañez, and his lance was broken, and he fought bravely with his sword afoot. And my Cid, seeing him, came up to an Alguazil who rode upon a good horse, and smote him with his sword under the right arm, so that he cut him through and through, and he gave the horse to Alvar Fañez, saying, "Mount, Minaya, for you are my right hand."

When Alvar Fañez was thus remounted, they fell upon the Moors again, and by this time the Moors were greatly disheartened, having suffered so great loss, and they began to give way. And my Cid, seeing King Fariz, made towards him, smiting down all who were in his way; and he came up to him, and made three blows at him; two of them failed, but the third was a good one, and went through his cuirass, so that the blood ran down his legs. And with that blow

was the army of the Moors vanquished, for King Fariz, feeling himself so sorely wounded, turned his reins and fled out of the field, even to Teruel. And Martin Antolinez, the good Burgalese, came up to King Galve, and gave him a stroke on the head, which scattered all the carbuncles out of his helmet, and cut through it even to the skin; and the king did not wait for another such, and he fled also. A good day was that for Christendom, for the Moors fled on all sides. King Fariz got into Teruel, and King Galve fled after him, but they would not receive him within the gates, and he went on to Calatayud. And the Christians pursued them even to Calatayud. And Alvar Fañez had a good horse; four and thirty did he slay in that pursuit with the edge of his keen sword, and his arm was all red, and the blood dropt from his elbow. And as he was returning from the spoil he said, "Now am I well pleased, for good tidings will go to Castille, how my Cid has won a battle in the field." My Cid also turned back; his coif was wrinkled, and you might see his full beard; the hood of his mail hung down upon his shoulders, and the sword was still in his hand. He saw his people returning from the pursuit, and that of all his company fifteen only of the lower sort were slain, and he gave thanks to God for this victory. Then they fell to the spoil, and they found arms in abundance, and great store of wealth; and five hundred and ten horses. And he divided the spoil, giving to each man his fair portion, and the Moors whom they had put out

of Alcocer before the battle, they now received again into the castle, and gave to them also a part of the booty, so that all were well content. And my Cid had great joy with his vassals.

Then the Cid called unto Alvar Fañez and said, "Cousin, you are my right hand, and I hold it good that you should take of my fifth as much as you will, for all would be well bestowed upon you;" but Minaya thanked him, and said, that he would take nothing more than his share. And the Cid said unto him, "I will send King Don Alfonso a present from my part of the spoils. You shall go into Castile, and take with you thirty horses, the best which were taken from the Moors, all bridled and saddled, and each having a sword hanging from the saddle-bow; and you shall give them to the King, and kiss his hand for me, and tell him that we know how to make our way among the Moors. And you shall take also this bag of gold and silver, and purchase for me a thousand masses in Saint Mary's at Burgos, and hang up there these banners of the Moorish kings whom we have overcome. Go then to Saint Pedro's at Cardena, and salute my wife Doña Ximena, and my daughters, and tell them how well I go on, and that if I live I will make them rich women. And salute for me the Abbot Don Sebuto, and give him fifty marks of silver; and the rest of the money, whatever shall be left, give to my wife, and bid them all pray for me." Moreover the Cid said unto him, "This country is all spoiled, and we have to help ourselves with sword and

spear. You are going to gentle Castille; if when you return you should not find us here, you will hear where we are."

Alvar Fañez went his way to Castille, and he found the king in Valladolid, and he presented to him the thirty horses, with all their trappings, and swords mounted with silver hanging from the saddle-bows. And when the king saw them, before Alvar Fañez could deliver his bidding, he said unto him, "Minaya, who sends me this goodly present?" And Minaya answered, "My Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador, sends it, and kisses by me your hands. For since you were wroth against him, and banished him from the land, he being a man disherited, hath helped himself with his own hands, and hath won from the Moors the Castle of Alcocer. And the king of Valencia sent two kings to besiege him there, with all his power, and they begirt him round about, and cut off the water and bread from us so that we could not subsist. And then holding it better to die like good men in the field, than shut up like bad ones, we went out against them, and fought with them in the open field, and smote them and put them to flight; and both the Moorish kings were sorely wounded, and many of the Moors were slain, and many were taken prisoners, and great was the spoil which we won in the field, both of captives and of horses and arms, gold and silver and pearls, so that all who are with him are rich men. And of his fifth of the horses which were taken that day, my Cid hath sent you these, as to his natural

lord, whose favour he desireth. I beseech you, as God shall help you, show favour unto him."

Then King Don Alfonso answered, "This is betimes in the morning for a banished man to ask favour of his lord; nor is it befitting a king, for no lord ought to be wroth for so short a time. Nevertheless, because the horses were won from the Moors, I will take them, and rejoice that my Cid hath sped so well. And I pardon you, Minaya, and give again unto you all the lands which you have ever held of me, and you have my favour to go when you will, and come when you will. Of the Cid Campeador, I shall say nothing now, save only that all who chuse to follow him may freely go, and their bodies and goods and heritages are safe." And Minaya said, "God grant you many and happy years for his service. Now I beseech you, this which you have done for me, do also to all those who are in my Cid's company, and show favour unto them." And the king gave order that it should be so. Then Minaya kissed the king's hand and said, "Sir, you have done this now, and you will do the rest hereafter."

In three weeks time after this came Alvar Fañez from Castille. Two hundred men of lineage came with him, every one of whom wore sword girt to his side, and the foot soldiers in their company were out of number. When my Cid saw Minaya he rode up to him, and embraced him without speaking, and kissed his mouth and the eyes in his head. And Minaya told him all that he had done. And the face of

the Campeador brightened, and he gave thanks to God, and said, "It will go well with me, Minaya, as long as you live!" God, how joyful was that whole host because Alvar Fañez was returned! for he brought them greetings from their kinswomen and their brethren, and the fair comrades whom they had left behind. God, how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard, that Minaya had purchased the thousand masses, and had brought him the biddings of his wife and daughters! God, what a joyful man was he!

THE CID DOES BATTLE WITH DON RAMON BERENGUER

WHEN Don Ramon Berenguer the Count of Barcelona heard how my Cid was overrunning the country, it troubled him to the heart, and he held it for a great dishonor, because that part of the land of the Moors was in his keeping. And he spake boastfully, saying, "Great wrong doth that Cid of Bivar offer unto me; he smote my nephew in my own court and never would make amends for it, and now he ravages the lands which are in my keeping, and I have never defied him for this nor renounced his friendship; but since he goes on in this way I must take vengeance." So he and King Abenalfange gathered together a great power both of Moors and Christians, and went in pursuit of the Cid, and after three days and two nights they came up with him in the pine-

forest of Tebar, and they came on confidently, thinking to lay hands on him. Now my Cid was returning with much spoil, and had descended from the Sierra into the valley when tidings were brought him that Count Don Ramon Berenguer and the King of Denia were at hand, with a great power, to take away his booty, and take or slay him. And when the Cid heard this he sent to Don Ramon saying, that the booty which he had won was none of his, and bidding him let him go on his way in peace; but the Count made answer, that my Cid should now learn whom he had dishonoured, and make amends once for all.

Then my Cid sent the booty forward, and bade his knights make ready. "They are coming upon us," said he, "with a great power, both of Moors and Christians, to take from us the spoils which we have so hardly won, and without doing battle we cannot be quit of them; for if we should proceed they would follow till they overtook us; therefore let the battle he here, and I trust in God that we shall win more honour, and something to boot. They came down the hill, drest in their hose, with their gay saddles, and their girths wet; we are with our hose covered and on our Galician saddles; a hundred such as we ought to beat their whole company. Before they get upon the plain ground let us give them the points of our lances; for one whom we run through, three will jump out of their saddles; and Ramon Berenguer will then see whom he has overtaken to-day in the

pine-forest of Tebar, thinking to despoil him of the booty which I have won from the enemies of God and of the faith."

While my Cid was speaking, his knights had taken their arms, and were ready on horseback for the charge. Presently they saw the pendants of the Frenchmen coming down the hill, and when they were nigh the bottom, and had not yet set foot upon the plain ground, my Cid bade his people charge, which they did with a right good will, thrusting their spears so stiffly that by God's good pleasure not a man whom they encountered but lost his seat. So many were slain and so many wounded that the Moors were dismayed forthwith, and began to fly. The Count's people stood firm a little longer, gathering round their Lord; but my Cid was in search of him, and when he saw where he was, he made up to him, clearing the way as he went, and gave him such a stroke with his lance that he felled him down to the ground. When the Frenchmen saw their Lord in this plight they fled away and left him; and the pursuit lasted three leagues, and would have been continued farther if the conquerors had not had tired horses. So they turned back and collected the spoils, which were more than they could carry away. Thus was Count Ramon Berenguer made prisoner, and my Cid won from him that day the good sword Colada, which was worth more than a thousand marks of silver.

That night did my Cid and his men make merry, rejoicing over their gains. And the

Count was taken to my Cid's tent, and a good supper was set before him; nevertheless he would not eat, though my Cid besought him so to do. And on the morrow my Cid ordered a feast to be made, that he might do pleasure to the Count, but the Count said that for all Spain he would not eat one mouthful, but would rather die, since he had been beaten in battle by such a set of ragged fellows. And Ruydiez said to him, "Eat and drink, Count, of this bread and of this wine, for this is the chance of war; if you do as I say you shall be free; and if not you will never return again into your own lands." And Don Ramon answered, "Eat you, Don Rodrigo, for your fortune is fair and you deserve it; take you your pleasure, but leave me to die." And in this mood he continued for three days, refusing all food.

But then my Cid said to him, "Take food, Count, and be sure that I will set you free, you and any two of your knights, and give you wherewith to return into your own country." And when Don Ramon heard this, he took comfort and said, "If you will indeed do this thing I shall marvel at you as long as I live." "Eat then," said Ruydiez, "and I will do it; but mark you, of the spoil which we have taken from you I will give you nothing; for to that you have no claim, neither by right nor custom, and besides we want it for ourselves, being banished men, who must live by taking from you and from others as long as it shall please God."

Then was the Count full joyful, being well

pleased that what should be given him was not of the spoils which he had lost; and he called for water and washed his hands, and chose two of his kinsmen to be set free with him; the one was named Don Hugo, and the other Guillen Bernalto.

And my Cid sate at the table with them, and said, "If you do not eat well, Count, you and I shall not part yet." Never since he was Count did he eat with better will than that day! And when they had done he said, "Now, Cid, if it be your pleasure let us depart." And my Cid clothed him and his kinsmen well with goodly skins and mantles, and gave them each a goodly palfrey, with rich caparisons, and he rode out with them on their way. And when he took leave of the Count he said to him, "Now go freely, and I thank you for what you have left behind; if you wish to play for it again let me know, and you shall either have something back in its stead, or leave what you bring to be added to it."

The Count answered, "Cid, you jest safely now, for I have paid you and all your company for this twelvemonths, and shall not be coming to see you again so soon."

Then Count Ramon pricked on more than apace, and many times looked behind him, fearing that my Cid would repent what he had done, and send to take him back to prison, which the Perfect one would not have done for the whole world, for never did he do disloyal thing.

THE CID PUNISHES ALMOFALEZ, AND IS RECONCILED TO THE KING

NOW Zulema had sent for my Cid, and the cause was this. His brother, the King of Denia, had taken counsel with Count Ramon Berenguer, and with the Count of Cardona, and with the brother of the Count of Urgel, and with the chiefs of Balsadron and Remolin and Cartaxes, that they should besiege the Castle of Almenar, which my Cid had fortified by command of King Zulema. And they came up against it while my Cid was away, besieging the Castle of Estrada, which is in the rivers Tiegio and Sege, the which he took by force. And they fought against it and cut off the water. And when my Cid came to the king at Tamarit, the king asked him to go and fight with the host which besieged Almenar; but my Cid said it would be better to give something to King Abenalfange that he should break up the siege and depart; for they were too great a power to do battle with, being as many in number as the sands on the sea shore. And the King did as he counselled him, and sent to his brother King Abenalfange, and to the chiefs who were with him, to propose this accord, and they would not.

Then my Cid, seeing that they would not depart for fair means, armed his people, and fell upon them. That was a hard battle and well fought on both sides, and much blood was shed, for many good knights on either party

were in the field; howbeit he of good fortune won the day at last, he who never was conquered. King Abenalfange and Count Ramon and most of the others fled, and my Cid followed, smiting and slaying for three leagues; and many good Christian knights were made prisoners. Ruydiez returned with great honour and much spoil, and gave all his prisoners to King Zulema, who kept them eight days, and then my Cid begged their liberty and set them free. And he and the king returned to Zaragoza, and the people came out to meet them, with great joy, and shouts of welcome. And the king honoured my Cid greatly, and gave him power in all his dominions.

At this time it came to pass that Almofalez, a Moor of Andalusia, rose up with the Castle of Rueda, which was held for King Don Alfonso. And because he held prisoner there the brother of Adefir, another Moor, Adefir sent to the King of Castille, beseeching him to come to succour him, and recover the Castle. And the King sent the Infante Don Ramiro his cousin, and the Infante Don Sancho, son to the King of Navarre, and Count Don Gonzalo Salvadores, and Count Don Nuño Alvarez, and many other knights with them; and they came to the Castle, and Almofalez said he would not open the gates to them, but if the king came he would open to him. And when King Don Alfonso heard this, incontinently he came to Rueda. And Almofalez besought him to enter to a feast which he had prepared; howbeit the King would not

go in, neither would his people have permitted him so to have risked his person. But the Infante Don Sancho entered, and Don Nuño, and Don Gonzalo, and fifteen other knights; and as soon as they were within the gate, the Moors threw down great stones upon them and killed them all. This was the end of the good Count Don Gonzalo Salvadores, who was so good a knight in battle that he was called "He of the Four Hands." The bodies were ransomed, seeing that there was no remedy, the Castle being so strong, and Don Gonzalo was buried in the Monastery of Ona, according as he had appointed in his will; and the Infante Don Sancho with his forefathers the Kings of Navarre, in the royal Monastery of Naxara.

Greatly was King Don Alfonso troubled at this villainy, and he sought for the Cid, who was in those parts; and the Cid came to him with a great company. And the king told him the great treason which had been committed, and took the Cid into his favour, and said unto him that he might return with him into Castille. My Cid thanked him for his bounty, but he said he never would accept his favour unless the king granted what he should request; and the king bade him make his demand. And my Cid demanded that when any hidalgo should be banished, in time to come, he should have the thirty days, which were his right, allowed him, and not nine only, as had been his case; and that neither hidalgo nor citizen should be proceeded against till they had been fairly and

THE CID BEFORE RUEDA

lawfully heard; also, that the king should not go against the privileges and charters and good customs of any town or other place, nor impose taxes upon them against their right; and if he did, that it should be lawful for the land to rise against him, till he had amended the misdeed. And to all this the king accorded, and said to

my Cid that he should go back into Castille with him; but my Cid said he would not go into Castille till he had won that castle of Rueda, and delivered the villainous Moors thereof into his hands, that he might do justice upon them.

So the king thanked him greatly, and returned into Castille, and my Cid remained before the castle of Rueda. And he lay before it so long, and beset it so close, that the food of the Moors failed, and they had no strength to defend themselves; and they would willingly have yielded the castle, so they might have been permitted to leave it and go whither they would; but he would have their bodies, to deliver them up to the king. When they saw that it must be so, great part of them came out, and yielded themselves prisoners; and then my Cid stormed the castle and took Almofalez and them who held with him, so that none escaped; and he sent him and his accomplices in the treason to the king. And the king was right glad when they were brought before him, and he did great justice upon them, and sent to thank my Cid for having avenged him.

After my Cid had done this good service to King Don Alfonso, he and King Zulema of Zaragoza entered Aragon, slaying, and burning, and plundering before them, and they returned to the Castle of Monzon with great booty. Then the Cid went into King Abenalfange's country, and did much mischief there; and he got among the mountains of Moriella, and beat down everything before him, and destroyed the Castle of

Moriella. And King Zulema sent to bid him build up the ruined Castle of Alcala, which is upon Moriella; and the Cid did so. But King Abenalfange, being sorely grieved hereat, sent to King Pedro of Aragon, and besought him to come and help him against the Campeador. And the king of Aragon gathered together a great host in his anger, and he and the king of Denia came against my Cid, and they halted that night upon the banks of the Ebro; and King Don Pedro sent letters to the Cid, bidding him leave the castle which he was then edifying. My Cid made answer, that if the king chose to pass that way in peace, he would let him pass, and show him any service in his power. And when the king of Aragon saw that he would not forsake the work, he marched against him, and attacked him. Then there was a brave battle, and many were slain; but my Cid won the day, and King Abenalfange fled, and King Don Pedro was taken prisoner, and many of his counts and knights with him. My Cid returned to Zaragoza with this great honour, taking his prisoners with him; and he set them all freely at liberty, and having tarried in Zaragoza a few days, set forth for Castille, with great riches and full of honours.

Having done all these things in his banishment, my Cid returned to Castille, and the king received him well and gave him the Castle of Dueñas, and of Orcejon, and Ybia, and Campo, and Gaña, and Berviesca, and Berlanga, with all their districts. And he gave him privileges with leaden seals appendant, and confirmed

with his own hand, that whatever castles, towns, and places he might win from the Moors, or from any one else, should be his own, quit and free for ever, both for him and for his descendants. Thus was my Cid received into the king's favour, and he abode with him long time, doing him great services, as his Lord.

THE DEATH OF THE CID

IT is written in the history which Abenalfarax, the nephew of Gil Diaz, composed in Valencia, that for five years the Cid Ruydiez remained Lord thereof in peace, and in all that time he sought to do nothing but to serve God, and to keep the Moors quiet who were under his dominion; so that Moors and Christians dwelt together in such accord that it seemed as if they had always been united; and they all loved and served the Cid with such good will that it was marvelous. And when these five years were over tidings were spread far and near, which reached Valencia, that King Bucar, the Miramamolin of Morocco, holding himself disgraced because the Cid Campeador had conquered him in the field of Quarto near unto Valencia, where he had slain or made prisoners all his people, and driven him into the sea, and made spoil of all the treasures which he had brought with him—King Bucar calling these things to mind, had gone himself and stirred up the whole Paganism of Barbary, even as far as Montes Claros, to cross the sea

again, and avenge himself if he could; and he had assembled so great a power that no man could devise their numbers.

When the Cid heard these tidings he was troubled at heart; howbeit he dissembled this, so that no person knew what he was minded to do; and thus the matter remained for some days. And when he saw that the news came thicker and faster, and that it was altogether certain that King Bucar was coming over sea against him, he sent and bade all the Moors of Valencia assemble together in his presence, and when they were all assembled he said unto them, "Good men of the Aljama, ye well know that from the day wherein I became Lord of Valencia, ye have always been protected and defended, and have past your time well and peaceably in your houses and heritages, none troubling you nor doing you wrong; neither have I who am your Lord ever done aught unto you that was against right. And now true tidings are come to me that King Bucar of Morocco is arrived from beyond sea, with a mighty power of Moors, and that he is coming against me to take from me this city which I won with so great labour. Now therefore, seeing it is so, I hold it good and command that ye quit the town, both ye and your sons and your women, and go into the suburb of Alcudia and the other suburbs, to dwell there with the other Moors, till we shall see the end of this business between me and King Bucar." Then the Moors, albeit they were loath, obeyed his command; and when

they were all gone out of the city, so that none remained, he held himself safer than he had done before.

Now after the Moors were all gone out of the city, it came to pass in the middle of the night that the Cid was lying in his bed, devising how he might withstand this coming of King Bucar, for Abenalfarax saith that when he was alone in his palace his thoughts were of nothing else. And when it was midnight there came a great light into the palace, and a great odour, marvelous sweet. And as he was marveling what it might be, there appeared before him a man as white as snow; he was in the likeness of an old man, with gray hair and crisp, and he carried certain keys in his hand; and before the Cid could speak to him he said, "Sleepest thou, Rodrigo, or what art thou doing?" And the Cid made answer, "What man art thou who askest me?" And he said, "I am Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, who come unto thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar, and it is, that thou art to leave this world, and go to that which hath no end; and this will be in thirty days. But God will show favour unto thee, so that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar, and thou, being dead, shalt win this battle for the honour of thy body: this will be with the help of Santiago, whom God will send to the business; but do thou strive to make atonement for thy sins, and so thou shalt be saved. All this Jesus Christ vouchsafeth thee

for the love of me, and for the reverence which thou hast alway shown to my Church."

When the Cid Campeador heard this he had great pleasure at heart, and he let himself fall out of bed upon the earth, that he might kiss the feet of the Apostle St. Peter; but the Apostle said, "Strive not to do this, for thou canst not touch me; but be sure that all this which I have told thee will come to pass." And when the blessed Apostle had said this he disappeared, and the palace remained full of a sweeter and more delightful odour than heart of man can conceive. And the Cid Ruydiez remained greatly comforted by what St. Peter had said to him, and as certain that all this would come to pass, as if it were already over.

Early on the morrow he sent to call all his honourable men to the Alcazar; and when they were all assembled before him, he began to say unto them, weeping the while, "Friends and kinsmen and true vassals and honourable men, many of ye must well remember when King Don Alfonso our Lord twice banished me from this land, and most of ye for the love which ye bore me followed me into banishment, and have guarded me ever since. And God hath shown such mercy to you and to me, that we have won many battles against Moors and Christians; those which were against Christians, God knows, were more through their fault than my will, for they strove to set themselves against the good fortune which God had given me, and to oppose his service, helping the enemies of the faith.

Moreover we won this city in which we dwell, which is not under the dominion of any man in the world, save only of my Lord the King Don Alfonso, and that rather by reason of our natural allegiance than of anything else. And now I would have ye know the state in which this body of mine now is; for be ye certain that I am in the latter days of my life, and that thirty days hence will be my last. Of this I am well assured; for for these seven nights past I have seen visions. I have seen my father Diego Laynez and Diego Rodriguez my son; and every time they say to me, 'You have tarried long here, let us go now among the people who endure for ever.' Now, notwithstanding man ought not to put his trust in these things, nor in such visions, I know this by other means to be certain, for Sir St. Peter hath appeared to me this night, when I was awake and not sleeping, and he told me that when these thirty days were over I should pass away from this world. Now ye know for certain that King Bucar is coming against us, and they say that thirty and six Moorish kings are coming with him; and since he bringeth so great a power of Moors and I have to depart so soon, how can ye defend Valencia! But be ye certain, that by the mercy of God I shall counsel ye so that ye shall conquer King Bucar in the field, and win great praise and honour from him, and Doña Ximena, and ye and all that ye have, go hence in safety; how ye are to do all this I will tell ye hereafter, before I depart."

After the Cid said this he sickened of the

malady of which he died. And the day before his weakness waxed great, he ordered the gates of the town to be shut, and went to the Church of St. Peter; and there the Bishop Don Hieronymo being present, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, and the knights and honourable men and honourable dames, as many as the Church could hold, the Cid Ruydiez stood up, and made a full noble preaching, showing that no man whatsoever, however honourable or fortunate they may be in this world, can escape death; "to which," said he, "I am now full near; and since ye know that this body of mine hath never yet been conquered, nor put to shame, I beseech ye let not this befall it at the end, for the good fortune of man is only accomplished at his end. How this is to be done, and what ye all have to do, I will leave in the hands of the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez." And when he had said this he placed himself at the feet of the Bishop, and there before all the people made a general confession of all his sins, and all the faults which he had committed against our Lord Jesus Christ. And the Bishop appointed him his penance and assoyled him of his sins.

Then he arose and took leave of the people, weeping plenteously, and returned to the Alcazar, and betook himself to his bed, and never rose from it again; and every day he waxed weaker and weaker, till seven days only remained of the time appointed. Then he called for the caskets of gold in which was the balsam

and the myrrh which the Soldan of Persia had sent him; and when these were put before him he bade them bring him the golden cup, of which he was wont to drink; and he took of that balsam and of that myrrh as much as a little spoonful, and mingled it in the cup with rose-water and drank of it; and for the seven days which he lived he neither ate nor drank aught else than a little of that myrrh and balsam mingled with water. And every day after he did this, his body and his countenance appeared fairer and fresher than before, and his voice clearer, though he waxed weaker and weaker daily, so that he could not move in his bed.

On the twenty-ninth day, being the day before he departed, he called for Doña Ximena, and for the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Don Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and his trusty Gil Diaz; and when they were all five before him, he began to direct them what they should do after his death; and he said to them:

"Ye know that King Bucar will presently be here to besiege this city, with seven and thirty Kings, whom he bringeth with him, and with a mighty power of Moors. Now, therefore, the first thing which ye do after I have departed, wash my body with rose-water many times and well, as blessed be the name of God it is washed within and made pure of all uncleanness to receive his holy body to-morrow, which will be my last day. And when it has been well washed and made clean, ye shall dry it well, and anoint it with this myrrh and balsam, from these golden

caskets, from head to foot, so that every part shall be anointed, till none be left. And you my Sister Doña Ximena, and your women, see that ye utter no cries, neither make any lamentation for me, that the Moors may not know of my death. And when the day shall come in which King Bucar arrives, order all the people of Valencia to go upon the walls, and sound your trumpets and tambours, and make the greatest rejoicings that ye can. And when ye would set out for Castille, let all the people know in secret, that they make themselves ready, and take with them all that they have, so that none of the Moors in the suburb may know thereof; for certes ye cannot keep the city, neither abide therein after my death. And see ye that sumpter beasts be laden with all that there is in Valencia, so that nothing which can profit may be left. And this I leave especially to your charge, Gil Diaz. Then saddle ye my horse Bavieca, and arm him well; and ye shall apparel my body full seemlily, and place me upon the horse, and fasten and tie me thereon so that it cannot fall; and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand. And let the Bishop Don Hieronymo go on one side of me, and my trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he shall lead my horse. You, Pero Bermudez, shall bear my banner, as you were wont to bear it; and you, Alvar Fañez, my cousin, gather your company together, and put the host in order as you are wont to do. And go ye forth and fight with King Bucar; for be ye certain and doubt not that ye shall win this battle; God

hath granted me this. And when ye have won the fight, and the Moors are discomfited, ye may spoil the field at pleasure. Ye will find great riches."

Then the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador of Bivar, bade the Bishop Don Hieronymo give

DEATH OF THE CID

him the body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and he received it with great devotion, on his knees, and weeping before them all. Then he sate up in his bed and called upon God and St. Peter, and began to pray, saying, "Lord Jesus Christ, thine is the power, and the kingdom, and thou art above all kings and all nations, and all kings are at thy command. I beseech

ye, therefore, pardon me my sins and let my soul enter into the light which hath no end." And when the Cid Ruydiez had said this, this noble Baron yielded up his soul, which was pure and without spot, to God, on that Sunday which is called Quinquagesima, being the twenty and ninth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety and nine, and in the seventy and third year of his life.

THE LAST VICTORY

THREE days after the Cid had departed King Bucar came into the port of Valencia, and landed with all his power, which was so great that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors whom he brought. And there came with him thirty and six kings, and one Moorish queen, who was a negress, and she brought with her two hundred horsewomen, all negresses like herself, all having their hair shorn save a tuft on the top, and this was in token that they came as if upon a pilgrimage, and to obtain the remission of their sins; and they were all armed in coats of mail and with Turkish bows. King Bucar ordered his tents to be pitched round about Valencia, and Abenalfarax, who wrote this history in Arabic, saith that there were full fifteen thousand tents; and he bade that Moorish negress with her archers to take their station near the city.

And on the morrow they began to attack the

city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well; and every time that they went upon the walls, they sounded trumpets and

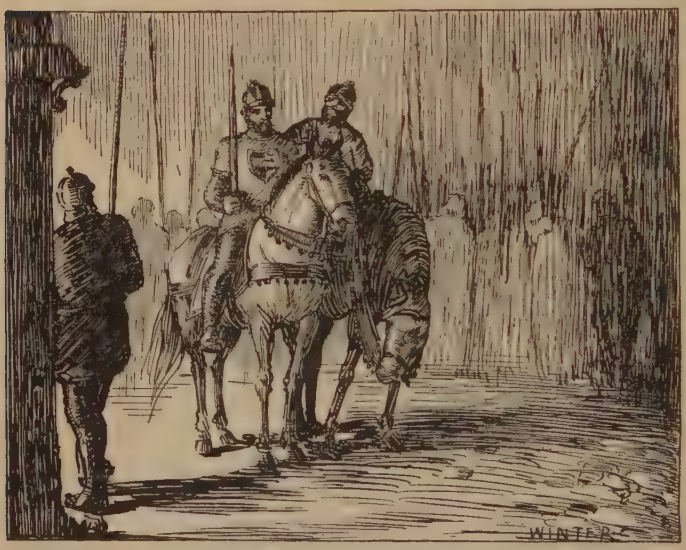
THEY SOUNDED TRUMPETS AND TAMBOURS

tambours, and made great rejoicings, as the Cid had commanded. This continued for eight days or nine, till the companions of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as he had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid dared not come out against them; and they were the more encouraged and began to think of making bastiles and engines wherewith to combat the city, for certes

they weened that the Cid Ruydiez dared not come out against them, seeing that he tarried so long. All this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into Castille, as he had commanded before his death; and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labor at this. And the body of the Cid was prepared after this manner: first it was embalmed and anointed as the history hath already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural color, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and the eyes open, and his long beard in order, so that there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it.

And on the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a gambax of fine sendal, next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the pole, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move. All this was done by the morning of the twelfth day; and all that day the people of the Cid were busied in making ready their arms, and in loading beasts with all that they had, so that they left nothing of any price in the whole city of

Valencia, save only the empty houses. When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well; and the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted



THEY PLACED THE DEAD CID ON HIS HORSE

hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were greaves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was cunningly painted that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield

was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtilely that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid had commanded him.

And when all this had been made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Roseros, which is towards Castille. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights who guarded it, all well appointed. And after these came all the baggage. Then came the body of the Cid, with an hundred knights, all chosen men, and behind them Doña Ximena with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.

Now Alvar Fañez Minaya had set the host in order, and while the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz led away the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, he fell upon the Moors. First, he attacked the tents of that Moorish queen, the negress, who lay nearest to the city; and this onset was so sudden, that they killed full a hundred and fifty Moors before they had time to take arms or go to horse. But that Moorish negress was so skillful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held for a marvel;

and it is said that they called her in Arabic Nugueymat Turya, which is to say, *the Star of the Archers.* And she was the first that got on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her, did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but in time they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great was the uproar and confusion, that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea.

And when King Bucar and his kings saw this, they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full seventy thousand knights, all as white as snow; and before them a knight of great stature, upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors who were flying. And King Bucar and the other kings were so greatly dismayed that they never checked the reins till they had ridden into the sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, smiting and slaying and giving them no respite; and they smote down so many that it was marvelous, for the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. And when they came to the sea, so great was the press among them to get to the ships, that more than ten thousand died in the water. And of the six and thirty kings, twenty and two were slain. And King Bucar and they who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way.

Then Alvar Fañez and his people, when they had discomfited the Moors, spoiled the field, and the spoil thereof was so great that they could not carry it away. And they loaded camels and horses with the noblest things which they found, and went after the bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz, who, with the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, had gone on till they were clear of the host, and then waited for those who were gone against the Moors. And so great was the spoil of that day, that there was no end to it: and they took up gold, and silver, and other precious things as they rode through the camp, so that the poorest man among the Christians, horseman or on foot, became rich with what he won that day.

THE BURIAL

ON the third day after the coming of King Don Alfonso, they would have interred the body of the Cid; but when the king heard what Doña Ximena had said, that while it was so fair and comely it should not be laid in a coffin, he held that what she said was good. And he sent for the ivory chair which had been carried to the Cortes of Toledo, and gave order that it should be placed on the right of the altar of St. Peter; and he laid a cloth of gold upon it, and upon that placed a cushion covered with a right noble tartari, and he ordered a graven tabernacle to be made over the chair, richly wrought with azure and gold, having

thereon the blazonry of the kings of Castille and Leon, and the king of Navarre, and the Infante of Aragon, and of the Cid Ruydiez the Campeador. And he himself, and the king of Navarre, and the Infante of Aragon, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, to do honor to the Cid, helped to take his body from between the two boards, in which it had been fastened at Valencia. And when they had taken it out, the body was so firm that it bent not on either side, and the flesh so firm and comely, that it seemed as if he were yet alive. And the king thought that what they purported to do and had thus begun, might full well be effected. And they clad the body in a full noble tartari, and in cloth of purple, which the Soldan of Persia had sent him, and put him on hose of the same, and set him in his ivory chair; and in his left hand they placed his sword Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And in this fashion the body of the Cid remained there ten years and more, till it was taken thence, as the history will relate anon. And when his garments waxed old, other good ones were put on.

Now Don Garcia Tellez, the abbot, and the trusty Gil Diaz, were wont every year to make a great festival on the day of the Cid's departure, and on that anniversary they gave food and clothing to the poor, who came from all parts round about. And it came to pass when they made the seventh anniversary, that a great multitude assembled as they were wont to do, and many Moors and Jews came to see the strange

manner of the Cid's body. And it was the custom of the abbot Don Garcia Tellez, when they made that anniversary, to make a right noble sermon to the people: and because the multitude which had assembled was so great that the church could not hold them, they went out into the open place before the monastery, and he preached unto them there. And while he was preaching there remained a Jew in the church, who stopped before the body of the Cid, looking at him to see how nobly he was there seated, having his countenance so fair and comely, and his long beard in such goodly order, and his sword Tizona in its scabbard in his left hand, and the strings of his mantle in his right, even in such manner as King Don Alfonso had left him, save only that the garments had been changed, it being now seven years since the body had remained there in that ivory chair. Now there was not a man in the church save this Jew, for all the others were hearing the preachment which the abbot made. And when this Jew perceived that he was alone, he began to think within himself and say, "This is the body of that Ruydiez the Cid, whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived. . . . I will take him by the beard now, and see what he can do to me." And with that he put forth his hand to pull the beard of the Cid; . . . but before his hand could reach it, God, who would not suffer this thing to be done, sent his spirit into the body, and the Cid let the strings of his mantle go from his right

hand, and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length out of the scabbard.

And when the Jew saw this, he fell upon his back for great fear, and began to cry out so loudly, that all they who were without the church heard him, and the abbot broke off his preachment and went into the church to see what it might be. And when they came they found this Jew lying upon his back before the ivory chair, like one dead, for he had ceased to cry out, and had swooned away. And then the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez looked at the body of the Cid, and saw that his right hand was upon the hilt of the sword, and that he had drawn it out a full palm's length; and he was greatly amazed. And he called for holy water, and threw it in the face of the Jew, and with that the Jew came to himself.

Then the abbot asked him what all this meant, and he told him the whole truth; and he knelt down upon his knees before the abbot, and besought him of his mercy that he would make a Christian of him, because of this great miracle which he had seen, and baptize him in the name of Jesus Christ, for he would live and die in his faith, holding all other to be but error. And the abbot baptized him in the name of the Holy Trinity, and gave him to name Diego Gil. And all who were there present were greatly amazed, and they made a great outcry and great rejoicings to God for this miracle, and for the power which he had shown through the body of the Cid in this manner; for it was plain that what the Jew said was verily and indeed true, because

the posture of the Cid was changed. And from that day forward Diego Gil remained in the monastery as long as he lived, doing service to the body of the Cid.

After that day the body of the Cid remained in the same posture, for they never took his hand off the sword, nor changed his garments more, and thus it remained three years longer, till it had been there ten years in all. And then the nose began to change color. And when the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez and Gil Diaz saw this, they weened that it was no longer fitting for the body to remain in that manner. And three bishops from the neighboring provinces met there, and with many masses and vigils, and great honor, they interred the body after this manner. They dug a vault before the altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, and vaulted it over with a high arch; and there they placed the body of the Cid, seated as it was in the ivory chair, and in his garments, and with the sword in his hand, and they hung up his shield and his banner upon the walls.

SONG OF THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,

By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots:
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

MOTHER'S WAY*

FATHER RYAN

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

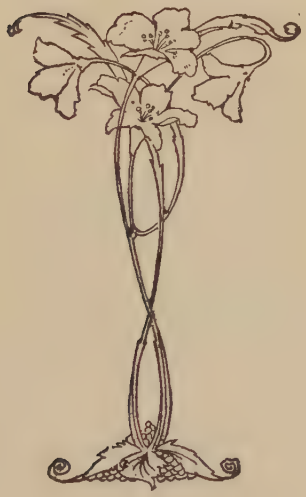
If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,

* *From Father Ryan's Poems, copyright by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y.*

And we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way."

Then we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a Man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a Dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This Dog and Man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The Dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad and bit the Man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
  The wond'ring neighbors ran,

And swore the Dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a Man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the Dog was mad,
They swore the Man would die.

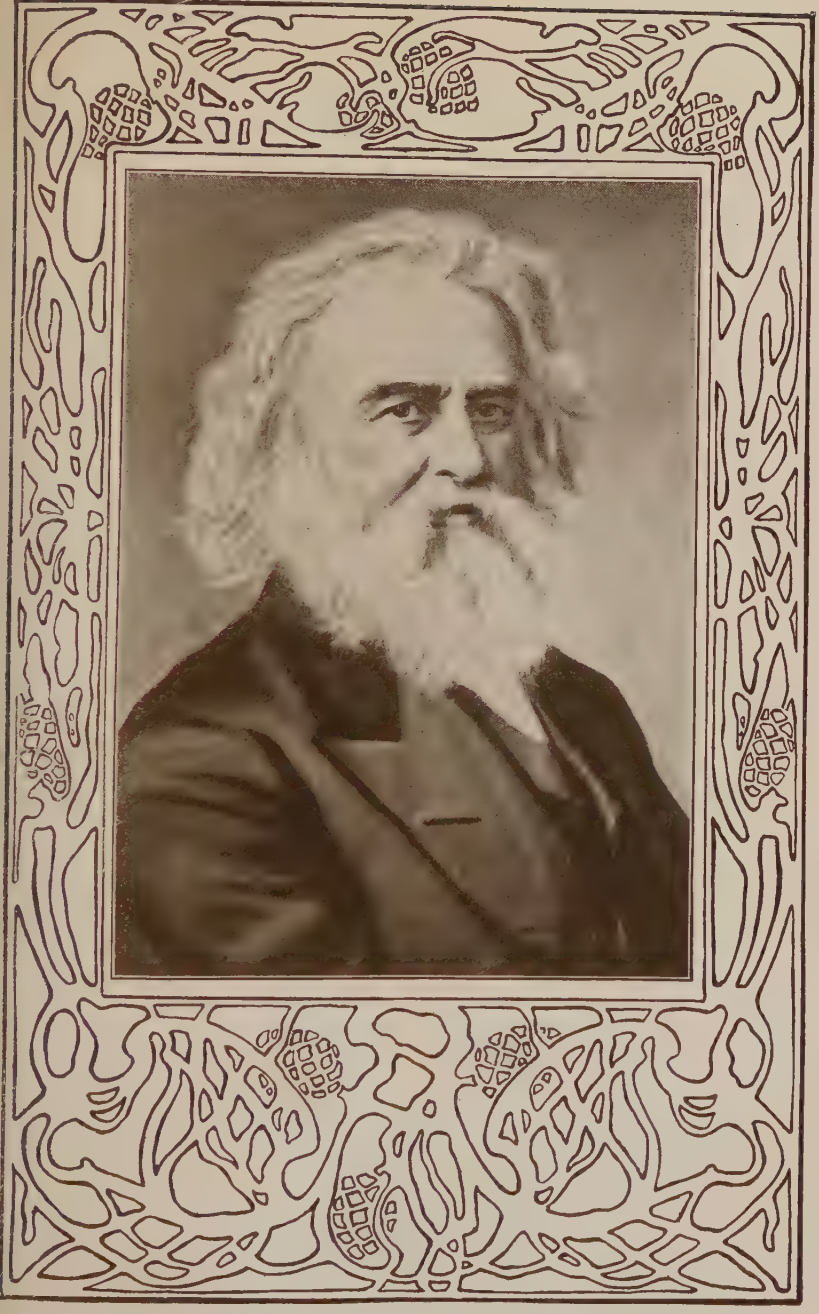
But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied:
The Man recover'd of the bite,
The Dog it was that died.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GRACE E. SELLON

MONG the most distinguished and interesting buildings in the town of Portland, Maine, is the rather severe-looking house built in the latter part of the eighteenth century by General Peleg Wadsworth. From the very date of its erection, this structure became the object of not a little pride among the citizens of Portland as the first in the town to be made of brick; but this local fame grew in the course of a century to world-wide celebrity when the dwelling came to be known as the childhood home of the most loved of American poets.

In 1808 the daughter of General Wadsworth, with her husband, Stephen Longfellow, and their two little children, removed from the house in the eastern part of Portland, where their second son, Henry, had been born a little over a year before, to live in the Wadsworth home. There the young mother, surrounded by the scenes endeared to her as those in which her own youth had been spent, devoted herself to the care and training of her children, while the father continued to pursue an honorable career as a lawyer and able representative, in public affairs, of the Federalist party. As the years passed, the little family grew considerably until



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

it came to consist of four girls and five boys. Yet the mother found time for close companionship with all of her children and active interest in the affairs of each. And the father, though much occupied with duties outside of the home, watched carefully the progress made by his boys and girls and tried to put in their way the advantages that would help them to become right-minded and useful men and women.

Indeed, so wholesome and well-ordered was the Longfellow home that it must have been a pleasant place to look in upon when all the family had assembled at evening in the living room. While the mother read perhaps from a book of verse, for she was especially fond of poetry, and the father gave himself up to some work on history, theology or law, the children would study quietly for probably an hour or more. Then, their lessons prepared, they would draw up in a little group to listen to a story, possibly from the *Arabian Nights*, or would gather about the piano in the parlor where Henry would sing to them the popular songs of that day. Sometimes the music would become so irresistibly gay that the children would begin to dance to its accompaniment and to awaken the echoes of the staid old dwelling-house with sounds of unrestrained delight that would have fallen with startling effect upon the ears of their Puritan ancestors.

Always a leader in these amusements was Henry Longfellow. His lively nature found especial delight in social pleasures. In fact,

when he was but eight months old his mother discovered that he wished "for nothing so much as singing and dancing." Then, too, he was fond of playing ball, of swimming, coasting and skating and of all the other ordinary games and sports. However, he was an especially thoughtful boy, and even from his earliest years was a very conscientious student and took pride in making a good record at school. During the years passed at the Portland Academy, where he was placed when six years old, he worked so industriously and with such excellent results that although he found it very hard—too hard in fact—to be perfect in deportment, his earnest efforts were recognized by the master of the school who sent home from time to time a *billet* or short statement in which Henry's recitations and his general conduct were highly praised. The *billet* was a matter of no small consequence to the boy, at least in the earliest part of his school life, for in his first letter—a few lines written with much labor when he was seven years old, and sent to his father in Boston —one of the four sentences that make up the curt little note announces with due pride, "I shall have a billet on Monday."

While the boy was pursuing his regular studies at school, he found interest in reading other books than those required in his school course—various English classics contained in his father's library. Like the delight that he felt in such reading, was that which he found in rambling through the woods on the outskirts of

the town and about the farms of his two grandfathers and of his uncle Stephenson. He liked the quiet of natural scenes, and was moved with deep wonder by the ever-changing beauty of the woods and fields, the ocean and the mountains. Because of this genuine love for nature and his tender regard for every living creature, he could not share his companions' pleasure in hunting expeditions. Indeed, it is said that on one occasion when he had shot a robin, he became so filled with pity and sorrow for the little dead bird that he could never again take part in such cruel sport.

It was not long before the effect of the combined influences of Henry Longfellow's reading of classic poets and of his rambles about the country surrounding his native town was made apparent in an event that doubtless seemed to him then to be the most important that had befallen in his career of thirteen years. He had been visiting his grandfather Wadsworth at Hiram, and while there had gone to a near-by town where is situated Lovell's Pond, memorable as the scene of a struggle with the Indians. Henry had been so moved by the story that he could relieve his feelings only by telling it in verse. The four stanzas thus produced he so longed to see in print that he could not resist the desire to convey them secretly to the letter-box of the Portland *Gazette*, and deposit them there with mingled hope and mistrust. With what keen expectation he awaited the appearance of the newspaper perhaps only other youthful

authors in like positions can fully feel. When at length the paper arrived, Henry must wait until his father had very deliberately opened it, read its columns and then without comment had laid it aside, before he could learn the fate of his verses. But in a moment he had forgotten all his anxiety and the hard period of waiting. There on the page before him he saw:

The Battle of Lovell's Pond

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sings a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country—and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;

They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's
breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright
crest.

Henry.

It is little wonder that through the day he read the verses again and again and that his thoughts were filled with the excitement and joy of success. That evening while visiting at the home of Judge Mellen, the father of one of his closest friends, he was sitting interestedly listening to a conversation on the subject of poetry, when he was startled by seeing the judge take up the *Gazette* and hearing him say: "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." So unexpected and harsh was the censure that Henry felt almost crushed and could hardly conceal his feelings until he could reach home. Not until he had gone to bed and was shielded from all critical eyes did he give vent to his bitter disappointment.

In the following year (1821), his course at the Academy having come to an end, he took the entrance examinations for Bowdoin College. Though both he and his elder brother passed these successfully, they did not go to the College at Brunswick for another year. Henry then entered upon his course of study with such earnestness and enthusiasm that in a class consisting of students several of whom later became notable, he ranked as one of the first. Like his

classmate Hawthorne, he was especially devoted to the study of literature. So genial and courteous was his bearing toward all, and such a lively interest did he take in all the worthier activities of the life at the college, that though he chose as his intimate friends only those whose tastes agreed with his own, he was generally liked and admired.

Perhaps the success of his course at Bowdoin increased his confidence in his ability to write for publication, though indeed it had been proved that the outcome of his first venture along this line had not after all destroyed the budding hopes of the young writer. For previous to entering college he had continued to make contributions to the *Gazette*. Other compositions in both prose and verse were now sent at various times to the Portland periodical; and in October, 1824, appeared in a Boston magazine entitled *The United States Literary Gazette* the first of a series of seventeen poems composed by *H. W. L.*

A constant sympathizer and admirer during these early years of authorship was Henry's friend William Browne, a boy whose literary aspirations had led him to form with Henry, before the latter entered Bowdoin, a sort of association by which various literary enterprises were attempted. Indeed, it seems probable that at this time Henry looked rather to such companions than to his parents for appreciation of his developing ability. At all events, we find him writing to his father in March, 1824:

"I feel very glad that I am not to be a physi-

cian—that there are quite enough in the world without me. And now, as somehow or other this subject has been introduced, I am curious to know what you do intend to make of me—whether I am to study a profession or not; and if so, what profession. I hope your ideas upon this subject will agree with mine, for I have a particular and strong prejudice for one course of life, to which you, I fear, will not agree. It will not be worth while for me to mention what this is, until I become more acquainted with your own wishes."

Later, however, urged by the unpleasant prospect of being compelled to obey his father's desire that he become a lawyer, Henry decided that he must express his own hopes quite plainly. In a letter of December, 1824, appears the passage:

"The fact is—and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not—the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it. There may be something visionary in this, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of theology, law, or medicine. But this is evidently lost

time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.'

"Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law."

Nevertheless, Stephen Longfellow was not convinced by his son's words of the wisdom of the course proposed, and at length replied in no uncertain terms: "A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation." In the same letter, however, he granted willingly Henry's request to be allowed a year at Cambridge for the study of general literature. In response, the young student, after thanking his father for the privilege of the proposed attendance at Cambridge, writes: "Nothing delights me more than reading and writing. And nothing could induce me to relinquish the pleasures of literature, little as I have yet tasted them. Of the three professions I should prefer

the law. I am far from being a fluent speaker, but practice must serve as a talisman where talent is wanting. I can be a lawyer. This will support my real existence, literature an *ideal* one."

Henry's career at Bowdoin was now drawing to a close, and it is likely that like most other students he regarded his graduation with some degree of regret. For in addition to the deeper pleasure that he had gained from his studies, he had found not a little enjoyment in the social life at the college. His handsome appearance made him an attractive figure at all gatherings; and his amiability and courtesy caused him to be as well liked by the young women whom he met on these occasions as by his classmates. In fact, the unusual refinement expressed by his clear, fair complexion, the sincerity reflected in his blue eyes, with their steadfast gaze, and the erect bearing of his slender figure, won confidence and admiration everywhere.

Whatever anxiety Henry Longfellow may have felt in looking forward to the period that lay beyond his graduation from Bowdoin College was wholly cleared away by a most surprising event that occurred at the time of the closing exercises. A gift of money had been made to the college for the purpose of founding a Professorship of the Modern Languages, and it was now decided to establish this position. It is said that one of the trustees of the college who had been very favorably impressed by Henry Longfellow's translation of an ode of Horace, proposed that he be appointed to the new office.

As a result, it was made known to the young graduate that if he would prepare himself by a period of study in Europe, the professorship would be his to accept.

This unexpected good fortune was so gratifying to Henry's parents as well as to himself that they decided at once to send him abroad at their own expense. However, the plan could not be immediately carried out; it was necessary to wait several months for a favorable sailing season. The period of delay Henry spent partly in the composition of various articles and poems, and partly in studying law. At length, when spring was well advanced, he set sail from New York and a month later reached the French city of Havre. Then began the period of three years spent in travel through France, Spain, Italy and Germany, during which he gave himself diligently to the study of the languages and literatures of these countries and to extensive observation of manners and customs, works of art, points of historic interest and to all else that is of value to an eager, open-minded student. Thus he imbibed much of the national spirit of these lands and came into such vital appreciation of this spirit as it is expressed in literature that later he was able to become a most successful translator and to use foreign legends with excellent effect in his own compositions.

During his second year abroad, in the midst of most satisfactory progress, Henry received from his father the startling news that Bowdoin College had withdrawn the offer of the professor-

ship. The mingled feelings thus awakened, and especially the reserve strength of the young man's character, are made plain in his reply:

"I assure you, my dear father, I am very indignant at this. They say I am too young! Were they not aware of this three years ago? If I am not capable of performing the duties of the office, they may be very sure of my not accepting it. I know not in what light they may look upon it, but for my own part, I do not in the least regard it as a favor conferred upon me. It is no sinecure; and if my services are an equivalent for my salary, there is no favor done me: if they be not, I do not desire the situation. . . . I feel no kind of anxiety for my future prospects. Thanks to your goodness, I have received a good education. I know you cannot be dissatisfied with the progress I have made in my studies. I speak honestly, not boastingly. With the French and Spanish languages I am familiarly conversant, so as to speak them correctly, and write them with as much ease and fluency as I do the English. The Portuguese I read without difficulty. And with regard to my proficiency in the Italian, I have only to say that all at the hotel where I lodge took me for an Italian until I told them I was an American."

Nevertheless, when Henry returned to Portland in the summer of 1829, he received the appointment to the desired professorship at Bowdoin College, and went to live at Brunswick. His success was assured from the start, for he had thoroughly prepared himself for his

work, was enthusiastic in his desire to share with his classes the impressions received from the culture of the Old World, and was so young in years and at heart that he could readily awaken the interest and sympathy of youthful students. The earnestness and industry with which he devoted himself to his duties at this time may be judged from the following extract from a letter dated June 27, 1830:

"I rise at six in the morning, and hear a French recitation of Sophomores immediately. At seven I breakfast, and am then master of my time till eleven, when I hear a Spanish lesson of Juniors. After that I take a lunch; and at twelve I go into the library, where I remain till one. I am then at leisure for the afternoon till five, when I have a French recitation of Juniors. At six, I take coffee; then walk and visit friends till nine; study till twelve, and sleep till six, when I begin the same round again. Such is the daily routine of my life. The intervals of college duty I fill up with my own studies. Last term I was publishing text-books for the use of my pupils, in whom I take a deep interest. This term I am writing a course of lectures on French, Spanish and Italian literature. I shall commence lecturing to the two upper classes in a few days. You see, I lead a very sober, jog-trot kind of life. My circle of acquaintances is very limited. I am on very intimate terms with three families, and that is quite enough. I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society."

In the following year (1831) the routine of his

life at Brunswick was interrupted by his marriage with Mary Storer Potter, one of the most beautiful and generally liked young women of Portland. Her education and tastes were such that they enabled her to share heartily her husband's interests, and this sympathetic association in the work to which he was devoted seemed to fill the measure of the young professor's happiness.

During the years spent in teaching at Bowdoin, the career of Henry Longfellow as a professional writer had run parallel with that of teaching. In response to an invitation he had contributed various prose articles to the *North American Review*, had written some poetry, and by 1835 had completed his *Outre-Mer*, a collection of prose sketches of his travels.

Not long before the publication of this work, the author had received a most desirable offer of the Smith professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard University, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. In accepting the position the young man decided upon a trip abroad for the purpose of further study. Accordingly, with his wife he set sail for Hamburg in June, 1835. They stayed for a short time in London, where they met Carlyle, traveled then to Stockholm and Copenhagen, where the summer was passed in learning the Swedish and Danish languages, and in October reached Amsterdam. Here Mrs. Longfellow fell ill, and while she was recovering her husband undertook the study of Dutch. In Rotterdam Mrs. Longfellow again became ill, and died in that city on October 29.

The loss fell so heavily upon Longfellow that he could not speak nor write of it. However, he disciplined himself to work and spent several months at Heidelberg, gaining a fuller knowledge of the German language and literature. In this city he met for the first time the poet Bryant. After traveling in Switzerland he returned to America late in 1836.

At the close of the same year he established himself at Cambridge, and there began a career of large usefulness and success at Harvard University. At the same time he wrote extensively both prose and verse, and by the time of his third visit to Europe, in 1842, had produced the prose romance *Hyperion* as well as the volumes of verse entitled *Voices of the Night* and *Ballads and Other Poems* and the drama *The Spanish Student.*

At this period of his life, Longfellow's journals and letters show much unrest and even at times a loss of interest in his work. His trip abroad for his health did not restore the satisfaction and contentment that he had once known. The needs of both heart and mind must be supplied in order that he might be at peace. Consequently we are not surprised by his marriage, in July, 1843, to Frances Appleton, the heroine of the romance *Hyperion*, and a most admirable and attractive young woman, fitted in every way to be the companion of the poet. The couple went to live in the Craigie House[1] at

1. This house is celebrated not only as the poet's home but as having been at one time the headquarters of Washington.

Cambridge, and entered upon a life of almost ideal domestic harmony.

Year after year passed, with little to mar the calm of the Longfellow home. The professor's days were filled with lectures to the college classes, with composition of original verse or translation from foreign literature and with letter writing, answers to unnumbered requests for autographs and calls from distinguished persons or from obscure but aspiring writers. Only a man of rare patience and kindness would have given such a great portion of his time as Longfellow gave during these and all the subsequent years of his life to answering the many inexcusable and often ridiculous requests for explanation of the motives and meaning of his writings, for help in obtaining public recognition, for criticism of poems that the writers submitted and for a variety of other favors.

Often there were visits to the opera or attendance at concerts, always in company with Mrs. Longfellow. Sometimes the day was darkened by the illness of one of the children. Then again, with the little ones of the household, the Harvard professor, casting aside his dignity, with all serious cares, would enter with all his heart into some childish game. Such a good time did he have that he found it worth while to make in his journal such entries as: "Worked hard with the children, making snow-houses in the front yard, to their infinite delight;" "After dinner had all the children romping in the haymow;" "Coasted with my boys (Charles and

Ernest) for two hours on the bright hill-side behind the Catholic Church;" "After tea, read to the boys the Indian story of *The Red Swan.*" Frequently he accompanied on pleasure excursions his three daughters, the young girls described for us in the familiar lines:

> "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
> And Edith with golden hair."

From time to time the journal records an idea for a poem or the beginning of the work of composition, sometimes expressing the doubts and fears that attend this beginning. Thus under date of November 16, 1845, is the statement:

"Before church, wrote 'The Arrow and the Song,' which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally an improvisation."

Later, on November 28, is recorded: "Set about 'Gabrielle,'[2] my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem." And again, on December 7, "I know not what name to give to—not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?" In the journal for 1854 is noted on June 22, "I have at length

2. The poem *Evangeline*, to which the poet at first intended to give the title *Gabrielle*.

hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indian, which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme;" and on June 28, "Work at 'Manabozho;' or, as I think I shall call it, 'Hiawatha,'—that being another name for the same personage."

As these literary projects came to fill more and more the poet's thought, he began to feel increasingly hampered by the work of his college classes. So urgent did the desire become to rid himself of duties that grew constantly more irksome, that at length, in 1854, he resigned his professorship. The mingled relief and regret thus afforded are expressed in his journal under date of September 12: "Yesterday I got from President Walker a note, with copy of the vote of the Corporation, accepting my resignation, and expressing regrets at my retirement. I am now free! But there is a good deal of sadness in the feeling of separating one's self from one's former life."

For several years thereafter Longfellow's life flowed along peacefully. These were most profitable years, for he was always an industrious worker and would not allow moodiness or disinclination to work to deprive him of opportunities for worthy labor. His three greatest works, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, appeared at intervals of a few years. But this period of comparative

ease and quiet was brought to an abrupt close by the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow in 1861. Her dress had taken fire from a lighted match that had fallen to the floor, and as a result she died the next day.

The poet's grief and feeling of loss were inexpressible, yet he maintained an appearance of calm. After a long time he became able to resume his work, and in the years that remained to him, he produced, besides minor writings, the two series of *The Tales of a Wayside Inn.* But he never ceased to miss the close companionship of his wife. He found consolation in caring for his children, sharing alike their pleasures and their more serious interests. Then, too, he had several intimate friends whose affection was always a source of great joy to him. With the exception of a fourth trip to Europe, he passed the rest of his life quietly, giving to the world the fruits of his matured poetic powers, continually extending kindly encouragement to struggling writers, and dispensing charity without parade of his kindness. So fully were all the promises of his youth realized in his character and his intellectual life during this final period, that when death came in 1882, after a brief period of illness, the people of his own land and those of many other nations as well felt that a great and good man had passed from earth.

One who reads the journal and the letters in which the home life of Longfellow is plainly pictured is impressed perhaps even more than by his poems with the fitness of his title, *The*

Children's Poet. One cannot fail to find, in such words as those in the following extract from a letter, the gentleness of his regard for children: "My little girls are flitting about my study, as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls; and on the table I find this programme, in E.'s handwriting, which I purloin and send to you, thinking it may amuse you. What a beautiful world this child's world is! So instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me, and feel all the tenderness of the words that fell from the blessed lips: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' After that benediction how can any one dare to deal harshly with a child!" To this loving interest children everywhere have responded. On the poet's seventy-second birthday, about seven hundred children of Cambridge gave him an armchair made of the chestnut-tree celebrated in *The Village Blacksmith.* A poem was written in answer to the gift, and a copy of this was given to every child who came to visit the poet and sit in his chair. And children did come to visit him in great numbers. On one occasion, in the summer of 1880, the journal records: "Yesterday I had a visit from two schools: some sixty girls and boys, in all. It seems to give them so much pleasure that it gives me pleasure." The last letter that the poet is known to have written was one addressed to a little girl who had sent him a poem on his seventy-fifth birthday; and only four days before his

death he received a visit from four Boston boys in whose albums he placed his autograph.

The strongest claim to the high regard in which Longfellow's poems are held is based on the very qualities that endear him to his child-readers. All his life, even in the midst of affliction and sorrow, he was governed by true, deep kindness for all living things, and by a spirit of helpfulness that is the most beautiful thing expressed in his poetry. Then, too, he was willing always to write simply, that all might be benefited by his pure, high thinking. So consistently and with such power did he put into practice the religion of good will and service to others that his life seems to have been a realization of the desire expressed in Wordsworth's lines:

> "And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

Some of Longfellow's poems that children like most are named in the following paragraphs:

Perhaps the most interesting of the poems that the youngest readers may choose are the stories *Paul Revere's Ride* and *The Wreck of the Hesperus*; *The Children's Hour*, in which the poet tells of the daily play-time with his little girls; and *The Village Blacksmith*, together with the verses *From My Arm-Chair*, written when the children of Cambridge gave the chair made from the chestnut-tree that had once shaded the Village Blacksmith.

Story-telling poems that children of from ten to twelve years of age can enjoy are: *The Happiest Land*, *The Luck of Edenhall*, *The Elected Knight*, *Excelsior*, *The Phantom Ship*, *The Discoverer of the North Cape*, *The Bell of Atri*, *The Three Kings*, *The Emperor's Bird's Nest* and *The Maiden and the Weathercock*. *The Windmill* and the translation *Beware* are especially lively little poems; and *The Arrow and the Song* and *Children* are quite as cheerful though quieter. More serious is *The Day Is Done*, well liked for the restful melody; *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, with its curious refrain; and the famous *Psalm of Life*, the lesson of which has helped many a young boy and girl.

Among the story-poems for children older than twelve years are Longfellow's greatest works, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; and the minor poems, *Elizabeth*, *The Beleaguered City* and *The Building of the Ship*. Nature poems that appeal to readers of this age are the *Hymn to the Night*, *The Rainy Day*, *The Evening Star*, *A Day of Sunshine*, *The Brook and the Wave*, *Rain in Summer*, and *Wanderer's Night Songs*. Children who are fond of imagining may be pleased with *The Belfry of Bruges* and *Travels by the Fireside*, and those who like song-poems may select *The Bridge* or *Stay, Stay at Home, My Heart*.

Nearly all of the poems that have been named are found in collections of Longfellow's works under the titles of the volumes in which they

were originally published. *A Psalm of Life*, for example, is one of the group entitled *Voices of the Night*; *The Children's Hour* appears under *Flight the Second of Birds of Passage*; and *Paul Revere's Ride* is one of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

HER GENTLE HAND IN MINE

And with them the Being Beauteous,[1]
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

1. This refers to Longfellow's first wife, Mary Storer Potter, whom he married in 1831. On his second visit to Europe, Mrs. Longfellow died at Rotterdam in 1835.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

TO H. W. L.,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends

A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim,
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

* * * * * * *

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

While this little tribute may not be as simple to read as some of the things in this book, yet it is beautiful to those who can read it.

One of the fine things about good poetry is that it will not only bear study and examination, but will yield new beauty and new pleasure as it is better understood. For instance, take the first stanza above. Lowell says Longfellow's poetry is sweet and easily understood and that one line follows another smoothly. To make us see how smoothly, he makes a beautiful comparison, draws for us an exquisite picture. As smooth, he says, as is our own river Charles when at night, fearing to disturb by so much as a single ripple the reflection of the crescent moon, a mirrored skiff, it glides along noiselessly but whispering gently to the reeds that line its shores.

Again, Lowell says that the very winds love Longfellow, and waft his name about the world, giving him fame and honor; but his friends know him to be a man with a loving heart, and so they steal up to him and murmur through the noisy shoutings of the crowd a simple *God bless you!* which they know Longfellow will appreciate on his birthday more than all his fame.

To understand the first line in the third stanza, we must know of the three Fates who in the old Greek myth controlled the life of every man. One spun the thread of life, a second determined its course, and the third stood by with shears ready to cut the thread where death was due. Lowell says if being a skilful poet will make a man immortal, if our life can be lengthened by a song, then Longfellow shall not leave us even though his body goes, and in another generation his fame shall be doubly great.

The sweetness, gentleness and music of Longfellow's verses are so well known that Lowell thinks the best wish he can make is that to the good poet Old Age may come as softly, gently, and sweetly as his own verses move, for even his choicest verse is harsher-toned than Longfellow himself.

Now read the Lowell tribute thoughtfully once more.

LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night.
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from schooi,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

What a clear little poem this is! From beginning to end there is scarcely a thing that needs to be explained. We can see the two pictures almost as though they had been painted for us in colors. If anything is obscure, it is the comparison of the sparks to the chaff from a threshing-floor. And if that isn't clear to us it is because times have changed, and we no longer see grain threshed out on a floor. His "limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds, smooth as our Charles!"

Longfellow uses skill in the song. He shows us the old blacksmith at his forge and draws us with the other children to see his work. We

learn to love the strong old man, independent, proud and happy. We sympathize with him as he weeps and admire him so much that we delight at the lesson Longfellow so skilfully places at the end.

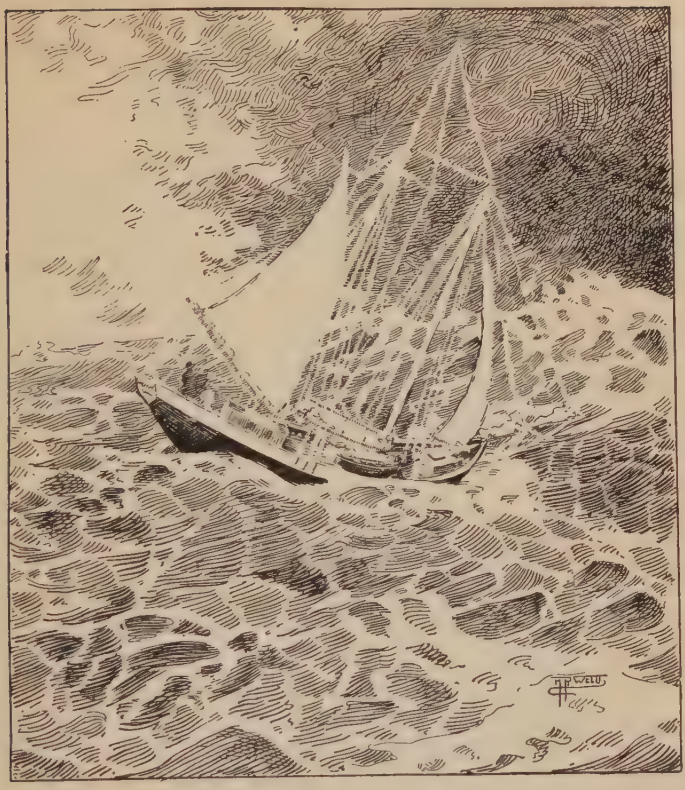
Softly-cadenced are the lines, "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes;" lusty-sweet the lines, "They love to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar, and catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing-floor." Do you see what we have tried to do here? We have merely proved by one of Longfellow's poems that Lowell's tribute *To H. W. L.* is just and sympathetic. Turn to page 224, read it and see if you can go farther with the proofs suggested. Can you find the same traits in the next poem? What different traits can you find?

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.



DOWN CAME THE STORM

The skipper he stood beside the helm
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring.
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns.
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light.
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

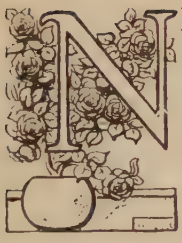
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

A DOG OF FLANDERS[1]

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE



ELLO and Patrasche were left all alone in the world. They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood.

Nello was a little Ardennois; Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young and the other already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute and owed their lives to the same hand.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little Flemish village, a league from Antwerp.

It was the hut of an old man—a poor man—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound which had made him a cripple.

When Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty his daughter had died in the Ardennes, hard by Stavelot, and had left him in legacy her two-year-old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello—

1. This story has been abridged somewhat.

which was but a pet diminutive for Nicholas—throve with him, and the old man and the little child lived in the poor little hut contentedly.

They were terribly poor—many a day they had nothing at all to eat. They never by any chance had enough. To have had enough to eat would have been to have reached paradise at once. But the old man was gentle and good to the boy and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-hearted creature; and they were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage and asked no more of earth or heaven, save, indeed, that Patrasche should be always with them, since without Patrasche where would they have been?

Jehan Daas was old and crippled and Nello was but a child—and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of limb, with wolflike ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by the many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century—slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the street.

Before he was fully grown he had known the bitter gall of the cart and collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and

south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price because he was so young.

This man was a drunkard and a brute. The life of Patrasche was a life of abuse.

His purchaser was a sullen, ill-living, brutal Brabantois, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans, and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might while he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe and stopping at every wine shop or café on the road.

One day, after two years of this long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Rubens.

It was full midsummer and exceedingly warm. His cart was heavy, piled high with goods in metal and earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled around his quivering loins.

The Brabantois had paused to drink beer himself at every wayside house, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draft from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse for him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve; being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for

once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy—kicks and oaths and blows with the oak cudgel—which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, ever offered to him.

But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. His master, with a parting kick, passed on and left him.

After a time, among the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent, and lame, and feeble. He was in no guise for feasting. He was poor and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust among the pleasure seekers.

He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

There was with him a little, rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amid the bushes, that were for him breast high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met—the little Nello and the big Patrasche. They carried Patrasche home; and when he recovered he was harnessed to the cart that carried the milk cans

THE RESCUE OF PATRASCHE

of the neighbors to Antwerp. Thus the dog earned the living of the old man and the boy who saved him.

There was only one thing which caused Patrasche any uneasiness in his life, and it was this: Antwerp, as all the world knows, is full

at every turn of old piles of stones, dark, and ancient, and majestic, standing in crooked courts, jammed against gateways and taverns, rising by the water's edge, with bells ringing above them in the air, and ever and again out of their arched doors a swell of music pealing.

There they remain, the grand old sanctuaries of the past, shut in amid the squalor, the hurry, the crowds, the unloveliness, and the commerce of the modern world, and all day long the clouds drift, and the birds circle, and the winds sigh around them, and beneath the earth at their feet there sleeps—Rubens.

And the greatness of the mighty master still rests upon Antwerp. Wherever we turn in its narrow streets his glory lies therein, so that all mean things are thereby transfigured; and as we pace slowly through the winding ways, and by the edge of the stagnant waters, and through the noisome courts, his spirit abides with us, and the heroic beauty of his visions is about us, and the stones that once felt his footsteps, and bore his shadow, seem to arise and speak of him with living voices. For the city which is the tomb of Rubens still lives to us through him, and him alone.

Now, the trouble of Patrasche was this:

Into these great, sad piles of stones, that reared their melancholy majesty above the crowded roofs, the child Nello would many and many a time enter and disappear through their dark, arched portals, while Patrasche, left upon the pavement, would wearily and vainly ponder on

what could be the charm which allured from him his inseparable and beloved companion.

Once or twice he did essay to see for himself, clattering up the steps with his milk cart behind him, but thereon he had been always sent back again summarily by a tall custodian in black clothes and silver chains of office, and, fearful of bringing his little master into trouble, he desisted and crouched patiently before the church until such time as the boy reappeared.

What was it? wondered Patrasche.

He thought it could not be good or natural for the lad to be so grave, and in his dumb fashion he tried all he could to keep Nello by him in the sunny fields or in the busy market places.

But to the church Nello would go. Most often of all he would go to the great cathedral; and Patrasche, left without on the stones by the iron fragments of the Quentin Matsys's gate, would stretch himself and yawn and sigh, and even howl now and then, all in vain, until the doors closed and the child perforce came forth again, and, winding his arms about the dog's neck, would kiss him on his broad, tawny-colored forehead and murmur always the same words:

"If I could only see them, Patrasche! If I could only see them!"

What were they? pondered Patrasche, looking up with large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.

One day, when the custodian was out of the way and the doors left ajar, he got in for a moment after his friend, and saw. "They" were

two great covered pictures on either side of the choir.

Nello was kneeling, wrapt as in an ecstasy, before the altar picture of the "Assumption," and when he noticed Patrasche and rose and drew the dog gently out into the air, his face was wet with tears, and he looked up at the veiled places as he passed them and murmured to his companion:

"It is so terrible not to see them, Patrasche, just because one is poor and cannot pay! He never meant that the poor should not see them when he painted them, I am sure. And they keep them shrouded there—shrouded in the dark—the beautiful things! And they never feel the light, and no eyes look upon them unless rich people come and pay. If I could only see them I would be content to die."

But he could not see them, and Patrasche could not help him, for to gain the silver piece that the church exacts for looking on the glories of the "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross" was a thing as utterly beyond the powers of either of them as it would have been to scale the heights of the cathedral spire.

The whole soul of the little Ardennois thrilled and stirred with an absorbing passion for art.

Going on his way through the old city in the early daybreak before the sun or the people had seen them, Nello, who looked only a little peasant boy, with a great dog drawing milk to sell from door to door, was in a heaven of dreams whereof Rubens was the god. Nello, cold and

hungry, with stockingless feet in wooden shoes, and the winter winds blowing among his curls and lifting his poor, thin garments, was in rapture of meditation wherein all that he saw was the beautiful face of the Mary of "Assumption," with the waves of her golden hair lying

NELLO AND PATRASCHE

upon her shoulders and the light of an eternal sun shining down upon her brow. Nello, reared in poverty, and buffeted by fortune, and untaught in letters, and unheeded by men, had the compensation or the curse which is called genius.

No one knew it—he as little as any. No one knew it.

"I should go to my grave quite content if I thought, Nello, that when thou growest a man thou couldst own this hut and the little plat of

ground and labor for thyself and be called Baas by thy neighbors," said the old man Jehan many an hour from his bed.

Nello dreamed of other things in the future than of tilling the little rood of earth, and living under the wattle roof, and being called Baas by neighbors, a little poorer or a little less poor than himself. The cathedral spire, where it rose beyond the fields in the ruddy evening skies or in the dim, gray, misty mornings, said other things to him than this. But these he told only to Patrasche, whispering, childlike, his fancies in the dog's ear when they went together at their work through the fogs of the daybreak or lay together at their rest amongst the rustling rushes by the water's side.

There was only one other besides Patrasche to whom Nello could talk at all of his daring fancies. This other was little Alois, who lived at the old red mill on the grassy mound, and whose father, the miller, was the best-to-do husbandman in all the village.

Little Alois was a pretty baby, with soft, round, rosy features, made lovely by those sweet, dark eyes that the Spanish rule has left in so many a Flemish face.

Little Alois often was with Nello and Patrasche. They played in the fields, they ran in the snow, they gathered the daisies and bilberries, they went up to the old gray church together, and they often sat together by the broad wood fire in the millhouse.

One day her father, Baas Cogez, a good man,

but stern, came on a pretty group in the long meadow behind the mill.

It was his little daughter sitting amidst the hay, with the great, tawny head of Patrasche on her lap, and many wreaths of poppies and blue cornflowers round them both. On a clean, smooth slab of pine wood the boy Nello drew their likeness with a stick of charcoal.

The miller stood and looked at the portrait with tears in his eyes, it was so strangely like, and he loved his own child closely and well. Then he roughly chid the little girl for idling there whilst her mother needed her within, and sent her indoors crying and afraid. Then, turning, he snatched the wood from Nello's hands.

"Dost much of such folly?" he asked. But there was a tremble in his voice.

Nello colored and hung his head. "I draw everything I see," he murmured.

Baas Cogez went into his millhouse sore troubled in his mind.

"This lad must not be so much with Alois," he said to his wife that night. "Trouble may come of it hereafter. He is fifteen now and she is twelve, and the lad is comely." And from that day poor Nello was allowed in the millhouse no more.

Nello had a secret which only Patrasche knew. There was a little outhouse to the hut, which no one entered but himself—a dreary place, but with an abundant clear light from the north. Here he had fashioned himself rudely an easel in rough lumber, and here, on the great sea of

stretched paper, he had given shape to one of the innumerable fancies which possessed his brain.

No one ever had taught him anything; colors he had no means to buy; he had gone without bread many a time to procure even the poor vehicles that he had there; and it was only in black and white that he could fashion the things he saw. This great figure which he had drawn here in chalk was only an old man sitting on a fallen tree—only that. He had seen old Michel, the woodman, sitting so at evening many a time.

He never had had a soul to tell him of outline or perspective, of anatomy or of shadow, and yet he had given all the weary, worn-out age, all the sad, quiet patience, all the rugged, careworn pathos of his original, and given them so that the old, lonely figure was a poem, sitting there, meditative and alone, on the dead tree, with the darkness of descending night behind him.

It was rude, of course, in a way, and had many faults no doubt; and yet it was real, true to nature, true to art, mournful, and, in a manner, beautiful.

Patrasche had lain quiet countless hours watching its gradual creation after the labor of each day was done, and he knew that Nello had a hope—vain and wild perhaps, but strongly cherished—of sending this great drawing to compete for a prize of 200 francs a year, which it was announced in Antwerp would be open to every lad of talent, scholar or peasant, under eighteen, who attempted to win it with unaided work of chalk or pencil. Three of the foremost

artists in the town of Rubens were to be the judges and elect the victor according to his merits.

All the spring and summer and autumn Nello had been at work upon this treasure, which, if triumphant, would build him his first steps toward independence and the mysteries of the arts, which he blindly, ignorantly, and yet passionately adored.

The drawings were to go in on the 1st of December and the decision to be given on the 24th, so that he who should win might rejoice with all his people at the Christmas season.

In the twilight of a bitter winter day, and with a beating heart, now quick with hope, now faint with fear, Nello placed the great picture on his little green milk cart and left it, as enjoined, at the doors of a public building.

He took heart as he went by the cathedral. The lordly form of Rubens seemed to rise from the fog and darkness and to loom in its magnificence before him, whilst the lips, with their kindly smile, seemed to him to murmur, "Nay, have courage! It was not by a weak heart and by faint fears that I wrote my name for all time upon Antwerp."

The winter was sharp already. That night, after they reached the hut, snow fell, and it fell for many days after that, so that the paths and the divisions of the fields were all obliterated, and all the smaller streams were frozen over and the cold was intense upon the plains. Then, indeed, it became hard work to go round

for milk, while the world was all dark, and carry it through the darkness to the silent town.

In the winter time all drew nearer to each other, all to all except to Nello and Patrasche, with whom none now would have anything to do, because the miller had frowned upon the child. Nello and Patrasche were left to fare as they might with the old, paralyzed, bedridden man in the little cabin, whose fire often was cold, and whose board often was without bread, for there was a buyer from Antwerp who had taken to drive his mule in of a day for the milk of the various dairies, and there were only three or four of the people who had refused the terms of purchase and remained faithful to the little green cart. So that the burden which Patrasche drew had become light, and the centime pieces in Nello's pouch had become, alas! light likewise.

The weather was wild and cold. The snow was six feet deep; the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it everywhere. At this season the little village always was gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, sugared saints and gilded Jesus. The merry Flemish bells jingled everywhere on the horses, everywhere within doors some well-filled soup pot sang and smoked over the stove, and everywhere over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout skirts going to and from mass. Only in the little hut it was dark and cold.

Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone; for one night in the week before the Christmas day death entered there and took away from life forever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save poverty and pain. He had long been half dead, incapable of any movement except a feeble gesture, and powerless for anything beyond a gentle word. And yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it; they mourned him passionately. He had passed away from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, unbearable solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a poor, feeble, paralyzed old man who could not raise a hand in their defense, but he had loved them well; his smile always had welcomed their return. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the deal shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon the earth—the young boy and the old dog.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts. But even of that poor, melancholy, cheerless home they were denied the consolation. There was a month's rental overdue for the little place, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler who went every Sunday night to drink his pint of wine and smoke with Baas

Cogez. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan in the hut, and bade Nello and Patrasche to be out of it by to-morrow.

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth it was the morning of Christmas eve. With a shudder Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on the dog's forehead.

"Let us go, Patrasche; dear, dear Patrasche!" he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out. Let us go."

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The winner of the drawing prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the step and in the entrance hall there was a crowd of youths—some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him.

The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in. It was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high; it was not his own. A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, born in the burg of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered consciousness he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade and escorting him with acclamation to his home upon the quay.

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his strong limbs feeble under him from hunger and sorrow.

The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains. It took them long to traverse the familiar paths, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross. The boy mechanically turned the bag to the light. On it was the name of Baas Cogez and within it were notes for 6,000 francs.

The sight aroused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward.

Nello made straight for the millhouse and went to the house-door and struck on the panels. The miller's wife opened it, weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts.

"Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she asked kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas sees thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find it. And God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note case within her hand and signed to Patrasche within the house.

"Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogez so. I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere woman or dog knew what he did he had stooped and kissed Patrasche, then had closed the door hurriedly on him and had disappeared in the gloom of the fast falling night.

It was six o'clock at night when, from an opposite entrance, the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said, with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere. It is gone—the little maiden's portion and all."

His wife put the money into his hand and told him how it had come back to her. The strong man sank, trembling, into a seat and covered his face with his hands, ashamed, almost afraid.

"I have been cruel to the lad," he murmured at length. "I deserve not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father, and nestled against him her curly, fair head.

"Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow, as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms. His hard, sunburned face was pale and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas day and any other day he will. In my greed I sinned, and the Lord chastened me. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy—I will make amends."

When the supper smoked on the board and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless newcomer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him, sped over the snow in the bitter, black night. He had only one thought—to follow Nello.

Snow had fallen freshly all evening long. It was now nearly ten o'clock. The trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took

Patrasche long and arduous labor to discover any scent which could guide him in pursuit. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost, and again recovered a hundred times and more.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the snow, went straightway along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets.

It was all quite dark in the town. Now and then some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices and house shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns, chanting drinking songs. The streets were all white with ice, and high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the wind down the passages as it tossed the creaking signs.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold of the track he followed. But he kept on his way though the cold pierced him to the bone and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's tooth. But he kept on his way—a poor, gaunt, shivering, drooping thing—in the frozen darkness, that no one pitied as he went—and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the heart of the burg and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche. He could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the midnight mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of the snow upon the dark stone floor.

By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space—guided straight to the gates of the chancel—and stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up noiselessly and touched the face of the boy.

"Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I—a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close.

"Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer Patrasche crept closer yet and laid his head upon the young man's breast. The tears stood in his great, brown, sad eyes. Not for himself; for himself he was happy.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles. The moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds. The snow had ceased to fall. The light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy, on his entrance, had flung back the veil. "The Elevation" and "The Descent from the Cross" for one instant were visible as by day.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them. The tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face.

"I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple they saw them lying on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens, and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of God.

As the day grew on there came an old, hard-featured man who wept as women weep.

"I was cruel to the lad," he murmured, "and now I would have made amends—yea, to the half of my substance—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also as the day grew apace a painter who had fame in the world and who was liberal of hand and of spirit.

"I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday had worth won," he said to the

people, "a boy of rare promise and genius. An old woodcutter on a fallen tree at eventide, that was all his theme. I would find him and take him with me and teach him art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud: "O Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noel week long—yes even to the feast of the kings! And Patrasche will be happy! O Nello, wake and come!"

But the young, pale face, turned upward to the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

For the sweet sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

When they were found the arms of the boy were folded so closely around the dog that it was difficult to draw them away. The people of the little village, contrite and ashamed, took the little boy tenderly in their arms and bore him away to his last resting place. Patrasche was not forgotten, for all the villagers felt the strength of his devotion.

While there are many things in this story to make it interesting, it may seem to some too sad

a tale to bear much reading. Nevertheless you will enjoy thinking about it in one respect at least.

Of all the characters in this story, which is the most important and the most interesting? The author has showed us which she considers the most important by the title she has given to the tale—*A Dog of Flanders.* Let us see just what she has told us about Patrasche, that we may know whether he is worthy of being the hero of a story.

First, as to his appearance, we are given the following facts:

1. Yellow of hide.
2. Large of limb.
3. Wolflike ears.
4. Legs bowed and feet widened.
5. Large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.
6. Great, tawny head.
7. (Later) Drooping and feeble; gaunt.

The picture which the author paints for us of Patrasche's appearance is not beautiful; we do not love him just for his looks. As to his character and abilities, we are told, or are enabled to find out from his actions, the following things:

1. Strong and industrious. He used to draw the heavy cart of the hardware dealer.

2. Grateful. He loved those who had saved his life, and worked for them willingly.

3. Careful of his young master. He was troubled when Nello went into the dim churches.

4. Wise. He felt that it was good for Nello

to be as much as possible in the sunny fields or among happy people.

5. Sympathetic. He looked at Nello with *wistful, sympathetic eyes.*

6. Understanding. He realized that the picture that Nello was drawing was something which meant much to him.

7. Loving. He grieved passionately with Nello at the old man's death.

8. Acute of sense. He discovered the pocket book in the snow.

9. Faithful. He refused to stay in the miller's warm kitchen while Nello was out in the cold.

10. Persistent and patient. He never gave up the search, difficult though it was, until he had found his master.

11. Unselfish. He was happy for himself, but he wept because his master was unhappy.

Do you think a dog could have all these qualities, or do you think the author, in her anxiety to have us like the dog, has given him characteristics which he could not really possess? Have you not, yourself, known dogs that were as intelligent, as affectionate and as faithful as Patrasche?

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY

ANNA McCALEB

IN the writings of Alice and Phœbe Cary are to be found many references which show how fondly they remembered the little brown house in which they were born. This house was on a farm in the Miami Valley in Ohio, eight miles north of Cincinnati. Alice was born April 26th, 1820, and Phœbe, September 24th, 1824, and there was one brother between them. Robert Cary, the father, was a kindly, gentle man, fond of reading, especially romances and poetry. The education for which he had so much longed he had been unable to obtain, and this made him quiet and diffident with strangers, although in his own family he was most loving and most companionable. Even the animals on the farm loved him, and the horses and cattle would follow him about watching for the kindly word and pat, or for the lump of salt or sugar which he was so certain to have for them. This Robert Cary was a descendant of Sir Robert Cary, a famous English knight of the time of Henry V, and Phœbe was always very proud of this ancestry of hers—so proud, in fact, that she had the Cary arms engraved on a seal ring.

It would seem that the enthusiastic admiration

ALICE CARY

which the daughters all their life had for their mother was nothing beyond her deserts, for she seems to have been far from an ordinary woman. Despite the fact that she had nine children, and that she did the work for the entire family, she managed to keep up her interest in public affairs, and to read history, essays, biography and politics, as often as books on such subjects came to her hand.

In the little brown house with its overhanging cherry tree, which tapped the roof and scratched the attic window-panes, and with its sweetbrier under the window, the children lived a simple and happy life. Naturally in a family of this size they divided themselves into groups, and Alice and Phœbe, who in their later life were so inseparable, do not seem to have singled each other out as companions in their childhood. Alice's special comrade was her next older sister, Rhoda, whom she persisted to her dying day in thinking of as the real genius of the family, while the constant playmate of the active Phœbe was her next younger brother. The children spent much time out-of-doors, gathering nuts and flowers in their season, and gaining that love of nature which stayed with them all their lives. As they grew older, they were sent to the district school, and were taught household tasks, Alice taking readily enough to housekeeping, while Phœbe became, even as a child, remarkably proficient with the needle.

The struggle to keep out of debt was a constant one with the Cary family, and Alice said

long years afterward, "For the first fourteen years of my life it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work." However, by 1832 family affairs had improved somewhat, and a new and larger house was built upon the farm. It seemed as if all the ill luck of the family dated from the building of the new house, in which they were never as happy as they had been in the little brown house.

When she was a woman, Alice told with perfect faith the "family ghost story," which concerned this new house. She said that just before the removal of the family to the new house, they were all driven to the shelter of the old house by a sudden and violent summer storm. As Alice herself stood at the window looking out, she exclaimed to her mother, "Why is Rhoda at the new house with baby Lucy, and why does she have the door open?"

They all looked, and all saw Rhoda standing in the doorway of the new house, with the baby in her arms.

"She was probably out with the child and took shelter in the nearest place when the storm came up," said the mother, and then she called loudly, "Rhoda!"

The figure in the doorway did not move, and in a few moments Rhoda came down from upstairs, where she had left little Lucy asleep, declaring that she had not been near the new house.

The family believed most sincerely that this was a warning of trouble to come, and certain

it is that in 1833, within one month of each other, Rhoda and little Lucy died. Lucy had been Alice's special charge, as Rhoda had been her special companion, and the girl's heart was almost broken by this double loss. How deep and lasting her grief was may be seen from a remark that she made to one of her friends, speaking of Lucy's death.

"I was not fourteen when she died—I am almost fifty now. It may seem strange when I tell you that I do not believe that there has been an hour of any day since her death in which I have not thought of her and mourned for her."

In 1835 Mrs. Cary died, and two years later the father married again. The stepmother, a hard-headed, practical woman, could see nothing but laziness in the desire of Alice and Phœbe to read and write. During the day she insisted that they must keep busy about the house; in the evening she refused to allow them to burn candles, and thus the girls often worked with no light except what was afforded by a saucer of lard with a twist of rag stuck into it for a wick. For books they had but the Bible, a Hymn Book, a *History of the Jews*, *Lewis and Clark's Travels*, Pope's *Essays*, *Charlotte Temple*, a romance, and a mutilated novel, *The Black Penitents*. The last pages of this novel were missing, and Alice often declared that it was a life-long regret to her that she never learned how the story "turned out."

With these meager helps and with no incentives to work except their own desires, Alice

and Phœbe constantly wrote poems and stories. At the age of fourteen, Phœbe, without telling her father or even her sister, sent a poem to a Boston publisher. She heard nothing from it, but some time later came upon it, copied in a Cincinnati paper from the Boston journal. She laughed and cried in her excitement, but still she told no one.

About this time the father and stepmother removed to another house which had been built on the farm, and left the children in possession of the old one, so that their life was decidedly happier and their chances for work were multiplied.

Alice from this time on published numerous poems, chiefly in church papers, and her writings began to attract attention throughout the country. There was a freshness and charm about her little poems which won for them the favorable opinion of some of the best judges of poetry in the country. Of her "Pictures of Memory," Poe said that it was one of the most rhythmically perfect lyrics in the English language. Whittier wrote to the sisters, and Horace Greeley visited them in 1849, and thus slowly they gained the recognition and the encouragement which led them in 1850 to a rather daring step.

This was no less than a removal to New York. Alice went first, but she soon sent for Phœbe and their younger sister Elmina. In thus setting out for the great city and settling down to earn her living, Alice Cary was no doubt influenced by a rather painful circumstance which had taken place in her life. There had come to their

neighborhood, some little time before, a man, her superior in age and education, who had recognized her unusual gifts and attractiveness, and had spent much time with her. She came to love him deeply and sincerely, and it would seem that he was but little less attracted by her. However, his family managed to persuade him that his best interests demanded that he should not marry this country-bred girl, and he returned to his home, leaving Alice to watch and hope for his coming. The gradual relinquishment of her dream and the final conviction that the sort of home life for which she felt herself most fitted was not after all to be hers, led Alice Cary to feel that she must take up some definite work to support herself and to help her sisters. She herself said later, in speaking about the removal to New York, "Ignorance stood me in the stead of courage and of books"—she knew so little about the great city to which she was going that she feared it little.

The sisters made up their minds from the first that they would have a home; they had a horror of the boarding-house atmosphere. Their first home was but two or three rooms, high up in a big building in an unfashionable part of town. Alice papered rooms, Phœbe painted doors and framed pictures; but the impress of their individuality was on the rooms, and every one who entered them felt their coziness and "hominess." Papers and magazines paid but little for contributions in those days, and it was only by living in the most economical and humble way that

they managed to avoid their great horror—debt. But their life was by no means barren, for they became acquainted with many pleasant people, who were always glad and proud to be invited to the little tea parties in the three rooms under the roof.

The publication in 1852 of Alice's *Clovernook Papers* brought to her increasing recognition and new friends. These simple, original little sketches of rural scenery and rural life were just the things which Alice Cary knew best how to write, and they became very popular all over the country. Before 1856 the sisters had removed to the pretty house in Twentieth Street which was their home for the rest of their lives. Alice bought the house and the furnishings; indeed it was she who did most of the planning for the household, and who paid most of the bills. She worked early and late, driven always by the thought of the obligations to be met. A biographer says of her: "I have never known any other woman so systematically and persistently industrious as Alice Cary." Phœbe worked indeed, but spasmodically—she waited on her moods.

The home life of the sisters was most pleasant and simple. They had no "society manners"; the witty Phœbe was as willing to flash out her brightest puns for Alice's enjoyment as she was for a drawing-room full of appreciative listeners; while Alice's gentleness and sweetness were shown constantly to her sister and were not reserved for company only. Their great occasions

were their Sunday evening receptions, and the people who gathered then under their roof were far from an ordinary company. Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Richard and Elizabeth Stoddard, Justin McCarthy, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ole Bull, P. T. Barnum, Elizabeth Cady Stanton—these were but a part of the brilliant assemblage who delighted to gather on Sunday evening and enjoy the sweetness and womanliness of Alice, and the wit of Phœbe.

Interrupted by the death of the beloved younger sister Elmina, this life in the Twentieth Street house went on for over twelve years, until in 1868 Alice Cary became a confirmed invalid. After she was confined to her room, however, she wanted life and brightness about her, and had the door of her room always left open, that she might hear the cheerful sounds of the household.

During their life in New York, Phœbe had had numerous offers of marriage, but it had never cost her anything to say, "I don't want to marry anybody." Soon after the beginning of Alice's invalid days, however, Phœbe received an offer of marriage from a man whom she felt that she could love, and with whom she was sure she could be happy. She had always felt that in the home she was second to Alice, and she confessed once to a friend, "Sometimes I feel a yearning to have a life of my very own; my own house and work and friends; and to feel myself the center of all." However, much as it cost her, she resolutely put away the thoughts of this possible

happiness because she knew that her sister could not endure her absence in what were very clearly the last days of her life.

In February, 1870, Alice Cary died, and Phœbe from that time on seemed but half a person. To one of her friends she said pathetically: "For thirty years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and wherever she is, I am sure she wants me now." She tried to take up her work—indeed she felt that in her sister's absence she had double work to do; but it was of no use, and in a little more than a year after her sister's death she too died.

These two sisters, who were so constantly associated for so many years, differed very decidedly in many respects. Alice, the frailer in body, was much the stronger in will power; indeed her ability to force herself to begin and to stick to anything which she thought was to be done was the marvel of her friends. This intense energy often jarred on the more easy-going Phœbe, just as Phœbe's refusal to do literary work unless she were exactly in the right mood, often jarred upon Alice. However, the two sisters never showed their irritation; they were always sweet and gentle in their dealings with each other.

Naturally, Alice's superior energy resulted in an output of literary work which was much larger than Phœbe's. There was a difference, too, besides that of quantity in the work of the sisters. Alice possessed a more objective imagi-

nation, that is, she could, in the ballads which she was so fond of writing, place herself in the position of those whom she was describing, and make their feelings her own. Phœbe, on the other hand, in her serious poems held more closely to her own experiences. Both the sisters were very fond of children, though in a different way, Alice feeling for them a sort of mother-love, while Phœbe always felt toward them as though they were comrades. It is this genuine love for children which made the children's stories and poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary live.

Shortly after Phœbe died one of her friends wrote, "The wittiest woman in America is dead"; and constantly on all sides was heard the saying, "O, if I had only taken down the many wonderfully bright things that I heard her say!" Her parodies have rarely been excelled, and some of her humorous poems are irresistibly funny. The best known perhaps of her parodies is the one on Longfellow's *The Day is Done*, of which a stanza may be quoted here. For the original stanza which runs:

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:
A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain",

Phœbe Cary substituted the words:

"I see the lights of the baker
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of hunger comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not like being sick,
And resembles sorrow only,
As a brickbat resembles a brick."

However, more than for anything else, perhaps, Phœbe Cary will be remembered for her lyric, *One Sweetly Solemn Thought.* Not long before she died she heard a story of something which this little poem had accomplished, which made her very happy. A gentleman going to China was entrusted with a package for an American boy in China. Arriving at his destination, he failed to find the boy, but was told that he might discover him in a certain gambling house. As he sat and waited, he watched with disgust and loathing the dreadful scenes going on about him. At a table near him sat a young boy and a man of perhaps forty, drinking and playing cards; they were swearing horribly and using the vilest language. At length, while the older man shuffled and dealt the cards, the boy leaned back in his chair and half unconsciously began to hum, finally singing under his breath Phœbe Cary's hymn, *One Sweetly Solemn Thought.*

"Where did you learn that hymn?" cried the older gambler abruptly.

"At Sunday School at home," replied the boy, surprised.

The older man threw the cards on the floor. "Come, Harry," he said, "let's get out of this place. I am ashamed that I ever brought you here, and I shall do my best to keep you from entering such a place again."

Together the two passed from the gambling house, and the man who watched them learned later that they were both true to their resolution to live a different life.

NEARER HOME

PHOEBE CARY

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
  Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

PICTURES OF MEMORY

ALICE CARY

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Nor for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Nor for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

A DIM OLD FOREST

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE ESCAPE FROM PRISON[1]

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER[2]

N an hour after the arrival of the "Polly" in the deceitful port, Paul and his entire crew were marched through the streets of a French village, and were drawn up opposite the prison entrance.

Upon their arrival at the gate they were met by the governor and the principal jailer, who allotted them to various cells in separate parties. Paul, as their captain, was placed in a superior apartment, together with Dick Stone, whom he had requested might be permitted to accompany him.

As the door of the prison had closed upon their admittance to the court-yard, Paul had noticed a remarkably pretty girl about eighteen who had fixed her eyes upon him with extreme earnest-

1. This selection is taken from *Cast up by the Sea.* Paul Grey, smuggler, and owner of a trim little smuggling boat, the *Polly,* has come to the French coast to meet his French confederate, Captain Dupuis. He expects merely to exchange cargoes, as he has done in the past, and to run back, avoiding revenue cruisers; but Captain Dupuis, who owes Captain Grey money which he has no desire to pay, and whose fingers itch for the prize money to be gained by capturing a smuggler, sends out in his boat a pilot who guides the *Polly* into a harbor where a French war vessel waits for her. Dick Stone, Grey's right-hand man, advises fighting, but Captain Grey sees the uselessness of this and allows himself and his men to be made prisoners. The selection begins at this point.

2. Sir Samuel W. Baker, (1821-1893), was an English traveler and explorer. Besides *Cast up by the Sea,* Baker wrote *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon; The Albert Nyanza; Wild Beasts and their Ways,* and other books.

ness. As he was now led with Dick Stone to the room that they were to occupy he observed that she accompanied the jailer, and appeared to observe him with great interest. Taking from his pocket a guinea that was pierced with a hole, he slipped it into her hand; at the same time laughingly he told her in a few words of broken French to suspend it as a charm around her neck to preserve her from everything English.

Instead of receiving it with pleasure, as he had expected, she simply looked at it with curiosity for an instant, and then, keeping it in her hand, she asked in her native tongue with intense feeling, "Have you seen Victor? My dear brother Victor, a prisoner in England?"

"Silly girl," said the jailer, her father, "England is a large place, and there are too many French prisoners to make it likely that Victor should be known"; at the same time the feelings of the father yielded to a vague hope as he looked inquiringly at Paul.

"There are many fine fellows," answered Paul, "who have had the misfortune to become prisoners of war, but they are all cared for, and receive every attention in England. When was your brother taken?" he asked, as he turned to the handsome dark-eyed girl who had just questioned him.

"A year ago next Christmas," she replied; "and we have only once heard from him; he was then at a place called Falmouth, but we do not know where that is."

"Falmouth!" said Paul; "why, I know the

place well; with a fair wind the 'Polly' would make it in a few hours from the spot where I live. Your brother then is imprisoned only half a day's sail from my house!"

"Oh! what good fortune, *mon Dieu*," exclaimed the excited girl, as she clasped her hands in delight, as though the hour of her brother's deliverance was at hand. "How can we reach him? surely you can help us?"

"Alas! I am also a prisoner," replied Paul. "At this moment my wife is sorrowing alone in our cottage on the cliff, and she is looking vainly upon the sea expecting my return. How can I help you? Believe me, if it were possible, I would." At the recollection of Polly's situation Paul hastily brushed a tear from his eye with the back of his rough hand, which instantly awoke the sympathy of the sensitive girl before him.

"Ha! you are married," she exclaimed. "Is she young, and perhaps beautiful?"

"Young enough for me, and handsomer than most women," replied Paul.

At this moment Dick Stone had lighted his pipe, and as he gave two or three tremendous puffs he screwed his face into a profoundly serio-comic expression and winked his right eye mysteriously at Paul.

"I know the young man," said Dick, who now joined in the conversation, and addressed the jailer whom he had been scrutinizing closely; "I saw him once at the prison in Falmouth. Rather tall?" said Dick, as he surveyed the six-foot form of the jailer.

"Yes," said the jailer, eagerly, "as tall as I am."

"Black hair?" continued the impassive Dick, as he cast his eyes upon the raven locks of both father and daughter.

"Yes, as dark as mine," exclaimed the now excited jailer.

"Roman nose?" said Dick, as he looked at the decided form of the parent's feature that was shared by the handsome girl.

"Precisely so, well arched," replied the father.

"Had not lost an arm?" said Dick.

"No, he had both his arms," said the jailer.

"And his name," said Dick, "was Victor?"

"Victor Dioré!" exclaimed the jailer's daughter.

"Precisely so—that's the man," replied the stoical Dick Stone; "that's the man. I know'd him soon after he was captured; and I believe he's now in Falmouth Jail. I'd almost forgotten his name, for you Mounseers are so badly christened that I can't remember how you're called."

The jailer and his daughter were much affected at this sudden intelligence; there could be no doubt that their new prisoner had seen their lost relative, who appeared to be imprisoned not far from Paul's residence, and their hearts at once warmed toward both the captives.

They were led into a large but rather dark room, scantily furnished, with two trestle-beds, a table, and a couple of benches.

"We must talk of this again," said Paul to the jailer's daughter; "perhaps an exchange of

prisoners may be arranged at some future time that may serve us all."

"Yes," added Dick Stone, "I think we can manage it if we're all true friends; and may I ask your name, my dear? for you're the prettiest Mounseer that I've ever set eyes on."

"Léontine," replied the girl.

"Well, Leonteen," continued Dick, "if you'll come and have a chat sometimes up in this cold-looking room, I dare say we'll be able to hit off some plan that'll make us all agreeable. I've got a secret to tell you yet, but I don't want to let it out before the old 'un," said Dick, mysteriously, as he winked his eye at her in masonic style; then, putting his lips very close to her pretty ear, he whispered, "I can tell you how to get your brother out of prison: but you must keep it close."

The door had hardly closed upon the jailer and his daughter, who had promised to return with breakfast, when Paul turned quickly toward Dick Stone and exclaimed, "What do you mean, Dick, by such a romance as you have just composed? Surely all is false; you never met the French prisoner at Falmouth?"

"Well," replied Dick, "may be I didn't; but perhaps I did. Who knows? You see, captain, all's fair in love or war, and it struck me that it's as well to make friends as enemies; now you see we've made friends all at once by a little romance. You see the Mounseers are very purlite people, and so it's better to be purlite when you're in France. You see the pretty little

French girl says her brother's in jail in Falmouth; well, I've seen a lot of French prisoners in Falmouth with black hair, and two arms apiece, and a Roman nose; so very likely I've seen her brother. Well, you see, if we can make friends with the jailer, we may p'r'aps get the key of the jail! At all events, it ain't a bad beginning to make friends with the jailer's daughter before we've had our first breakfast in the French prison."

As Dick Stone finished speaking he looked out of the narrow grated window that in the thick stone wall appeared as though it had been intended for musketry; from this aperture he had a beautiful view of the bay and the French corvette, near to which the unfortunate "Polly" was now lying at anchor with the French colors flying at the mizzen.

"Well, that's a bad lookout, I must say," said Dick. "Look here, captain, there's the 'Polly' looking as trim and as saucy, bless her heart! as though we were all on board: and there's the ugly French flag flying, and she don't seem to care more about it than a woman with new ribbons in her bonnet."

Paul looked at his beautiful lugger with bitter feelings. He had sailed in her for many years, and she had become like a member of his family. Although fifteen years old, she had been built of such well-seasoned timber, and had been kept in such excellent repair, that she was better than most vessels of half her age, and he sighed as he now saw her at anchor with the French flag

fluttering at her masthead. For a long time he gazed intently upon her without speaking a word; at length he turned sharply round, and in a quick, determined voice, he said, "Dick, I'll never live to see the 'Polly' disgraced. If you'll stick by me, Dick, we'll retake her yet, or die!"

For some moments Dick Stone stared Paul carelessly in the face without a reply; he then tapped the bowl of his empty pipe upon the prison wall, and carefully refilling it with tobacco, he once more lighted it, and puffed for about a minute in perfect silence; he then spoke, after emitting a dense volume of smoke.

"If I'll stick to you, captain? Well, p'r'aps I never have, and p'r'aps Dick Stone's a coward? Well, you see, of course I'll stick to yer; but there's other things to be thought of. What's your plan, captain? It's of no use doing anything without thinking well first. Now if you'll tell me what you mean I'll have a little smoke, just half a pipe, and I'll tell you my opinion."

"My plans are not absolutely defined," said Paul, "but I think that by making friends with the jailer's daughter we may induce her to risk much in the endeavor to rescue her brother. We might prevail upon her to assist in our escape—she might even accompany us to England. Could we only free ourselves from these prison walls on a dark night, when the wind blows strong from the south, why should we not surprise the French crew, and carry off the 'Polly'? Once at sea, there is nothing that

could touch her!" Paul's eyes glistened as he spoke, and the muscles stood out on his brawny arm as he clinched his fist, and added, "If I could only once lay hold of Dupuis's throat, and save the 'Polly,' I ask no greater fortune!"

Puff, puff, puff, came in rapid succession from Dick's pipe at these words; at last, the long exhaustive suck arrived in its turn, and the usual cloud of smoke enveloped his head, which always exhilarated his brain.

"Well, captain, d'ye see," replied Dick, "I'll stick to you in anything, and there's no doubt that there's a chance of success if the pretty little Mounseer will only help us. But, you see, from what I know of womankind, they're very fond and very purlite for their brothers, but they won't run much risk for 'em. Now if they're in love they're as good as bulldogs; and so I think it's a pity as how you told her that you'd got a wife a-looking out for you at home! If you'd have told her that you were a single man, and p'r'aps given her a kiss when you gave her the lucky guinea, we might have got a little love to help us, and then we'd have had a better chance, as she'd have gone off with us all of a heap."

"Dick, you have no conscience," replied Paul; "you surely would not deceive the girl in such a heartless manner? No!" continued Paul, "I have told her the truth, and if she can help us I'll do my best to save her brother; but, on the other hand, why should not you, Dick, make yourself agreeable to her? You're not a

bad-looking fellow, why should you not do the love-making?"

Dick made no reply, but thoughtfully puffed at his pipe; then laying down his smoking counselor upon the window-sill he thrust his right hand into a deep breeches pocket, and extracted a black-horn pocket comb, with which he began at once most carefully to arrange his hair.

Despite the loss of the "Polly" and the misery of his situation Paul burst out laughing as he witnessed Dick's cool determination to prepare for love-making.

"I don't know how these Mounseers begin," said the methodical Dick; "they're a very purlite people, and so they mayn't like our customs. In England we take 'em round the waist with both arms, and give 'em a kiss; but p'r'aps it's better not to begin all at once. I'll just ask her to sit on my knee at first, so as not to frighten her."

"Better not, Dick," said Paul, laughing; "I'm afraid she wouldn't understand your modesty. Only make yourself agreeable, but don't touch her, and let time do the rest."

They were interrupted in their conversation by the turning of the creaking door-lock, and the jailer and his daughter entered with a loaf of black bread and two jars of water and of milk, which they placed upon the table. Léontine had already strung the guinea upon a cord, which was now suspended from her neck.

"Ha! that looks very well!" said Paul; "few

French girls wear the English king's image round their necks."

"I know an Englishman who wears a French girl's picture in his heart," said Dick, who, with a sly wink at Paul as a preface, thus made his first bold advance.

"A what?" inquired Léontine.

"A poor devil," replied Dick, "who doesn't care how long he's shut up in a French prison with such a pretty little Mounseer for a jailer."

"Ha! ha! you English know how to pay compliments," answered Léontine, who knew just sufficient English to understand Dick's attempt at French.

"Yes, we're considered a very purlite people," replied Dick, "and we have a purlite custom when we go to prison of shaking hands with the jailer and kissing the hand of his pretty daughter." As Dick said these words he first grasped the hand of the jailer, and then raised to his lips, redolent of tobacco, the hand of Léontine; at the same time he whispered, "Don't forget that I have a secret."

Far from being disconcerted at Dick's politeness, Léontine naively remarked, "You can't tell a secret before three persons; but we shall have plenty of opportunities, for you may pay us a longer visit than may be agreeable."

Dick in reply to this remark suddenly assumed one of his most mysterious expressions, and winking one eye at Léontine, he placed his forefinger upon his lips as though to enjoin silence, and whispered in her ear, "Make an

"WE'RE CONSIDERED A VERY PURLITE PEOPLE."

opportunity: the secret's about your brother."

More than two months had passed wearily in the French prison, during which both Paul and Dick Stone had been buoyed up in inaction by the hope of carrying into execution a plan for their escape. The only view from the prison windows was the sea, and the street and beach in the foreground. The "Polly" still lay at anchor in the same spot, as some difficulty had arisen between Captain Dupuis and the captain

of the corvette that had to be settled in the law courts.

In the meantime both Paul and Dick Stone had not only become great friends of the jailer, Jean Dioré, and his daughter, but Dick had quickly found an opportunity to disclose his secret, which succeeded in winning the heart of the enterprising Léontine. Dick had made a declaration of love, and to prove his sincerity he proposed that he should conduct her direct to her brother in the English prison, whose release should be effected by an exchange; and he had persuaded her that, if she should aid in the escape of Paul and the entire crew of the "Polly," there would be no difficulty in obtaining her brother's release when the facts should become known to the English authorities. Paul had added his persuasions to those of Dick Stone; he had excited the sister's warmest feelings by painting the joys he would feel in rescuing her brother from a miserable existence, and he had gained her sympathy by a description of the misery and suspense that his own wife must be suffering in her ignorance of all that had befallen him. Léontine was won. She was brave as a lion, and, her determination once formed, she was prepared to act without flinching.

Many times Dick Stone had lighted his pipe, and puffed and considered as he took counsel with Paul on the plan that the latter had proposed. All was agreed upon.

Paul had thus arranged the attempt at escape. All was to be in readiness for the first gale that

should blow from either west or south. Léontine had provided him with a couple of large files and a small crowbar about two feet long, which she had purchased in the village with money supplied by Paul; these she had introduced to his room by secreting them beneath her clothes.

At various times she had purchased large supplies of strong twine in skeins, which to avoid suspicion she had described as required for making nets; these she had also introduced daily, until sufficient had been collected for the manufacture of ropes, at which both Paul and Dick Stone worked incessantly during the night, and which they concealed in the daytime within their mattresses, by cutting a hole beneath. Whenever the time should arrive it had been arranged that Léontine was to procure the keys of the cells in which the crew of the "Polly" were confined, and she was to convey the prisoners at night into the apartment occupied by Paul and Dick, whence they were to descend from the window by a rope into the fosse that surrounded the prison; fortunately, this ditch was dry, and Léontine was to fix a stake into the ground about the fosse, from which she was to suspend a knotted rope after dark, to enable the prisoners to ascend upon the opposite side.

The great difficulty would be in avoiding the sentry, who was always on guard within fifty paces of the spot where they would be forced to descend, and whence they must afterward ascend from the ditch. The affair was to be left entirely in the hands of Léontine, who assured

Paul and Dick that she would manage the sentry if they would be ready at the right moment to assist her. When freed from the prison, they were to make a rush to the beach, seize the first boat, of which many were always at hand, and board and capture the "Polly"; once on board the trusty lugger, in a westerly or southerly gale, and Paul knew that nothing could overtake her.

Such was the plan agreed upon, and everything had been carefully prepared and in readiness for some days, but the favorable weather had not yet arrived. Daily and hourly Paul looked from the grated windows upon his beloved "Polly," which lay still at anchor idle in the bay, about fifty yards from the French corvette.

At length, as early one morning he as usual looked out from his prison, he saw a boat pulling from the shore, followed quickly by several others conveying cargo, and steering for the "Polly"; the bustle upon the deck, and the refitting of ropes and rigging, plainly discernible from the prison window, left no doubt upon Paul's mind that the "Polly" was about to leave the harbor, and perhaps be lost to him forever.

At this painful sight Dick lighted his pipe, and smoked with violence until the tobacco was half consumed, when suddenly, in a fit of excitement that was quite unusual, he hastily put his adviser in his pocket, and seizing a file from beneath his mattress he immediately commenced work upon the bottom of an iron bar that protected the narrow window.

"That's right, Dick," said Paul; "now or never! The clouds are hurrying up from the sou'-west, and I think it's coming on to blow; as old Mother Lee says, 'Luck comes from the sou'-west'; so bear a hand, and give me the file when you get tired."

As Paul had observed, the scud was flying rapidly across the sky from the right quarter, and both men worked hard alternately, and in an hour they had divided the thick iron bar close to the base.

"Now for the top," said Dick. "We'll soon cut it through, although it's harder work, as we can't put our weight to the file."

"Never mind the file," said Paul, who now grasped the severed bar in his iron hands; "with such a purchase I could wrench the bar asunder. Something shall give way," he said, as with the force of Samson he exerted every muscle, and wrenched the bar from its loosened base. The stone in which it was fixed first crumbled at the joint, and then suddenly cracked, and Paul fell sprawling on his back with the bar in his hands, while a heavy fragment of stone fell upon the floor.

"Take care, captain," said Dick; "gently with the stones. We shall alarm the jailer if we make so much noise. Why, you've settled the job in one pull!"

"Here, Dick," continued Paul, as he sprung from the floor, "take the bar while I move a stone from the side with the crow. We won't take it right out, lest the jailer should notice it if

he comes with the breakfast; but we'll loosen it so that we can remove it quickly when necessary, as the window is too narrow for our shoulders."

Paul then inserted the thin edge of the crowbar, and by gently working it backward and forward he removed the stones and enlarged the aperture sufficiently to admit the passage of a man; he then replaced the stones, together with the bar, and so arranged the window that no one would have observed any disturbance unless by a close inspection. Hardly had they completed their work when footsteps were heard without, succeeded by the turning of the key in the creaking lock of their door. In an instant Dick, who had lighted his pipe, leaned upon the window-sill and looked steadily out of the window; at the same time he puffed such dense clouds of smoke as would have effectually screened any damage that had been done by the work of the crowbar.

The door opened, and fortunately Léontine appeared instead of her father. She brought the breakfast.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, "there is no time to lose. The wind has changed, and people say we shall have a gale from the sou'-west. The 'Polly' is to sail to-morrow. Captain Dupuis has loaded her, and he will himself depart in the morning should the wind be fair. You must all get ready for the work," continued the determined girl, as her large eyes flashed with energy.

"We have not been idle, my pretty Léontine," said Paul, as he exhibited their morning's work, "but we now depend upon you. It will be quite dark at eight o'clock. You must have the rope ready secured to this small crowbar, driven into the earth on the other side of the fosse; the bar is sharp and heavy; it will make no noise if you can manage to strike it into the ground in exactly the same spot three or four times, and simply hang this loop upon it, pressed close down to the base." At the same time he gave her the bar, and a rope coiled, about twenty feet in length. Paul continued. "You must also be punctual in bringing the other prisoners here at half-past eight, and tell them to take their shoes off and to tie them round their waists. But how about the sentry?" asked Paul.

"Don't be afraid," said Léontine; "I have already arranged everything this morning. Fortune has favored us; François is to be on guard to-night; the guard is relieved at eight o'clock, at which time he will come on duty, therefore we have nothing to fear for some hours. I will manage François; leave him to me. He is an old lover of mine, and I have appointed to meet him to-night."

At this confession, thus boldly made, Dick Stone puffed violently at his pipe, and was almost concealed by his own smoke, when Léontine continued:

"He is a sad fellow, and has given me much trouble, but I shall pay him out to-night. Look here, Dick," she continued, "if you are worth

having you'll help me quickly to-night, for I shall depend upon you. I have agreed to meet François this evening at half-past eight, as I have pretended to accept his love. To avoid detection (as he will be on guard), I am to be disguised as a soldier, and he will send me the clothes and arms to-day. I shall keep my appointment, and engage him in conversation so closely that he will not hear you; but at the last moment you must be ready to rush upon him and secure him, while I endeavor to prevent him from giving an alarm. At the same time," continued Léontine, "you must promise not to hurt him, for François is a good fellow, and is very fond of me."

"Only let me get hold of him," cried Dick Stone.

"Will you?" replied Léontine; "then the enterprise ceases at the very beginning. You shall not escape unless you swear that no harm shall befall François."

"Do not be afraid," said Paul; but he continued: "It may be a difficult affair if he is a powerful man—what size is he?"

"Oh," replied Léontine, laughing, "a little fellow, about as big as I am. You could soon manage poor François; he would be a mere child in the grasp of such a man as yourself."

"All right," said Paul; "then there's no fear of murder; depend upon me, Léontine, no harm shall touch him."

"Mind you seize the right man," said the gay Léontine, "when I give the signal, as I shall be

in a soldier's uniform, and you may mistake me for François. The signal will be 'A friend'; the instant that I give the word, seize and disarm him before he can fire his musket. You will then have two muskets, mine and that of François, with which you must take your chance in boarding the 'Polly.'"

"That will do," said Paul; "let me only set foot on the 'Polly's' deck, and I'll soon settle accounts with Monsieur Dupuis. But now," added Paul, "we are agreed upon all points, and we depend upon you, Léontine; do not forget to visit the beach, and see that the oars and a boat-hook, with a sharp ax to cut the cable, are placed in readiness within a large boat, to which you must guide us when we leave the prison."

"Never fear," said Léontine; "I shall not fail in my part, and I shall give the signal as the clock chimes half-past eight; you must be ready on the instant. Here is a letter," continued the girl, as the tears started to her eyes, "that I have written for my father; you must leave it on the table when you escape, and it will explain all; he will then, perhaps, forgive me when he knows that I risk my life for Victor." Saying which, she left the room and locked the door behind her.

Léontine now hurried her preparations, while the day passed wearily away to those who were awaiting the hour of their deliverance.

Paul and Dick Stone counted the hours as the neighboring church clock struck heavily on the bell.

"We shall run to the cove in twelve hours,"

said Paul, "if this breeze lasts; it's blowing a gale out at sea, and the 'Polly' 'll fly like a witch on a broomstick."

"We've got to take her first," replied the wary Dick. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

"We are short of weapons, no doubt," said Paul; "but we must take off the sword-bayonets from the muskets, and give them to two of the men. I will be first on board, and knock down Dupuis. Let the men rush to the main-mast and secure the arms from the rack the moment that they reach the deck, while you, Dick, seize the helm. I will tell off four men to loose the sails and to cut the cable directly that we get on board. This will leave us ten men to do the fighting. If all goes well we shall find the better part of the French crew down below, and, once in possession of the deck, they will be at our mercy. This gale of wind will start the 'Polly' like a wild duck the instant that the cable is cut, and we shall be round the corner of the island before the corvette can bring her guns to bear upon us. Then, with a dark night and a heavy gale, the 'Polly' can take care of herself."

The day at length passed away, and the sun set. The wind roared through the narrow streets of the town, and whistled loudly around the pointed towers of the old prison. "There could not be a better night," said Paul; "the wind roars like a lion, and nothing will be heard by the sentry."

As he was speaking the clock struck eight. As the last tone of the bell died away the lock of the door creaked as the key turned from the outside; and presently, without a sound of footsteps, thirteen strapping fellows, who had been liberated by Léontine, softly entered the room, carrying their shoes strapped to their belts, as had been directed by Paul.

No time was lost in useless greeting; but the severed bar of the window was at once made use of as a lever to remove the heavy stones, and in less than ten minutes an aperture was made sufficiently large for an exit.

Paul now fastened the rope that had been concealed in his mattress to the center of the iron bar; then, lowering the other end from the window until it reached the fosse, he fixed the bar across the base, so that it was secured on either side by the masonry.

All was now ready, and, lest they should be disturbed, Dick Stone, having received the key from Léontine, locked the door on the inside.

Paul went first. It was with some difficulty that he squeezed his broad shoulders through the narrow opening; but once without the wall he nimbly lowered himself to the bottom, a depth of about sixty feet.

In a much shorter time than might be supposed the active sailors had succeeded in reaching the bottom of the fosse, without having made the slightest noise. The wind blew louder than before; there was no moon, and merely a faint light was given at intervals by the stars that

every now and then peeped from between the driving clouds.

Carefully leading the way, Paul crossed the broad fosse, and felt with his hand the opposite wall, against which he expected to find the rope that was to have been arranged by Léontine. He was followed noiselessly by the crew for about twenty yards, when he suddenly halted as he caught the dangling rope.

With extreme care Paul now climbed, hand over hand, to the top, having previously whispered to Dick Stone to hold the end of the rope, and to ascend when he should give a jerk as a signal of safety.

Arrived at the top, on the soft green turf at the edge of the moat, Paul lay flat upon the ground, and listened. He could see nothing, therefore he knew that he could not be seen; but he fancied that he could hear a suppressed voice in the direction of the sentry. He gave a slight jerk to the rope, and presently Dick Stone arrived, and crept to Paul's side, quickly followed by all the others. They all remained flat upon the grass, which, being about a foot in height, effectually concealed them in the darkness of the night. Paul now crept forward upon his hands and knees, followed in the same manner by Dick Stone; the other men had received orders to jump up and join them immediately upon hearing the signal, "A friend."

In a few minutes Paul was within a dozen yards of the sentry; and as he and Dick then lay flat upon the earth they could faintly distinguish

two figures standing close together, and in intervals between the gusts they could hear voices.

We will return to Léontine.

She had not failed in any of her arrangements. The unsuspecting François had fallen into her snare, and, delighted with the assignation, he had run great risk in the hope of securing the love of the charming Léontine. He had borrowed for her a comrade's uniform and arms; and thus accoutred as a soldier, she had met him at the appointed hour. They were now standing together by the edge of the moat, and Léontine had listened to his warm declarations of affection. François was enraptured; for more than a year he had vainly sought to win her love. As the belle of the village, Léontine had many admirers; a certain lieutenant was reported to be a favored suitor; thus what chance was there for a private such as François? True or false, the jealous heart of François had believed these reports, and he had yielded to despair. Judge of his transport when, within the last few hours, he had been led to hope; and now, when he had nearly given her up as lost, he almost held her in his arms. Alas! for military discipline when beauty leads the attack! François thought of nothing but his love. There was a railing by the edge of the moat, against which Léontine had rested her musket; the unwary sentry did the same; and the two weapons leaned peacefully side by side, as the soldier, intoxicated by his love, suddenly caught her round the waist with both arms and pressed his lips to her cheek. At this moment

the dull clang of the prison clock struck the half hour. Struggling in his embrace, Léontine exclaimed:

"Oh, if I could call 'a friend!'"

At the same instant with both her hands she slipped into his mouth a wooden instrument called a gag, that was used to silence uproarious prisoners.

The signal, "A friend," had been given in a loud voice, as though in reply to the usual challenge, and before the unlucky François could relieve himself from the gag he was caught from behind in the tremendous grasp of Paul's arms, while Dick Stone by mistake rushed upon Léontine; a vigorous smack on the face from her delicate hand immediately undeceived him.

"Take that musket," whispered Léontine, quickly, "and come along."

At the same time she seized the remaining musket, while Paul pinioned the arms of their prisoner with his handkerchief, and threatened him with instant death should he resist.

No time was lost. Paul threw the sentry over his shoulder as though he had been a lamb, and the whole party hurried after Léontine, who had led the way to the beach.

This affair had been managed so dexterously and quietly that no sound had been heard except the reply, "A friend," that was the preconcerted signal of attack; but upon arrival at the beach the rattling of the shingle as the large party hurried toward the boat threatened to attract a dangerous attention.

A large number of boats were drawn up upon the beach, but Léontine, without a moment's hesitation, led Paul and his party to one that had the oars already arranged; and the powerful crew, seizing it by the bow and the stern, ran it along the steep incline and launched it through the waves.

Not a word had been spoken, but there was a sound of many feet as the crew jumped into the boat that could not be mistaken. Paul laid his struggling burden upon the beach, and Léontine, before she leaped into the boat, whispered in the captive's ear:

"François, if you give the alarm I'll never love you again." With this coquettish adieu she followed Paul and Dick Stone, who were the last of the party.

"Steer straight for the 'Polly,' and give way, my lads! for there's no time to lose," said Paul, who had taken his position in the bow of the boat with Dick Stone, both of whom were armed with muskets, while two men with sword-bayonets were ready to follow them.

"Make a rush on board," said Paul, "and knock down everybody without asking questions; then seize the arms from the rack and chest."

The water was deep in the rocky bay; thus the "Polly" was moored to a buoy little more than two hundred yards from shore; a light was visible on board, and the lanterns of the corvette were also burning about fifty paces distant, where she lay moored by stem and stern.

They now pulled swiftly but silently toward

the lugger. Paul's heart bounded with hope, while Dick Stone, as cool as ice, but determined upon the event, waited for the command. They neared the vessel. "What boat's that?" was the sudden challenge from the lugger's deck, as their boat came within a couple of oars' length. "A friend!" shouted Léontine in French, and almost in the same instant a man in the bow of the boat caught hold of the mizzen shrouds of the lugger with his boat-hook, and held on.

Paul seized a rope, and in one bound he was upon the lugger's deck, while Dick Stone followed like his shadow. To knock down the first man with a double-handed thrust with the barrel of his musket was the work of a moment, at the same instant Dick struck and felled a Frenchman who had rushed to the arm-chest. A shot was now fired by one of the French crew, and several men made a dash at the arm-rack, but Paul was there before them, and with the butt end of his musket he struck down the leader of the party. At this moment a loud shrill cry of alarm was heard from the shore.

"*Ha, le sacre François!*" exclaimed Léontine, who had in the meantime attached the deserted boat to the lugger's stern. "*Ha, le misérable!*" she cried; "this is a return for my love!"

Two or three shots were now fired by the French crew, but without other results than to alarm the ship-of-war; the drum beat to quarters, lights were seen at her ports; a tremendous flash was accompanied by the report of a cannon as she fired an alarm-gun; this was

THE WEAPON FELL UPON DUPUIS'S SKULL

quickly answered by a shot from a battery above the town.

The bells of the church and the prison rang wildly as shot after shot was fired from the battery, and the alarm spread like wild-fire throughout the port.

In the meantime, while the fight had been hot upon the "Polly's," decks, Captain Dupuis, who had been asleep when the vessel was first boarded, now rushed up from the cabin, and

meeting Paul he fired a pistol within a few feet of his chest; fortunately, at that moment Paul was in the act of raising his musket, and the ball lodged within the tough walnut stock; the next instant the weapon fell with a crash upon Dupuis's skull, who reeled backward, and stumbling against the low bulwarks, he fell overboard and sunk.

Dick Stone, with his musket in one hand that he had not yet discharged, was now standing at the helm. The English crew had gained the arms from the rack, and several shots were fired as they drove the French toward the bows of the lugger, following them up with the bayonet. Many of the French jumped overboard, calling loudly to the man-of-war for assistance, and those who were down below were already helpless, as the companion ladder was guarded by two armed men. The surprise was complete; Léontine had hauled her boat alongside, and had climbed on board; the cable was cut, and the sails were let loose; but the danger had increased. The French crew who had jumped overboard called to the corvette to fire and sink the lugger. This they had hitherto been afraid to do, as their own countrymen were on board. A blue light was now burned upon the decks of the corvette, and distinctly illumined the scene just as the sails of the "Polly" filled, as her head turned from the severed cable, and she met the full force of the gale from shore. In an instant she leaned over, and as the water rippled from her bows and the boom was slacked off

she started like a wild duck frightened from its nest.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" rang three hearty British cheers as the clipper lugger glided rapidly through the dark water and passed the terrible broadside of the corvette within fifty or sixty yards. But hardly had the "Polly" cleared the deadly row of guns, when, a flash! and the shock seemed to sweep her deck as the dense smoke rolled across her in the midst of the roar of a twenty-four-pounder fired from the last gun of the tier.

A terrible crash almost immediately followed the shock, and the painter or rope that attaches the boat to the stern of the lugger suddenly dangled loosely in the water, as the shot had dashed the boat to atoms; fortunately the "Polly" had just passed the fatal line of fire. Another wild "hurrah!" replied to the unsuccessful gun, as the lugger, released from the boat's weight, seemed to fly still quicker through the water.

"Take the helm for a moment," said Dick to a sailor by his side, and running amidships he called upon Paul, "Give a hand, captain, and we'll get the Long Tom round."

In an instant Paul put his powerful shoulder to the long six-pounder that worked on a pivot, and together, with joint exertions, they trained the gun upon the stern windows of the corvette. Dick Stone had just beforehand lighted his pipe when standing at the helm, and as the long gun bore upon its object he suddenly pushed Paul upon one side, and emptied his fiery bowl

upon the touch-hole. Bang! went the gun, as the six-pound shot crashed through the cabin windows of the corvette, and through the various bulk-heads, raking her from stem to stern.

"Hurrah!" again shouted the crew, who like true British sailors were ready for any fight without reckoning the odds when the cannon once began to speak, while Paul and several men sponged and reloaded the long gun, as the corvette had lowered several boats to give chase.

"Hurrah for the saucy 'Polly!'" shouted Paul, as he and Dick now trained the gun upon the leading boat; but at that moment they turned the sharp headland of the rocky island, and both the corvette and her boats were obscured from their view.

It was blowing hard, but the water in the bay was perfectly smooth, as the wind was directly off the shore, and the "Polly" flew like a race-horse toward the open sea. In a few minutes she passed the last headland, and rushed at foaming speed over the long swell of the Atlantic. With the gale fairly on her quarter, there was nothing that could touch the "Polly." There was no fear of a chase, although the heavy booming of the alarm-guns could still be heard in the distance.

Three Frenchmen had been killed in the fight, and their bodies, which now lay on deck, were thrown overboard; two were prisoners down below; the remainder of the crew had escaped by jumping overboard, with the exception of the

treacherous Captain Dupuis, who had sunk when knocked down by Paul.

Dick Stone was now at the helm; his pipe was well alight; and could his features have been distinguished in the dark they would be seen to wear an unusually cheerful expression as he said to Paul, "It wouldn't have been purlite of us to leave the Mounseers without a salute, and without my pipe we couldn't have fired the gun. It's a wonderful thing is a pipe! Ain't it, Captain?"

"Nor'-nor'-east is the course, Dick," replied Paul, who was at that moment thinking of his wife, and the happiness it would be to meet her on the following day; at the same time he was anxious lest any misfortune should have occurred during his long absence.

"Nor'-nor'-east it is captain," replied Dick, with a sailor's promptitude; "but I can't help larfing when I think of Captain Doopwee, who has put a cargo on board the "Polly" all for nothing, and has got knocked on the head into the bargain. Well, sarve him right, sarve him right," continued Dick, musingly; "he was a very purlite varmint, too purlite to be honest, by a long chalk." After this curt biographical memoir of the late Captain Dupuis, Dick Stone applied himself to his pipe and kept the "Polly's" course N.N.E.

While Paul and Dick Stone were upon deck Léontine was lying upon a cot within the cabin. The excitement of the day had nearly worn her out, and despite the uneasy movement of the

vessel, which tried her more severely than any danger, she fell asleep in the uniform of a private in the French chasseurs, and she dreamed happily that her brother Victor was released.

STORIES OF THE CREATION

THE GREEK AND ROMAN MYTH

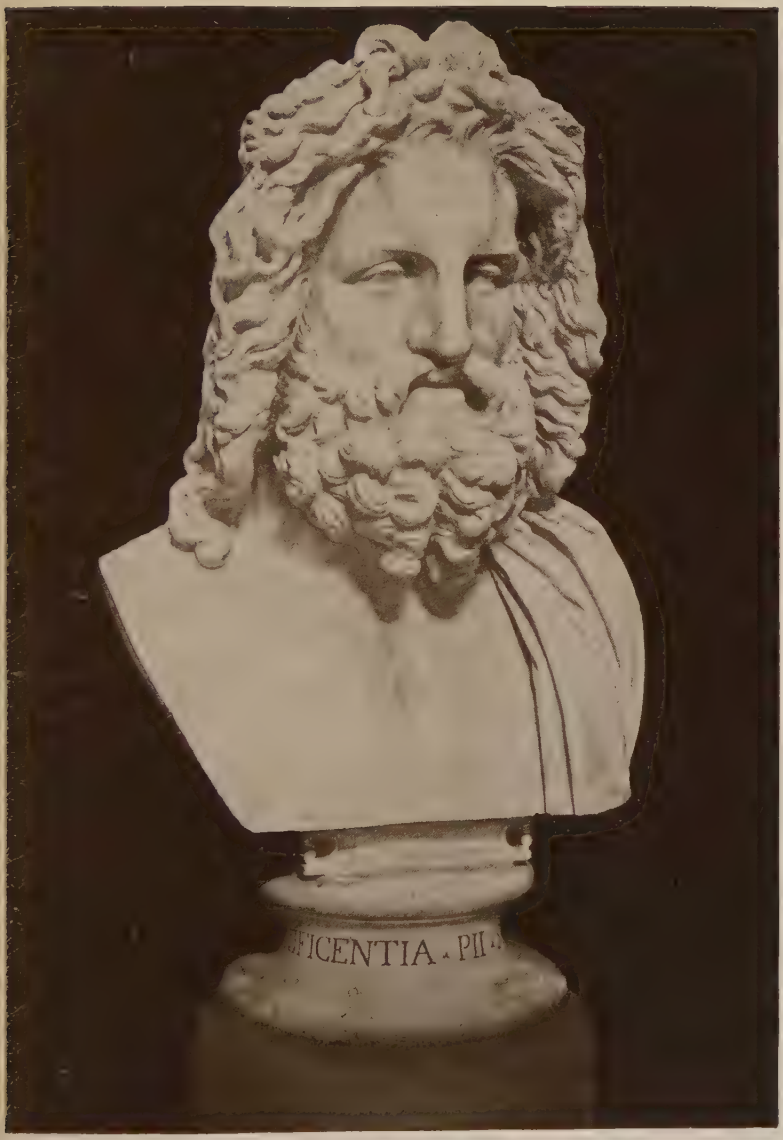
ALMOST every ancient or primitive people makes an attempt to explain how the world and human beings came into existence. They all take it for granted that things did not simply "happen," but that some being with intelligence had a hand in the making of things. Accounts as told by various peoples are here given.

There were various stories of the creation told by the Greeks and Romans, but the accounts differed only in detail. Most of the Greeks believed that there was a time when the earth and the sea and the sky did not exist. All the elements of which they are made existed, but were jumbled together in a confused mass which was called Chaos. Over this Chaos ruled the deities Erebus or Darkness, and Nox or Night, although it would seem that there could not have been much need of rulers. Strangely enough, the children of this gloomy pair were Aether and Hemera, who stood for Light and Day, and they felt that if they were to become rulers, they wanted a more cheerful realm than Chaos seemed to be. With the help of Eros (Love), they created Gaea (The Earth), Uranus (The Sky), and Pontus (The Sea). Uranus married Gaea, and before long these two took the power from

Aether and Hemera and reigned in their stead. To this god and goddess were born twelve children—six sons and six daughters—who were known as Titans. As they were of gigantic size and were extremely strong, their father feared that they might treat him as he had treated Aether, and to prevent this he shut them up in an underground cavern. Naturally Gaea was not pleased with this treatment of her children, so she helped Saturn, the youngest of the Titans, to escape, and gave him a scythe with which he might revenge himself on his father.

After defeating Uranus, Saturn released all his brothers and sisters, and made them swear to be faithful to him as the new ruler. He then chose as his queen Rhea, a goddess who was both good and beautiful, and began his reign in happiness.

When his first child was born, however, Saturn remembered that Uranus had foretold his overthrow by one of his own children, and to prevent such a disaster he did a very strange and heartless thing—he swallowed his new-born son. Five children he got rid of in this manner, but when the sixth, Jupiter, was born, Rhea resolved to save him. She therefore wrapped up a stone and gave it to her husband instead of the child, and he, suspecting nothing, swallowed it. The young god grew up in concealment, and very rapidly he grew, for when he was but a year old he was strong enough to make successful war on his father and to take the supreme power from him. And then, strangest thing of all, he



ZEUS OTRICOLI—VATICAN

forced Saturn to disgorge all the children he had swallowed.

Either because he was generous or because he thought his kingdom was too great for him, Jupiter divided it with his brothers, Neptune and Pluto, but he himself remained supreme.

The gods themselves dwelt not on the earth, but above the top of Olympus, a mountain peak of Greece; and thus the entire Earth was uninhabited. However, it was not allowed to remain so, for Jupiter appointed Prometheus, a Titan, who had helped him in his war against Saturn, to make an inhabitant for the Earth. Prometheus accordingly moulded a man out of clay, and taking him before the gods, persuaded each one to bestow upon him some gift. A woman was made later, and from these two were descended all the peoples of the earth.

THE NORSE MYTH

AS the Norse peoples, in their land which for so large a part of the year was ice-bound, dreaded the long, hard winter, and looked forward to the blessings brought by the summer, they imagined that the evil forces in the world worked through cold and darkness, the good forces through warmth and light. Thus they feared and hated the "frost giants," while they loved and reverenced the gods, whom they pictured as living in a world of brightness and warmth.

According to the Norse religion, or mythology, the world began in a contest between heat and cold. At first there was no earth; nothing existed except the yawning abyss, Ginungagap, which separated the world, or space, of mist and cold and darkness, on the north, from the world of fire and brightness, on the south. The mist world was called Niflheim; the fire world, Muspelheim. From a great fountain in the mist world there sprang twelve rivers, which after flowing far from their source tumbled their waters into the Ginungagap. Here the water was all turned to ice, with which in time the huge abyss was filled. Sparks and warm winds from Muspelheim, coming into contact with this ice, melted it, so that there hung always over the ice chasm a dense vapor. This, in turn, gradually took shape, and formed the giant Ymir and the cow Audhumbla; and for a season these were the only two creatures in all the expanse of space. Ymir fed upon the cow's milk, and she, in turn, got what nourishment she could by licking the salt and the hoarfrost from the ice.

One day as the cow licked a huge ice block, there appeared the hair of some being, and as she remained persistently at the same lump, within a short time she had set free a beautiful, strong god—the god Bori. Bori was the ancestor of all the gods, as Ymir was the ancestor of all the giants; and since the gods were as good as the frost giants were evil, it was plain enough to both that they could not live together.

The struggle between the races lasted for ages on ages, but finally Odin, Vili and Ve, the grandsons of Bori, succeeded in putting to death Ymir, the greatest and worst of the giants. And in killing him they accomplished much more than they expected; for from his wounds the blood gushed in such streams that it drowned all the wicked giants except Bergelmir and his wife, who saved themselves in a boat. Had they, too, but died, there would have been, to the end of time, no giants to trouble the gods; but their descendants kept up from Jotunheim, their home at the end of the world, their plots and warrings against the gods.

Odin, who was from the first the wisest and strongest of the gods, gazed upon the huge corpse of the slain giant, and then called the other gods about him.

"We cannot waste," he said, "the body of this giant. Where is the use of our power and wisdom if we cannot, out of this evil thing, make something good and beautiful?"

Eagerly the gods set to work. It was by far the most interesting task they had ever been called upon to perform, and right well they performed it. In the exact center of the ice abyss they formed, of Ymir's flesh, the earth, and about it and through it they caused his blood to flow, as the sea, the rivers and the lakes. Of his teeth they made steep cliffs to front the sea, and of his bones they formed mountains and hills. His curly hair became grass and trees and flowers, and his eyebrows were set about the

new earth as a high fence, to keep out the revengeful giants. Then, taking up the great skull, the gods set it over the earth to form the arch of the heavens, while the brains that it had contained they scattered about as clouds.

No wonder the gods were pleased with their work! But Odin saw that there was one thing lacking.

"Were we ourselves to dwell on this new created earth," he said, "it would be well; for to a god's eyes all things are clear. But those whom we shall fashion to inhabit it shall see with other eyes than ours, and lights will be needed—lights for day, and lights for night."

This was comparatively easy, after the work that had already been performed. All the gods set to work catching sparks from Muspelheim, and there was great rivalry as to which one should collect most. Some of the sparks were scattered through the sky as stars, but the brightest ones were put aside and kept for a greater purpose. When enough had been gathered, the gods made from the whitely glowing ones the moon; from the fiery red and golden ones, the sun. These lights they placed in chariots, to which were harnessed swift, tireless steeds; but it was evident to all that the steeds could not be trusted to take the chariots across the sky unguided. Feeling that they could not spare two of their own number for this work, the gods chose Sol (sun) and Mani (moon), the daughter and son of a giant, who had named his children after the new lights because of their beauty. The young

drivers were given instructions as to just the hours when they must begin their journeys across the sky, as to how rapidly they must drive, and as to the paths they must take; and never did the gods find reason to be dissatisfied with the work of Sol and Mani.

Then two more chariots were made. To one was harnessed a black horse, named Hrimfaxi, whose mane dropped hoarfrost and whose bit scattered dew; while to the other was fastened the beautiful silver-white steed Skinfaxi, from whose shining mane beams of light were shed through all the earth. The giantess Night was entrusted with the first of these chariots, while the young god Day was made the driver of the other. Each was told to drive about the earth once each twenty-four hours.

The gods could make all these beautiful things, but they could not keep the giants from making ugly and evil things; and so there were two fierce wolves, set on by the giants, who constantly chased the sun and moon across the sky, attempting to catch and devour them. Occasionally one of these wolves would overtake his prey, and would start to swallow it, thus producing what was known on earth as an eclipse. But always, in some way or other, they were frightened away before the light of the heavens was utterly destroyed.

When the gods had expressed their pleasure in all that had so far been done, Odin said, "Where shall we fix our own dwelling? Beyond the earth, beyond the ocean, live the giants; but

neither on the earth, nor in the earth, nor above the earth is there any living thing."

"You mistake, Father Odin," cried one of his sons. "If you but look down, you will see that within the earth are many living things."

All the gods looked down, and there, sure enough, were innumerable little creatures crawling in and out of the earth. They had been bred by the earth, and were little better than maggots; but the gods gave them a form which somewhat resembled that of the gods themselves, though smaller, and gave them intelligence and wonderful strength. Some of the new little creatures were ugly and dark and deformed; these the gods called gnomes or dwarfs, and to them they gave homes underground, with power over all that was hidden in the earth. But for the beautiful, fair creatures whom they called elves and fairies, the gods made a home somewhat above the earth, where they might live always among flowers and birds and butterflies.

"And now," said Odin, "let us build our own home in the heavens, above that of the fairies. This green earth which we have made we shall reserve for a race to be, which shall be our especial care."

Far in the blue heavens, therefore, above the mountain tops, above the clouds, was built the wonderful city of Asgard, home of the gods. In the center was the palace Gladsheim, of pure gold, within whose spacious hall there were set golden thrones for all the gods. Odin had, too, a great palace of his own, called Valhalla, and

ODIN

each god and each goddess had a home built of precious metals and adorned with gleaming stones.

Then, last of all, Father Odin turned his thoughts to the making of man. With two of his brother gods he walked, one day, on the seashore in the beautiful empty earth which they had made; and suddenly he saw at his feet the trunks of two trees, an ash and an elm.

"These will serve our purpose," said Odin. But even after he had spoken he hesitated long, for he knew that it was a solemn thing which they were about to do—this making of human beings with souls and with the power to suffer. At last he breathed upon the logs, and behold! they lived and moved, and assumed a form like that of the gods themselves. The other two gods bestowed upon them intelligence and beauty; and then, with blessings upon the newly created pair, the three gods took their way back to Asgard.

From this first man and woman sprang all the human race, which dwelt upon the earth under the constant care of the gods. Sometimes, at sunset, men and women standing in the fields would fancy they caught gleams from the golden palaces of the gods in the heavens; and often, when the rain had washed the air, they saw clearly the gorgeous bridge over which the gods passed from their city of Asgard to the earth. For this bridge was nothing else than the rainbow.

AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHS

HE various tribes and families of American Indians held different views as to the origin of the world. Some views differed but slightly, while in other instances absolutely dissimilar stories were told. One of the Algonkin tribes told how the queen of heaven, Atahensic, had a grievous quarrel with her lord, Atahocan. Furious, the king of the heavens seized his wife and threw

THE FALL OF THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

her over the walls of the sky. Down, down, she fell toward the vast abyss of waters which filled all space. But as she was about to sink into the water, suddenly a tortoise raised its back above the surface of the waters, and thus afforded

her a resting place. The tortoise grew to an immense size, and finally became the dwelling place of all human beings. The Indians believed that the attempts of the tortoise, wearied of one position, to settle itself more comfortably, caused the earthquakes.

A tradition of the Ottawa Indians is that the earth was found in the claws and jaws of a muskrat. It grew and grew upon the surface of the water, and the Great Spirit, who sat above watching its growth, sent out a wolf and told him to run around the earth and then return to him, that he might see how large the new island had become. Within a short time the wolf was back, so the Great Spirit knew that the earth had not yet become very large. Later he sent out the same messenger again, and this time the wolf was gone for two years. A third time he sent the wolf forth, and as he returned no more, the Great Spirit knew that the earth had become a huge place, fit to live upon.

In the legends of the Athapasca, as in those we have just read, we hear of the great world of water. A mighty bird, "whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning and the clapping of whose wings was thunder," suddenly flew down and moved along the surface of the water. Instantly the earth rose and remained above the surface of the water, and this same all-powerful bird then called into being the different animals.

The Quiché have a similar legend, but it is very quaintly phrased: "This is the first word

and the first speech. There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest, nothing but the sky. The face of the land was hidden. There was naught but the silent sea and the sky. There was nothing joined, nor any sound, nor thing that stirred; neither any to do evil, nor to rumble in the heavens, nor a walker on foot; only the silent waters, only the pacified ocean, only it in its calm. Nothing was but stillness, and rest, and darkness, and the night." A mighty wind passed over the surface of this water, and at the sound of it the solid land arose.

The Indian legends as to the creation of man are as varied as those of the creation of the world. Some relate that human beings simply sprang from trees or from stones, but most of them agree in regarding the Great Spirit, uncreated and eternal, as the creator of man.

The Ojibway legend tells of two cranes, a male and a female, created by the Great Spirit in the upper world and sent through an opening in the sky to seek a home for themselves on the earth. They were told that they might choose any spot as their home, and that upon making choice they would immediately be changed into a man and a woman. They visited one place after another, and finally made choice of a land about Lake Superior, because here they were certain that there would always be plenty of water and plenty of fish for food. As soon as they alighted and folded their wings,

the Great Spirit turned them into human beings.

The Winnebago Indians believed that after the Great Spirit had created the earth and the trees and the grass, he took a piece out of his heart and thereof made a man. Later he made a woman, but a bit of ordinary flesh served to make her. Thus, the Winnebagoes said, man was wise and great, but woman was much wanting in sense.

THE DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN*

CARDINAL NEWMAN

ENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids

*From *The Idea of a University.*

whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because

it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny.

If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

ALEXANDER POPE

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,

Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping: nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!

"WE'VE GOT YOU RATISBON!"

The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap its vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

I. FACTS TO KNOW

This little poem is very different from the poems of Longfellow, which we read a few pages back. It is very nervous and tense, and as you read it, it seems jerky in movement, not smooth as the waters of the Charles. Then again, sometimes words are omitted that make it a little difficult to understand at first reading. Moreover, Browning uses words in curious ways that Longfellow would not have thought about.

There are many interesting things to learn about this incident, however, and after we have learned them, we appreciate the poem very much better. First we need to know the following facts:

Ratisbon, or *Regensburg*, is a city in Bavaria, on the Danube River.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the great Emperor of the French, was much the man the poem shows us.

Prone brow means that Napoleon's brow was inclined forward, that his head was drooping.

Lannes was a famous French marshal, who

showed remarkable powers of leadership. Both his legs were shot away at the Battle of Aspern, and he died a few days later at Vienna.

Out-thrust, full-galloping, flag-bird, are compound words which Browning has formed for his own use.

Fancy in the fifth line means *can imagine.*

Vans in the fourth stanza is an old word no longer in use. It means *wings.*

The eagle has what is really a third eyelid, a thin translucent membrane, which naturalists call the nictitating, or winking, membrane. It may be drawn over the eye independently of the other lids. You may have seen ducks, chickens or other birds drawing this milky film back and forth over their eyes as they looked at you.

Nor bridle drew, and *his chief beside,* are phrases in which Browning has used the words out of their natural order. Can you find other similar expressions?

II. THE STORY

1. Incidents:
   (a) Napoleon watches the storming of Ratisbon,
   (b) He thinks it may be a failure,
   (c) He sees a rider galloping from out the smoke of battle.
   (d) The rider reaches Napoleon, leaps from his horse and clings to its mane.
   (e) The rider announces the fall of Ratisbon.
   (f) Napoleon rejoices,

(g) He speaks to the boy of his wound,
(h) The boy answers and falls dead.

2. The whole story might be summed up as follows: *A wounded youth brings to Napoleon news of the fall of Ratisbon, and expires at the emperor's feet.*

III. THE CHARACTERS

There are just two persons in this little tragedy, a boy and an emperor. Let us see what they were like; the boy is of greater interest than the emperor.

1. The Boy:
   (a) From the way he rode his horse, we know he must have been strong and athletic.
   (b) He was gay and joyful, for he smiled as he dismounted from his horse, and he smiled as he fell dead.
   (c) That he was strong-willed, we know; for his tightly compressed lips held back the blood, and he concealed his suffering.
   (d) He was courageous; he put the flag in the market place, as we are told in the fourth stanza.
   (e) He was ambitious, we know; for it satisfied his heart's desire to win Ratisbon.
   (f) He was proud, else he would not have noticed that the emperor called him wounded. Had it been a mere wound, he would never have fallen.
2. At different places in the poem, we find

that Napoleon was *ambitious*, yet *anxious* over the outcome of the battle; that he was *thoughtful* and *resourceful;* that while he *rejoiced* in his victory, he *sympathized* with the wounded boy.

IV. THE STAGE

The poem is like a little drama or play in one scene. Place Napoleon in his uniform on a little mound, and see him standing there with his head thrust forward, looking at the storming of a city a mile or so away. Things are indistinct in the background because the smoke of the battle obscures the walls and towers of the city. However, Napoleon is not so far away but that he hears the roar, and sees the denser clouds rise at each new discharge of battery guns. From between the clouds comes the single horse with its youthful rider galloping at full speed, without an instant's pause, until the mound is reached. We see the young man leap from his horse and grasp its mane to keep himself from falling, but though his lips are compressed, we see his eyes smiling brightly as he tells the emperor the great news.

Let us try to picture the scene very vividly. See this young man, perhaps eighteen or twenty years of age, clothed in the uniform of a French orderly, dark of hair, and dark of eyes, standing, holding himself erect by the mane of a fine, strong, panting battle-horse. See Napoleon, short, thickset, standing probably with feet wide apart, and his hands clasped behind him. First he knows only the joy of his victory, but then he

sees the terrible condition of his youthful messenger. Can you not, as you watch in your mind, see the emperor's countenance change? See the look of sympathy that takes away the flashing brightness of his eye, as the film obscures the mother eagle's eye while she tends her bruised eaglet.

If you have read these comments so far, go back now to the poem and read it slowly and thoughtfully to yourself; try to picture every scene and feel the effect of every incident. You will admire the boy's bravery and feel sorrow at his death, but you will feel a little pride yourself that a youth can be capable of such stern self-control, such noble self-sacrifice. While this mood is still on you, read the poem again, this time aloud to some one else, and try to make another see how inspiring a thing it is.

In this way you can make it worth while to read poetry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

GRACE E. SELLON

ONE of the most daring of those who engaged in the sea-fights of the American Revolution was Daniel Hawthorne, commander of a privateer, a man whose courage and enterprise won for him the title of "Bold Daniel." He came of one of the earliest American families, one that had been established in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1637, and had contributed not a little to the fame of that seaport, for his ancestors had been leaders among those whose stern and narrow views of justice had led them to persecute the Quakers and later to put to death innocent people during the awful period of the Salem witchcraft. Yet the same hardihood and fearless uprightness that had won esteem for Daniel Hawthorne had distinguished the family from the very first, and was passed on to the brave commander's descendants. His son Nathaniel, like the long line of notable men who had gone before him, possessed a strict sense of right and wrong, much courage and an especial fondness for the adventurous life on the sea. Though he contributed nothing to the celebrity of his forefathers, his son and namesake, the novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in Salem, on July 4, 1804, gained for the

old New England family a glory that will last.

It was in the home built by his father's father that Nathaniel was born and that he spent the first four years of his life. Yet he was never privileged to hear from the old captain's lips of the exciting sea-skirmishes in which the "Fair America," under the command of "Bold Daniel" had encountered and held her own against British vessels, for his grandfather had died many years before. Nor did the young boy ever know the pleasure of companionship with his father, who died in South America in 1808. In a great measure, too, he was deprived of association with his mother from the time when, following her husband's death, she removed with her children to her father's home, in another part of Salem. So deeply did she feel her loss that she shut herself away from the world during the remainder of her lifetime, and kept such strict privacy that she did not even take her meals with her family. The children were naturally quiet and reserved, and with the example of their mother's seclusion always before them, they took little part in the life outside of their home. Nathaniel did not like school, and, being under the care of relatives who allowed him much freedom, he missed a considerable part of the early school training that most boys receive. Yet his time was not wasted, for there were good books in his home, and these he read of his own free will.

When he was about eight or nine years of age,

his mother took her children to live for a time upon property owned by her family on the shore of Lake Sebago, in Maine. Then began a period of great delight for the young boy and his sisters. As the land was mostly covered with woods and the settlements were far apart, there were endless opportunities for fishing and hunting and roaming about the woods or spending long, uninterrupted hours with favorite authors. In the winter Nathaniel passed much time in skating on Lake Sebago, feeling wholly free and at home in the midst of the wild life of nature.

So far as the boy's wishes were concerned, these days in Maine might have continued indefinitely; but his mother, feeling that he needed the discipline of regular study, sent him back to Salem to be prepared by a private teacher for entrance into Bowdoin College. The result of this training was that when he was about eighteen he became a member of the class at Bowdoin to which Longfellow and Horatio Bridge belonged, and thus began a career at college in which he proved himself a somewhat wayward student. The grind and drudgery of courses uninteresting to him he shunned, yet he would not let himself fail in any work that he undertook. Subjects that he liked he mastered readily.

Though he found no pleasure in breaking college rules, yet he made no pretensions to being a model student. He played cards in his room when he might have been studying, and would go off on a fishing trip when the fancy

took him, without much regard for unfinished lessons. He looked forward with undisguised pleasure to his vacations spent at home, and on one occasion was so overcome by his desire to bring his studies to an end and leave Brunswick that, a short time before the close of the term, he wrote to his sister Louisa demanding that she invent an excuse for his return home. After stating five reasons for thus quitting Bowdoin, he continued:

"If you are at a loss for an excuse, say that mother is out of health; or that Uncle R. is going a journey on account of his health, and wishes me to attend him; or that Elizabeth is on a visit at some distant place, and wishes me to come and bring her home; or that George Archer has just arrived from sea, and is to sail again immediately, and wishes to see me before he goes; or that some of my relations are to die or be married, and my presence is necessary on the occasion. And lastly, if none of these excuses will suit you, and you can think of no other, write and order me to come home without any. If you do not, I shall certainly forge a letter, for I *will* be at home within a week. Write the very day that you receive this. If Elizabeth were at home, she would be at no loss for a good excuse. If you will do what I tell you, I shall be

Your affectionate brother,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

"My want of decent clothes will prevent my calling at Mrs. Sutton's. Write immediately, write immediately, write immediately.

"Haste, haste, post-haste, ride and run, until these shall be delivered. You must and shall and will do as I desire. If you can think of a true excuse, send it; if not, any other will answer the same purpose. If I do not get a letter by Monday, or Tuesday at farthest, I will leave Brunswick without liberty."

It is an interesting fact that this impetuous young student was regarded as the finest-looking man at Bowdoin. He was not much less than six feet tall, and was strong, supple and well proportioned. His dark hair waved back from a handsomely formed face; and his deep blue eyes, under their heavy brows, impressed one with their remarkable brightness and expressiveness.

Though it may seem surprising, it is true that Nathaniel Hawthorne was not at all conscious in his early youth of the great possibilities that lay in him to become a writer, and that not until he had advanced in his college course did he form the purpose of making literature a profession. As early as sixteen years of age he had written verses that had been published; yet he was far from believing that he had poetic power. That he did not at this time take very seriously his ability as a writer, may be judged from this passage in a letter to his mother written in March, 1821:

"I am quite reconciled to going to college, since I am to spend the vacations with you. Yet four years of the best part of my life is a great deal to throw away. I have not yet concluded what profession I shall have.

"The being a minister is of course out of the question. I should not think that even you could desire me to choose so dull a way of life. Oh, no, mother, I was not born to vegetate forever in one place, and to live and die as calm and tranquil as—a puddle of water.

"As to lawyers, there are so many of them already that one half of them (upon a moderate calculation) are in a state of actual starvation.

"A physician, then, seems to be 'Hobson's choice;' but yet I should not like to live by the diseases and infirmities of my fellow-creatures. And it would weigh very heavily on my conscience, in the course of my practice, if I should chance to send any unlucky patient 'ad inferum,' which being interpreted is, 'to the realms below.' Oh that I was rich enough to live without a profession!

"What do you think of my becoming an author, and relying for support upon my pen? Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very author-like. How proud you would feel to see my works praised by the reviewers, as equal to the proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull. But authors are always poor devils, and therefore Satan may take them. I am in the same predicament as the honest gentleman in 'Espriella's Letters,'—

'I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
A-musing in my mind what garment I shall wear.' "

However, by the time of his graduation from

Bowdoin College he had laid aside his jesting and doubt, and in the following period of remarkable seclusion spent in his mother's home in Salem he gave himself to the work of composition. Thirteen years he passed thus in a sort of ideal world, so shut away from his neighbors that they scarcely knew of his existence.

Hawthorne always felt that these years of seclusion were peculiarly significant in his life, in that they enabled him to keep, as he said, "the dews of his youth and the freshness of his heart." Still, he realized that he had been much deceived in fancying that there, in his solitary chamber, he could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind.

Of all that was written in these years the author gave out for publication only the romance *Fanshawe*, which he regarded later as a very inferior production, and the various stories published at length in the collection known as *Twice Told Tales*. Fame came very slowly. Though the worth of these writings was discovered by people of good literary judgment, it was not of the kind to make them widely popular. Sometimes the young author was so overcome by discouragement that it would seem as if only the confidence in his final success felt by his friends could save him from despair.

Relief from this situation came in a most wholesome way. In 1839 George Bancroft secured for Hawthorne a position as weigher and gauger in the Boston Customhouse, and thus his lonely life of brooding came to an end.

In discharging his duties he came into much-needed everyday contact with practical men and affairs. This office he held for two years until the Whigs won the presidential election and the Democrats went out of power. Meanwhile he had written *Grandfather's Chair*, a collection of children's stories concerning early New England history.

Somewhat previous to the appointment to the office in the Customhouse had taken place an event which was even more full of important meaning. While he was living in Salem he had become acquainted with the Peabody family and in their home had met the young woman who later became his wife, and who brought into his life the powerful influence for good that more than anything else developed the fine qualities of his nature and drew forth his powers as a writer. He had preferred to live hidden away from every one if he must give up the beauty and purity of the thought-world for the harshness and ugliness of the actual world without. But in his association with Sophia Peabody his faith in the reality that lay back of his beautiful visions was so strengthened that he felt a deep peace and joy never known to him before. The loveliness of her character is shown in her letters, and it is not surprising that Hawthorne should on one occasion write, in response to a letter from her, "I never, till now, had a friend who could give me repose; all have disturbed me, and, whether for pleasure or pain, it was still disturbance. But peace overflows from

your heart into mine. Then I feel that there is a Now, and that Now must be always calm and happy, and that sorrow and evil are but phantoms that seem to flit across it."

In the summer of 1842 Hawthorne and Miss Peabody were married and went to live in the "Old Manse," in Concord. In the preceding year he had unfortunately invested money in a settlement known as the Brook Farm, where people of different classes of society were to live together on an equality, all sharing alike the duties of the farm life, and all contributing to the expenses of the common living. The experiment proved a failure and Hawthorne withdrew disgusted. With this hope of providing for himself and his wife destroyed, he found it necessary to work industriously, and as a result a new series of stories for children, the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, appeared in 1846.

In the same year he was made surveyor of the collection of revenue at the Salem Customhouse. Then for a time he ceased to write, until his discovery among some rubbish in the customhouse of an old manuscript that gave him excellent material for a greater work of fiction than he had ever before attempted, called him back to literary effort. The actual composition of the book was not begun, however, until the day on which Hawthorne lost his position as surveyor.

When he made known this unfortunate event to his wife, instead of becoming depressed, she exclaimed joyfully, "Oh, then, you can write

your book!" and a little later, pulling open a drawer, showed him a considerable sum of money that she had been saving all unknown to him. Thus it became possible for him to devote himself to the work that proved to be his masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1850. The unusual excellence of the romance brought to the writer far-spread praise and popularity, and he became at length recognized as a foremost American man of letters.

The Hawthornes now went to live at Lenox, in the mountains of western Massachusetts. In their delightful home in this place the novelist produced a second great romance, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and then gave up four months to rest. This vacation was largely a playtime spent with his two older children, Una and Julian, the younger daughter Rose being then only a baby. He had worked so hard that he was ready for plenty of fun, and this he and his two young playfellows found in excursions for wild flowers or nuts, in bathing in the lake or sending over its surface home-made toy sailboats, in romping through the woods or reading or story-telling. After this happy period it is not surprising that Hawthorne should have written easily and with enjoyment the *Wonder Book* for children, a simple and entertaining series of stories in which old legends are put into attractive new forms.

After the removal from Lenox in 1851, the family stayed for a short time in West Newton, where *The Blithedale Romance* was written, and

then settled at the Wayside, the second of the famous homes of Hawthorne in Concord. Not long afterward were published the *Tanglewood Tales*, which continue the *Wonder Book* series; and a biography of his intimate friend, Franklin Pierce. When in 1853 Pierce became president of the United States, he appointed Hawthorne to be the consul at Liverpool, England, and thus came to an end the quiet life at Concord.

The publicity into which Hawthorne's duties as consul brought him was very disagreeable to one of his retiring disposition. He could feel at ease only among those whose gentle and sensitive natures responded to his own; hence attendance at formal dinners, speech making and other social obligations that forced him often into the company of more or less uncongenial people, seemed scarcely bearable to him. It was with relief, then, that he resigned the consulate in 1857 and went to live in southern Europe. The greater part of his time until his return to America in 1860 was passed in Italy, and near Florence was written the last of his celebrated romances, *The Marble Faun*.

During the four remaining years of his life, spent at the Wayside, in Concord, Hawthorne's strength gradually ebbed away. Nevertheless, he was able to produce *Our Old Home*, in which he described scenes from English life, as well as *Septimus Felton* and parts of two other romances. In 1864, while traveling for his health through southern New Hampshire with his friend Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne died in the quiet, sudden

way in which he had hoped that he should pass from earth. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where a simple headstone marks his grave.

As the cheerfulness and simple beauty of Hawthorne's stories for children are as light among the gloom and sadness that overshadowed his works for older people, so his love for children and his delight in their companionship illumine his character and bring into view his rare gentleness and purity of nature. In recalling the days when she was a little girl, his daughter Rosa has told us:

"My father's enjoyment of frolicking fun was as hilarious as that accorded by some of us to wildest comic opera. He had a delicate way of throwing himself into the scrimmage of laughter, and I do not for an instant attempt to explain how he managed it. I can say that he lowered his eyelids when he laughed hardest, and drew in his breath half a dozen times with dulcet sounds and a murmur of mirth between. Before and after this performance he would look at you straight from under his black brows, and his eyes seemed dazzling. I think the hilarity was revealed in them, although his cheeks rounded in ecstasy. I was a little roguish child, but he was the youngest and merriest person in the room when he was amused."

Though the suffering and wrong that he saw in the world deeply perplexed and saddened him, yet he found so much of happier meaning in life and expressed this with such marvelous power

and grace that no one to-day holds a worthier place in American literature. That no successor can take this place nor imitate the subtle beauty of his style, we feel to be true as we read the lines written by the poet Longfellow, just after the death of Hawthorne:

"Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost dew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS[1]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

APTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To

1. From *Grandfather's Chair.*

supply the demand the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself

perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bride-

maids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

HANDFUL AFTER HANDFUL WAS THROWN IN

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain

Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

THE SUNKEN TREASURE[1]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

PICTURE to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome old-fashioned room, with a large open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage, and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adze, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword, and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane, made of a beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phipps present when he sat in Grand-

1. From *Grandfather's Chair.*

father's chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent-looking personage.

But Sir William Phipps had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterward was married to a widow lady who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that some time or other he should be very rich and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune-teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise and his resolution to lead an industrious life that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not yet gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish ship or galleon which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth, and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But, though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phipps to

be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phipps of the English navy.

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small, and most people would have thought that Captain Phipps was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phipps to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phipps and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors, and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship and gave him direc-

tions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phipps might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians who were skilful divers and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see—nothing more

valuable than a curious sea-shrub which was growing beneath the water in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor, and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers: "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea-shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea-shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was

really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cried Captain Phipps. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work with iron rakes and great hooks and lines fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phipps and his crew were troubled

THE RECOVERED TREASURE

with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money-bags. By remaining so long in the salt water they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vesse[1]

The whole value of the recovered treasure—plate, bullion, precious stones, and all—was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea-captain who had assisted Phipps in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterward, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phipps resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice, for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfil his promise to his wife by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phipps a magnificent gold cup worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phipps left London, King James made him a knight, so that, instead of the obscure ship-car-

penter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.

He was too active and adventurous a man to sit still in the quiet enjoyment of his good fortune. In the year 1609 he went on a military expedition against the French colonies in America, conquered the whole Province of Acadia, and returned to Boston with a great deal of plunder. In the same year Sir William took command of an expedition against Quebec, but did not succeed in capturing the city. In 1692, King William III appointed him governor of Massachusetts.

THE HUTCHINSON MOB[1]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ON the evening of the 26th of August, 1765, a bonfire was kindled in King Street. It flamed high upward, and threw a ruddy light over the front of the Town-house, on which was displayed a carved representation of the royal arms. The gilded vane of the cupola glittered in the blaze. The kindling of this bonfire was the well-known signal for the populace of Boston to assemble in the street.

Before the tar barrels of which the bonfire was made were half burned out a great crowd had come together. They were chiefly laborers and seafaring men, together with many young apprentices and all those idle people about town who are ready for any kind of mischief. Doubtless some schoolboys were among them.

While these rough figures stood round the blazing bonfire you might hear them speaking bitter words against the high officers of the province. Governor Bernard,[2] Hutchinson,[3] Oliver,[4]

1. From *Grandfather's Chair.*

2. It was Governor Francis Bernard who did much to hasten on the Revolutionary War. He was very harsh in his treatment of the colonists, and it was on his representation of their secret traitorous designs that the British ordered troops stationed in Boston. This aroused a violent opposition, which was not quelled before war finally broke out.

3. This Thomas Hutchinson was the last royal governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. He was born in Boston, and was a

Storey, Hallowell, and other men whom King George delighted to honor were reviled as traitors to the country. Now and then, perhaps, an officer of the Crown passed along the street, wearing the gold-laced hat, white wig, and embroidered waistcoat which were the fashion of the day. But when the people beheld him they set up a wild and angry howl, and their faces had an evil aspect, which was made more terrible by the flickering blaze of the bonfire.

"I should like to throw the traitor right into that blaze!" perhaps one fierce rioter would say.

"Yes, and all his brethren, too!" another might reply; "and the governor and old Tommy Hutchinson into the hottest of it!"

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descendant of the famous Anne Hutchinson. At the time of the incident described in this selection, he was lieutenant-governor of the province, and as chief justice, had issued the so-called Writs of Assistance, which brought upon him the anger of the colonists. Under these Writs it was possible for a constable, or other public officer, to enter any building and take therefrom goods upon which the duty had not been paid. In the hands of tyrannical officials, these Writs would entirely destroy the privacy of any family. When the Stamp Act was passed, Hutchinson accepted it as legal, though he had opposed it on principle. By this action he brought upon himself the intense animosity of the colonists.

4. Andrew Oliver was, on the passage of the Stamp Act, appointed distributer for Massachusetts. This displeased the people, and less than two weeks before the mob attacked the Hutchinson house, Oliver was hanged in effigy, and a new building, supposed to be intended for his office, was burned to the ground. This did not allay the excitement of the colonists, who followed Oliver and threatened him so savagely that he finally promised not to receive the stamps. Later the mob, hearing that he still intended to serve, took him to the "Liberty Tree," and under threats of hanging, forced him to swear that he had never intended to distribute the stamps. When Hutchinson became governor in 1770, Oliver was given the lieutenant-governorship, in which position he wrote letters that brought him again into antagonism with the colonists, and the British government was asked to remove him from office.

"And the Earl of Bute[5] along with them!" muttered a third, "and burn the whole pack of them under King George's nose! No matter if it singed him!"

Some such expressions as these, either shouted aloud or muttered under the breath, were doubtless heard in King Street. The mob, meanwhile, were growing fiercer and fiercer, and seemed ready even to set the town on fire for the sake of burning the king's friends out of house and home. And yet, angry as they were, they sometimes broke into a loud roar of laughter, as if mischief and destruction were their sport.

But we must now leave the rioters for a time, and take a peep into the lieutenant-governor's splendid mansion. It was a large brick house decorated with Ionic pilasters, and stood in Garden Court Street near the North Square.

While the angry mob in King street were shouting his name, Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson sat quietly in Grandfather's chair, unsuspicious of the evil that was about to fall upon his head. His beloved family were in the room with him. He had thrown off his embroidered coat and powdered wig, and had on a loose flowing gown and purple velvet cap. He had likewise laid aside the cares of state and all the thoughts that had wearied and perplexed him throughout the day.

5. The Earl of Bute was a British statesman, who, as secretary of state, became most unpopular not only in the colonies, but in England itself. He was an ardent supporter of royal authority, and exacted the most unquestioning obedience from his inferiors.

Perhaps in the enjoyment of his home he had forgotten all about the Stamp Act, and scarcely remembered that there was a king across the ocean who had resolved to make tributaries of the New Englanders. Possibly, too, he had forgotten his own ambition, and would not have exchanged his situation at that moment to be governor or even a lord.

The wax candles were now lighted, and showed a handsome room well provided with rich furniture. On the walls hung the pictures of Hutchinson's ancestors, who had been eminent men in their day and were honorably remembered in the history of the country. Every object served to mark the residence of a rich, aristocratic gentleman who held himself high above the common people and could have nothing to fear from them. In the corner of a room, thrown carelessly upon a chair, were the scarlet robes of the chief justice. This high office, as well as those of lieutenant-governor, councilor, and judge of the probate, was filled by Hutchinson.

Who or what could disturb the domestic quiet of such a great and powerful personage as now sat in Grandfather's chair?

The lieutenant-governor's favorite daughter sat by his side. She leaned on the arm of our great chair and looked up affectionately into her father's face, rejoicing to perceive that a quiet smile was on his lips. But suddenly a shade came across her countenance. She seemed to listen attentively, as if to catch a distant sound.

"What is the matter, my child?" inquired Hutchinson.

"Father, do you not hear a tumult in the streets?" said she.

The lieutenant-governor listened. But his ears were duller than those of his daughter: he could hear nothing more terrible than the sound of a summer breeze sighing among the tops of the elm trees.

"No, foolish child!" he replied, playfully patting her cheek. "There is no tumult. Our Boston mobs are satisfied with what mischief they have already done. The king's friends need not tremble."

So Hutchinson resumed his pleasant and peaceful meditations, and again forgot that there were any troubles in the world. But his family were alarmed, and could not help straining their ears to catch the slightest sound. More and more distinctly they heard shouts, and then the trampling of many feet. While they were listening one of the neighbors rushed breathless into the room.

"A mob! a terrible mob!" cried he. "They have broken into Mr. Storey's house and into Mr. Hallowell's, and have made themselves drunk with the liquors in his cellar, and now they are coming hither, as wild as so many tigers. Flee, lieutenant-governor, for your life! for your life!"

"Father, dear father, make haste!" shrieked his children.

But Hutchinson would not hearken to them.

A NEIGHBOR RUSHED INTO THE ROOM

He was an old lawyer, and he could not realize that the people would do anything so utterly lawless as to assault him in his peaceful home. He was one of King George's chief officers, and it would be an insult and outrage upon the king himself if the lieutenant-governor should suffer any wrong.

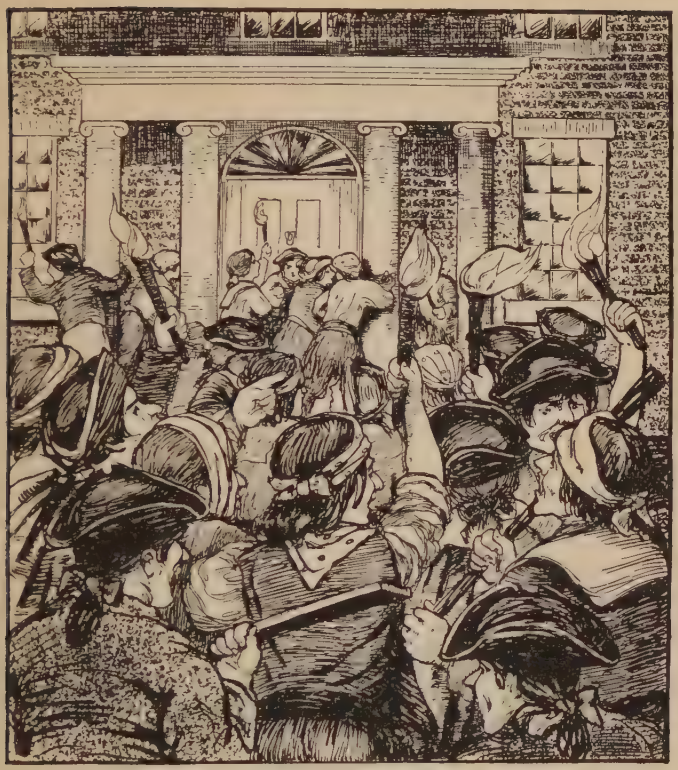
"Have no fears on my account," said he. "I am perfectly safe. The king's name shall be my protection."

Yet he bade his family retire into one of the neighboring houses. His daughter would have remained, but he forced her away.

The huzzas and riotous uproar of the mob were now heard close at hand. The sound was terrible, and struck Hutchinson with the same sort of dread as if an enraged wild beast had broken loose and were roaring for its prey. He crept softly to the window. There he beheld an immense concourse of people filling all the street and rolling onward to his house. It was like a tempestuous flood that had swelled beyond its bounds and would sweep everything before it. Hutchinson trembled; he felt at that moment that the wrath of the people was a thousandfold more terrible than the wrath of a king.

That was a moment when a loyalist and an aristocrat like Hutchinson might have learned how powerless are kings, nobles, and great men when the low and humble range themselves against them. King George could do nothing for his servant now. Had King George been there he could have done nothing for himself. If Hutchinson had understood this lesson and remembered it, he need not in after years have been an exile from his native country, nor finally have laid his bones in a distant land.

There was now a rush against the doors at the house. The people sent up a hoarse cry. At this instant the lieutenant-governor's daughter,



THE RIOTERS BURST INTO THE HOUSE

whom he had supposed to be in a place of safety, ran into the room and threw her arms around him. She had returned by a private entrance.

"Father, are you mad?" cried she. "Will the king's name protect you now? Come with me or they will have your life."

"True," muttered Hutchinson to himself; "what care these roarers for the name of king?

I must flee, or they will trample me down on the floor of my own dwelling."

Hurrying away, he and his daughter made their escape by the private passage at the moment when the rioters broke into the house. The foremost of them rushed up the staircase and entered the room which Hutchinson had just quitted. There they beheld our good old chair facing them with quiet dignity, while the lion's head seemed to move its jaws in the unsteady light of their torches. Perhaps the stately aspect of our venerable friend, which had stood firm through a century and a half of trouble, arrested them for an instant. But they were thrust forward by those behind, and the chair lay overthrown.

Then began the work of destruction. The carved and polished mahogany tables were shattered with heavy clubs and hewn to splinters with axes. The marble hearths and mantelpieces were broken. The volumes of Hutchinson's library, so precious to a studious man, were torn out of their covers and the leaves sent flying out of the windows. Manuscripts containing secrets of our country's history which are now lost forever were scattered to the winds. The old ancestral portraits whose fixed countenances looked down on the wild scene were rent from the walls. The mob triumphed in their downfall and destruction, as if these pictures of Hutchinson's forefathers had committed the same offenses as their descendants. A tall looking-glass which had hitherto presented a reflection of the en-

raged and drunken multitude was now smashed into a thousand fragments. We gladly dismiss the scene from the mirror of our fancy.

Before morning dawned the walls of the house were all that remained. The interior was a dismal scene of ruin. A shower pattered in at the broken windows, and when Hutchinson and his family returned they stood shivering in the same room where the last evening had seen them so peaceful and happy.

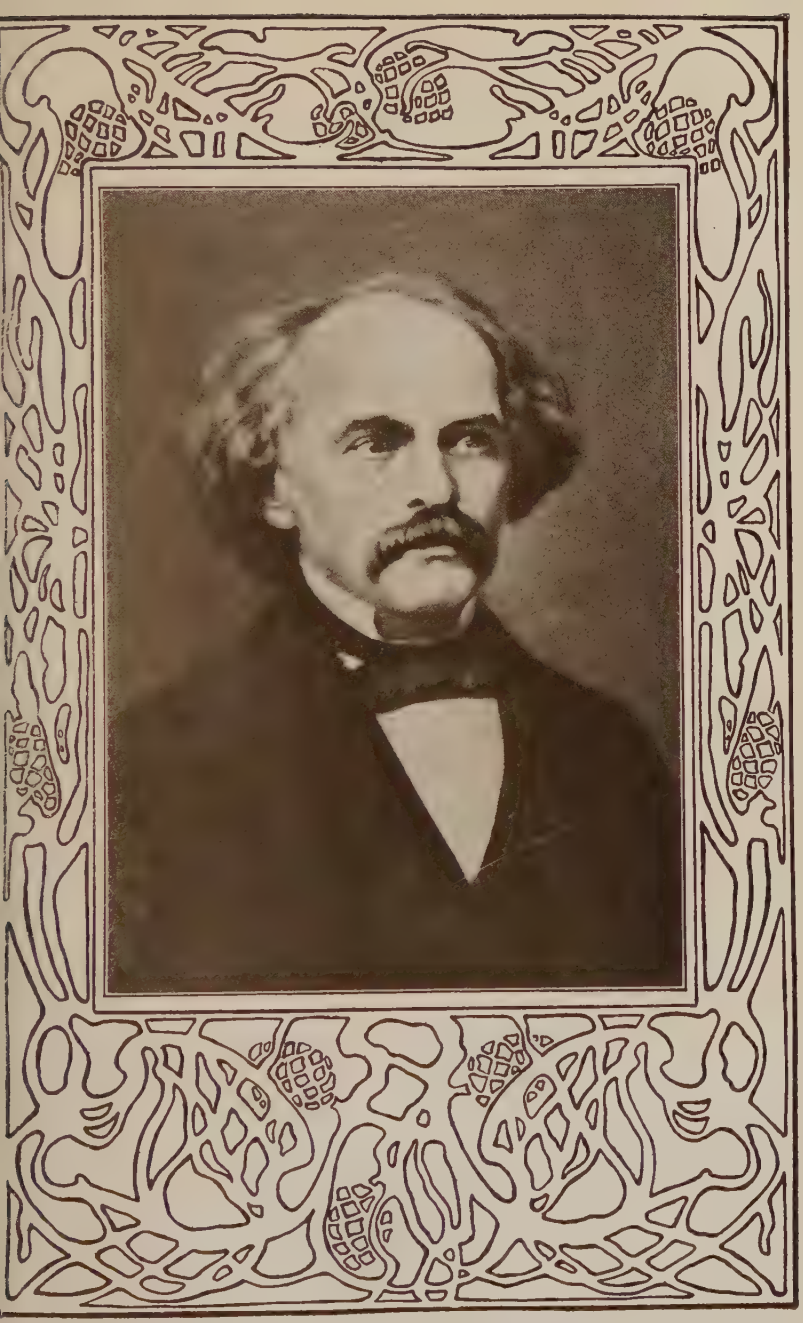
THE BOSTON MASSACRE[1]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

IT was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town-house. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the custom-house, treading a short path through the snow and longing for the time when they would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard-room. Meanwhile, Captain Preston was perhaps sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee-house. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobster-backs!" one would

1. From *Grandfather's Chair.*



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A red-coat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air, so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were younger and less prudent remained in the streets, for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town-house and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the custom-house, pacing to and fro, while as he turned a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guard-house, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the custom-house, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as it they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British red-coat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues and gathered in a crowd round about the custom-house. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterward

general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do or there will be bloodshed!"

"Stand aside!" answered Capitan Preston haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the custom-house. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobster-backs!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly red-coats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty which had grown as strong as

THE SOLDIERS FIRED

instinct was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the Old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satis-

fied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire if you dare, villains!" horsely shouted the people while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the street, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man with a cloth hanging down over his face was seen to step into the balcony of the custom-house and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow, and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

The town drums beat to arms, the alarm bells rang, and an immense multitude rushed into King Street. Many of them had weapons in their hands. The British prepared to defend themselves. A whole regiment was drawn up

in the street expecting an attack, for the townsmen appeared ready to throw themselves upon the bayonets.

Governor Hutchinson hurried to the spot and besought the people to have patience, promising that strict justice should be done. A day or two afterward the British troops were withdrawn from town and stationed at Castle William. Captain Preston and the eight soldiers were tried for murder, but none of them were found guilty. The judges told the jury that the insults and violence which had been offered to the soldiers justified them in firing at the mob.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

FELICIA BROWNE HEMANS

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

* * * * * * *

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;

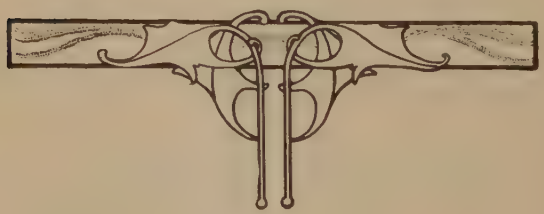
THE STEED SWEPT ON

And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told
him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"



JOAN OF ARC*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

HAT is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine,[1] that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy[2] from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*,[3] such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word

*The body of this selection has been much condensed, though the introduction is as De Quincey wrote it.

1. Lorraine lay between France and Germany.
2. David.
3. The killing of Goliath.

amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.[4] The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*.[5] When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion

4. See *Genesis* XLIX: 10.

5. *In contempt* is the phrase we now apply to a person who fails to appear when summoned to appear in court.

JOAN OF ARC, by CHAPU

in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France,[6] and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea,

6. The royal emblem of France was the *fleur-de-lys* or iris, but in translation the phrase appears *lily-flower.*

until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her!*

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Joanna, as we in England should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne (or, as M. Michelet asserts, Jean) D'Arc, was born at Domrémy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne, and dependent upon the town of Vaucouleurs. Domrémy stood upon the frontiers, and, like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race, representing the *cis*[7] and the *trans*.[8] A river (it is true) formed the boundary-line at this point—the river Meuse; and *that*, in old days, might have divided the populations; but in these days it did not: there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so much for travelers that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great high-road between France and Germany, *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's Cross, or letter X. I hope the compositor will choose a good large X; in which case the point of intersection, the *locus*[9] of conflux and intersection for these

7. *This side.*
8. *Across;* the other side.
9. *Point* or *place.*

four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's-breadth where it was that Domrémy stood. That great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardour. To say "This way lies the road to Paris, and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle; this to Prague, that to Vienna," nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the high-road itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic duty.

The situation, therefore, *locally*, of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurtling* with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years. The battle of Agincourt in Joanna's childhood had reopened the wounds of France. Crécy and Poictiers, those withering overthrows for the chivalry of France, had, before Agincourt occurred, been tranquilized by more than half-a-century; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and endless skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow

that echoed their own. The monarchy of France laboured in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor king (Charles VI) falling in at such a crisis trebled the awfulness of the time. Even the wild story of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion of this madness—the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniacal himself, coming out of a forest at noonday, laying his hand upon the bridle of the king's horse, checking him for a moment to say, "Oh, king, thou art betrayed," and then vanishing, no man knew whither, as he had appeared for no man knew what—fell in with the universal prostration of mind that laid France on her knees, as before the slow unweaving of some ancient prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe—these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp; but these were transitory chords. There had been others of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of the Crusades, the destruction of the Templars, the Papal interdicts, the tragedies caused or suffered by the house of Anjou, and by the Emperor—these were full of a more permanent significance.

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the skies that to the scientific gazer first caught the colours of the *new* morning in advance. But the whole vast range alike of sweeping glooms overhead dwelt upon all meditative minds, even upon those that could not distinguish the tenden-

cies nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore, not her own age alone as affected by its immediate calamities that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind, but her own age as one section in a vast mysterious drama, unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer continually to some dreadful crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring ahead; and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which answered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye, even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanna should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her for ever the duty, self-imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way; and she left her home for ever in order to present herself at the dauphin's court.

The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard: was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard: and only not good for our age because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad *Misereres*[10] of the Romish Church; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Te Deums*[11] of Rome; she drew her

10. The penitential psalm which, set to music, is one of the most impressive Roman Catholic chants.

11. *Te Deum laudamus* means "We praise thee, O God." Grand anthems of triumph and thanksgiving are here called "Te Deums," from the first words of an ancient Latin hymn.

comfort and her vital strength from the rites of the same Church. But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view: certain weeds mark poverty in the soil; fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before cities does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of the licensed victualer. A village is too much for her nervous delicacy: at most, she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, in what strength the fairies mustered at Domrémy, and, by a satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land: for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. "Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,"—"like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,"—that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet man

enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness. This sort of religious talisman being secured, a man the most afraid of ghosts (like myself, suppose, or the reader) becomes armed into courage to wander for days in their sylvan recesses. About six hundred years before Joanna's childhood, Charlemagne was known to have hunted there. That, of itself, was a grand incident in the traditions of a forest or a chase. In these vast forests, also, were to be found (if anywhere to be found) those mysterious fawns that tempted solitary hunters into visionary and perilous pursuits. Here was seen (if anywhere seen) that ancient stag who was already nine hundred years old, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar. I believe Charlemagne knighted the stag; and, if ever he is met again by a king, he ought to be made an earl, or, being upon the marches of France, a marquis. Observe, I don't absolutely vouch for all these things; my own opinion varies. On a fine breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical; but as twilight sets in my credulity grows steadily, till it becomes equal to anything that could be desired.

Such traditions, or any others that (like the stag) connect distant generations with each other, are, for that cause, sublime; and the sense of the shadowy, connected with such appearances that reveal themselves or not according to circum-

stances, leaves a colouring of sanctity over ancient forests, even in those minds that utterly reject the legend as a fact.

But, apart from all distinct stories of that order, in any solitary frontier between two great empires—as here, for instance, or in the desert between Syria and the Euphrates—there is an inevitable tendency, in minds of any deep sensibility, to people the solitudes with phantom images of powers that were of old so vast. Joanna, therefore, in her quiet occupation of a shepherdess, would be led continually to brood over the political condition of her country by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementos of the local present.

It is not requisite for the honour of Joanna, nor is there in this place room, to pursue her brief career of *action*. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story; the spiritual part is the saintly passion of her imprisonment, trial, and execution. It is sufficient, as concerns the former section of Joanna's life, to say that she fulfilled, to the height of her promises, the restoration of the prostrate throne. France had become a province of England, and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop; and that critical opening *La Pucelle* used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves portentous) for introducing the wedge of French native resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the dauphin once

more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July she took Troyes by a coup-de-main[12] from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month she carried the dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday the 17th she crowned him; and there she rested from her labour of triumph. All that was to be *done* she had now accomplished: what remained was—to *suffer*.

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose, as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She for-

12. An unexpected and powerful attack.

warded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels—thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded; she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen; she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. "Nolebat," says the evidence, "uti ense suo, aut quemquam interficere."[13] She sheltered the English that invoked her aid in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And, as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus:—On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her *triumphal* task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half-fantastic, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest and to shrink from torment. Yet, again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from child-

13. She wished not to kill anyone with her sword.

hood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear for ever, had long since persuaded her mind that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow: but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compiègne (whether through treacherous collusion on the part of her own friends is doubtful to this day), she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais. He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favour of the English leaders, to reach the highest preferment.

Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honour thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as God's lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard

Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood!

On Easter Sunday, when the trial had been long proceeding, the poor girl fell so ill as to cause a belief that she had been poisoned. It was not poison. Nobody had any interest in hastening a death so certain. M. Michelet, whose sympathies with all feelings are so quick that one would gladly see them always as justly directed, reads the case most truly. Joanna had a twofold malady. She was visited by a paroxysm of the complaint called *home-sickness*. The cruel nature of her imprisonment, and its length, could not but point her solitary thoughts, in darkness and in chains (for chained she was), to Domrémy. And the season, which was the most heavenly period of the spring, added stings to this yearning. That was one of her maladies—*nostalgia*, as medicine calls it; the other was weariness and exhaustion from daily combats with malice. She saw that everybody hated her, and thirsted for her blood; nay, many kind-hearted creatures that would have pitied her profoundly, as regarded all political charges, had their natural feelings warped by the belief that she had dealings with fiendish powers. She knew she was to die; that was *not* the misery; the misery was that this consummation could not be reached without so much intermediate strife, as if she were contending for some chance (where chance was none) of happiness, or were dreaming for a moment of escaping the inevitable. Why, then,

did she contend? Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds which *she* could expose, but others, even of candid listeners, perhaps, could not; it was through that imperishable grandeur of soul which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her *not* to submit—no, not for a moment—to calumny as to facts, or to misconstruction as to motives. Besides, there were secretaries all around the court taking down her words. That was meant for no good to *her*. But the end does not always correspond to the meaning. And Joanna might say to herself, "These words that will be used against me tomorrow and the next day perhaps in some nobler generation may rise again for my justification." Yes, Joanna, they *are* rising even now in Paris, and for more than justification!

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The pile "struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height"; and, as usual, the English purpose in this

is viewed as one of pure malignity. But there are two ways of explaining all that. It is probable that the purpose was merciful.

The circumstantial incidents of the execution, unless with more space than I can now command, I should be unwilling to relate. I should fear to injure, by imperfect report, a martyrdom which to myself appears so unspeakably grand. Yet I shall, in parting, allude to one or two traits in Joanna's demeanour on the scaffold, and to one or two in that of the bystanders. The reader ought to be reminded that Joanna D'Arc was subjected to an unusually unfair trial of opinion. Any of the elder Christian martyrs had not much to fear of *personal* rancour. The martyr was chiefly regarded as the enemy of Cæsar; at times, also, where any knowledge of the Christian faith and morals existed, with the enmity that arises spontaneously in the worldly against the spiritual. But the martyr, though disloyal, was not supposed to be therefore anti-national; and still less was *individually* hateful. What was hated (if anything) belonged to his class, not to himself separately. Now, Joanna, if hated at all, was hated personally, and in Rouen on national grounds. Hence there would be a certainty of calumny arising against *her* such as would not affect martyrs in general. That being the case, it would follow of necessity that some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all

but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who, in their own persons, would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no *positive* testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem.

Now, I affirm that she did not recant. I throw the *onus*[14] of the argument not on presumable tendencies of nature, but on the known facts of that morning's execution, as recorded by multitudes. What else, I demand, than mere weight of metal, absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself—"ten thousand men wept"; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the

14. Burden.

executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

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Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop

and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted

the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays

for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run armies and nations are assembling. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the judge is taking his place. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE—when heaven and earth are silent.

PANCRATIUS

CARDINAL WISEMAN

NOTE,—The selection following has been adapted from *Fabiola,* or *The Church of the Catacombs,* a tale by Cardinal Wiseman. Pancratius, one of the early Christian martyrs, was a boy of fourteen at the time the story opens and was but little older at his death. At school his nobility incurred the enmity of Corvinus, whose hatred lead to the early denunciation of Pancratius.

When the Roman emperor decided to exterminate the Christians and sought to publish the bloody edict, Pancratius in a perilous attempt succeeded in tearing down and burning the royal proclamation. Corvinus had a narrow escape from the emperor's wrath, and his hatred of Pancratius increased. Unable to secure another victim, Corvinus seized his old schoolmaster and gave him up to torture and death at the hands of his pupils. On his return from this bloody expedition, Corvinus, drunken and reckless, was thrown from his chariot into a canal and would have drowned had not Pancratius rescued him. At that time Pancratius recovered the knife with which he had cut down the edict and which was kept by Corvinus as evidence against the young Christian. Ignorant of his rescuer's name, Corvinus still sought for Pancratius, and this selection shows how he succeeded.

AT LENGTH they came near one of the chambers which flanked the eastern side of the longer arm of the hall.[1] In one of them they saw a number of convicts (if we must use the term) resting after their labor. The center of the group was an old man, most venerable in appearance, with a long white beard streaming on his breast, mild in aspect, gentle in word, cheerful in his feeble action. It was the confessor Saturninus, now in his eightieth year, yet loaded with two heavy chains. At each side were the more youthful laborers, Cyriacus and Sisinnius, of whom it is recorded, that in addition to their own task-work, one on each side, they bore up his bonds. Indeed, we are told that their particular delight was, over and above their own assigned portion of toil, to help their weaker brethren, and perform their work for them.

Several other captives lay on the ground about the old man's feet, as he, seated on a block of marble, was talking to them with a sweet gravity, which riveted their attention, and seemed to make them forget their sufferings. What was he saying to them? Was he requiting Cyriacus for his extraordinary charity by telling him that, in commemoration of it, a portion of the immense pile which they were toiling to raise would be

1. Corvinus and his companion are searching among the Christian captives at work on the baths of Diocletian for suitable men to fight the lions in the amphitheater.

dedicated to God under his invocation, become a title, and close its line of titulars by an illustrious name? Or was he recounting another more glorious vision, how this smaller oratory was to be superseded and absorbed by a glorious temple in honour of the Queen of Angels, which should comprise that entire superb hall, with its vestibule, under the directing skill of the mightiest artistic genius that the world should ever see.[2] What more consoling thought could have been vouchsafed to those poor oppressed captives than that they were not so much erecting baths for the luxury of a heathen people, or the prodigality of a wicked emperor, as in truth building up one of the stateliest churches in which the true God is worshiped, and the Virgin Mother, who bore Him incarnate, is affectionately honoured?

From a distance Corvinus saw the group, and pausing, asked the superintendent the names of those who composed it. He enumerated them readily; then added, "You may as well take that old man, if you like; for he is not worth his keep so far as work goes."

"Thank you," replied Corvinus; "a pretty figure he would cut in the amphitheater. The people are not to be put off with decrepit old creatures, whom a single stroke of a bear's or tiger's paw kills outright. They like to see young blood flowing, and plenty of life struggling against

2. Michelangelo. The noble and beautiful church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli was made by him out of the central hall and circular vestibule. The floor was afterwards raised, and thus the pillars were shortened and the height of the building diminished by several feet.

wounds and blows before death comes to decide the contest. But there is one there whom you have not named. His face is turned from us; he has not the prisoner's garb, nor any kind of fetter. Who can it be?"

"I do not know his name," answered Rabirius; "but he is a fine youth, who spends much of his time among the convicts, relieves them and even at times helps them in their work. He pays, of course, well for being allowed all this; so it is not our business to ask questions."

"But it is mine, though," said Corvinus sharply; and he advanced for this purpose. The voice caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round to look.

Corvinus sprang upon him with the eye and action of a wild beast, seized him, and called out with exultation, "Fetter him instantly. This time, at least, Pancratius, thou shalt not escape."

* * * * * * * * *

Pancratius, with some twenty more, fettered and chained together, was led through the streets to prison. As they were thus dragged along, staggering and stumbling helplessly, they were unmercifully struck by the guards who conducted them; and any persons near enough to reach them dealt them blows and kicks without remorse. Those further off pelted them with stones or offal, and assailed them with insulting ribaldry. They reached the Mamertine prison at last, and were thrust down into it, and found there already other victims, of both sexes, awaiting their time of sacrifice. The youth had just time, while

he was being handcuffed, to request one of the captors to inform his mother and Sebastian of what had happened; and he slipt his purse into his hand.

A prison in ancient Rome was not the place to which a poor man might court committal, hoping there to enjoy better fare and lodging than he did at home. Two or three of these dungeons, for they are nothing better, still remain; and a brief description of the one which we have mentioned will give our readers some idea of what confessorship cost, independent of martyrdom.

The Mamertine prison is composed of two square subterranean chambers, one below the other, with only one round aperture in the center of each vault, through which alone light, air, food, furniture, and men could pass. When the upper story was full, we may imagine how much of the two first could reach the lower. No other means of ventilation, drainage, or access could exist. The walls, of large stone blocks, had, or rather have, rings fastened into them, for securing the prisoners, but many used to be laid on the floor, with their feet fastened in the stocks; and the ingenious cruelty of the persecutors often increased the discomfort of the damp stone floor, by strewing with broken potsherds this only bed allowed to the mangled limbs and welted backs of the tortured Christians.

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Pancratius and his companions stood before the judge, for it wanted only three days to the

munus, or games, at which they were to "fight with wild beasts."

"What art thou?" he asked of one.

"I am a Christian, by the help of God," was the rejoinder.

At length, after having put similar questions and received similar answers from all the others, except from one wretched man, who, to the grief of the rest, wavered and agreed to offer sacrifice, the prefect turned to Pancratius, and thus addressed him: "And now, insolent youth, who hadst the audacity to tear down the Edict of the divine emperors, even for thee there shall be mercy if yet thou wilt sacrifice to the gods. Show thus at once thy piety and thy wisdom, for thou art yet but a stripling."

Pancratius signed himself with the sign of the saving cross, and calmly replied, "I am the servant of Christ. Him I acknowledge by my mouth, hold firm in my heart, *incessantly adore*. This youth which you behold in me has the wisdom of grey hairs, if it worship but one God. But your gods, with those who adore them, are destined to eternal destruction."

"Strike him on the mouth for his blasphemy, and beat him with rods," exclaimed the angry judge.

"I thank thee," replied meekly the noble youth, "that thus I suffer some of the same punishment as was inflicted on my Lord."

The prefect then pronounced sentence in the usual form. "Lucianus, Pancratius, Rusticus, and others, and the women Secunda and Rufina,

who have all owned themselves Christians, and refuse to obey the sacred emperor, or worship the gods of Rome, we order to be exposed to wild beasts in the Flavian amphitheater."

The mob howled with delight and hatred, and accompanied the confessors back to their prison with this rough music, but they were gradually overawed by the dignity of their gait, and the shining calmness of their countenances. Some men asserted that they must have perfumed themselves, for they could perceive a fragrant atmosphere surrounding their persons.

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The morning broke light and frosty; and the sun, glittering on the gilded ornaments of the temples and other public buildings, seemed to array them in holiday splendor. And the people, too, soon come forth into the streets in their gayest attire, decked out with unusual richness. The various streams converge towards the Flavian amphitheater, now better known by the name of the Coliseum. Each one directs his steps to the arch indicated by the number of his ticket, and thus the huge monster keeps sucking in by degrees that stream of life, which soon animates and enlivens its oval tiers over tiers of steps, till its interior is tapestried all round with human faces, and its walls seem to rock and wave to and fro, by the swaying of the living mass. And, after this shall have been gorged with blood and inflamed with fury, it will melt once more, and rush out in a thick continuous flow through the

many avenues by which it entered, now bearing their fitting name of *Vomitoria;* for never did a more polluted stream of the dregs and pests of humanity issue from an unbecoming reservoir, through ill-assorted channels, than the Roman mob, drunk with the blood of martyrs, gushing forth from the pores of the amphitheater.

The emperor came to the games surrounded by his court, with all the pomp and circumstance which befitted an imperial festival, keen as any of his subjects to witness the cruel games, and to feed his eyes with a feast of carnage. His throne was on the eastern side of the amphitheater, where a large space, called the *pulvinar*, was reserved, and richly decorated for the imperial court.

Various sports succeeded one another; and many a gladiator, killed or wounded, had sprinkled the bright sand with blood, when the people, eager for fiercer combats, began to call, or roar, for the Christians and the wild beasts. It is time, therefore, for us to think of our captives.

Before the citizens were astir, they had been removed from the prison to a strong chamber called the *spoliatorium*, the press-room, where their fetters and chains were removed. An attempt was made to dress them gaudily as heathen priests and priestesses; but they resisted, urging that as they had come spontaneously to the fight, it was unfair to make them appear in a disguise which they abhorred. During the early part of the day they remained thus together en-

couraging one another, and singing the Divine praises, in spite of the shouts which drowned their voices from time to time.

While they were thus engaged, Corvinus entered, and, with a look of insolent triumph, thus accosted Pancratius:

"Thanks to the gods, the day is come which I have long desired. It has been a tiresome and tough struggle between us who should fall uppermost. I have won it."

"How sayest thou, Corvinus? when and how have I contended with thee?"

"Always—everywhere. Thou hast haunted me in my dreams; thou hast danced before me like a meteor, and I have tried in vain to grasp thee. Thou hast been my tormentor, my evil genius. I have hated thee; devoted thee to the infernal gods; cursed thee and loathed thee; and now my day of vengeance is come."

"Methinks," replied Pancratius, smiling, "this does not look like a combat. It has been all on one side; for *I* have done none of these things towards thee."

"No? thinkest thou that I believe thee, when thou hast lain ever as a viper on my path, to bite my heel and overthrow me?"

"Where, I again ask?"

"Everywhere, I repeat. At school; in the Forum; in the cemetery; in my father's own court. Yes, everywhere."

"And nowhere else but where thou hast named? When thy chariot was dashed furiously along the Appian way, didst thou not hear the

tramp of horses' hoofs trying to overtake thee?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the prefect's son in a fury; "and was it thy accursed steed which, purposely urged forward, frightened mine, and nearly caused my death?"

"No, Corvinus, hear me calmly. It is the last time we shall speak together. I was travelling quietly with a companion towards Rome, after having paid the last rites to our master Cassianus" (Corvinus winced, for he knew not this before), "when I heard the clatter of a runaway chariot, and then, indeed, I put spurs to my horse; and it is well for thee that I did."

"How so?"

"Because I reached thee just in time—when thy strength was nearly exhausted, and thy blood almost frozen by repeated plunges in the cold canal; and when thy arm, already benumbed, had let go its last stay, and thou wast falling backwards for the last time into the water. I saw thee—I knew thee, as I took hold of thee, insensible. I had in my grasp the murderer of one most dear to me. Divine justice seemed to have overtaken him; there was only my will between him and his doom. It was my day of vengeance, and I fully gratified it."

"Ha! and how, pray?"

"By drawing thee out, and laying thee on the bank, and chafing thee till thy heart resumed its functions; and then consigning thee to thy servants, rescued from death."

"Thou liest!" screamed Corvinus; "my servants told me that *they* drew me out."

"And did they give thee my knife, together with thy leopard-skin purse, which I found on the ground, after I had dragged thee forth?"

"No; they said the purse was lost in the canal. It *was* a leopard-skin purse, the gift of an African sorceress. What sayest thou of the knife?"

"That it is here, see it, still rusty with the water; thy purse I gave to thy slaves; my own knife I retained for myself; look at it again. Dost thou believe me now? Have I been always a viper on thy path?"

Too ungenerous to acknowledge that he had been conquered in the struggle between them, Corvinus only felt himself withered, degraded, before his late school fellow, crumbled like a clot of dust in his hands. His very heart seemed to him to blush. He felt sick, and staggered, hung down his head, and sneaked away. He cursed the games, the emperor, the yelling rabble, the roaring beasts, his horses and chariot, his slaves, his father, himself—but he could not, for his life, curse Pancratius.

He had reached the door, when the youth called him back. He turned and looked at him with a glance of respect, almost approaching to love. Pancratius put his hand on his arm, and said, "Corvinus, *I* have freely forgiven thee. There is One above, who cannot forgive without repentance. Seek pardon from Him."

Corvinus slunk away, and appeared no more that day. He lost the sight on which his coarse imagination had gloated for days, which he had longed for during months.

As he was leaving the prisoners, the *lanista*, or master of the gladiators, entered the room and summoned them to the combat. They hastily embraced one another, and took leave on earth. They entered the arena, or pit of the amphitheater, opposite the imperial seat, and had to pass between two files of *venatores*, or huntsmen, who had the care of the wild beasts, each armed with a heavy whip wherewith he inflicted a blow on every one, as he went by him. They were then brought forward, singly or in groups, as the people desired, or the directors of the spectacle chose. Sometimes the intended prey was placed on an elevated platform to be more conspicuous; at another time he was tied up to posts to be more helpless. A favorite sport was to bundle up a female victim in a net, and expose her to be rolled, tossed, or gored by wild cattle. One encounter with a single wild beast often finished the martyr's course; while occasionally three or four were successively let loose, without their inflicting a mortal wound.

But we must content ourselves with following the last steps of our youthful hero, Pancratius. As he was passing through the corridor that led to the amphitheater, he saw Sebastian standing on one side, with a lady closely enwrapped in her mantle, and veiled. He at once recognized her, stopped before her, knelt, and taking her hand, affectionately kissed it. "Bless me, my dear mother," he said, "in this your promised hour."

"See, my child, the heavens," she replied, "and look up thither, where Christ with His

saints expecteth thee. Fight the good fight, for thy soul's sake, and show thyself faithful and steadfast in thy Saviour's love. Remember him too whose relic thou bearest round thy neck."[3]

"Its price shall be doubled in thine eyes, my sweet mother, ere many hours are over."

"On, on, and let us have none of this fooling," said the *lanista*, with a stroke of his cane.

Lucina retreated; while Sebastian pressed the hand of her son, and whispered in his ear, "Courage, dearest boy; may God bless you! I shall be close behind the emperor; give me a last look there, and—your blessing."

Pancratius soon stood in the midst of the arena, the last of the faithful band. He had been reserved, in hopes that the sight of others' sufferings might shake his constancy; but the effect had been the reverse. He took his stand where he was placed, and his yet delicate frame contrasted with the swarthy and brawny limbs of the executioners who surrounded him. They now left him alone; and we cannot better describe him than Eusebius, an eye-witness, does a youth a few years older:

"You might have seen a tender youth, who had not yet entered his twentieth year, standing without fetters, with his hands stretched forth in the form of a cross, and praying to God most attentively, with a fixed and untrembling heart; not retiring from the place where he first stood, nor swerving the least, while bears and leopards,

3. The father of Pancratius had suffered martyrdom, and the relic mentioned was stained with the parent's blood.

breathing fury and death in their very snort, were just rushing on to tear his limbs in pieces. And yet, I know not how, their jaws seemed seized and closed by some divine and mysterious power, and they drew altogether back."

Such was the attitude, and such the privilege of our heroic youth. The mob were frantic, as they saw one wild beast after another careering madly round him, roaring and lashing its sides with its tail, while he seemed placed in a charmed circle, which they could not approach. A furious bull, let loose upon him, dashed madly forward, with his neck bent down, then stopped suddenly, as though he had struck his head against a wall, pawed the ground, and scattered the dust around him, bellowing fiercely.

"Provoke him, thou coward!" roared out, still louder, the enraged emperor.

Pancratius awoke as from a trance, and waving his arms, ran towards his enemy; but the savage brute, as if a lion had been rushing on him, turned round, and ran away towards the entrance, where, meeting his keeper, he tossed him high into the air. All were disconcerted except the brave youth, who had resumed his attitude of prayer; when one of the crowd shouted out, "He has a charm round his neck; he is a sorcerer!" The whole multitude re-echoed the cry, till the emperor, having commanded silence, called out to him, "Take that amulet from thy neck, and cast it from thee."

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphi-

theater, "it is no charm that I wear, but a memorial of my father, who in this very place made gloriously the same confession which I now humbly make; I am a Christian; and for love of Jesus Christ, God and man, I gladly give my life. Do not take from me this only legacy. Try once more; it was a panther which gave him his crown; perhaps it will bestow the same on me."

For an instant there was dead silence; the multitude seemed softened, won. The graceful form of the gallant youth, his now inspired countenance, the thrilling music of his voice, the intrepidity of his speech, and his generous self-devotion to his cause, had wrought upon that cowardly herd. Pancratius felt it, and his heart quailed before their mercy more than before their rage; he had promised himself heaven that day; was he to be disappointed? Tears started into his eyes, as stretching forth his arms once more in the form of a cross, he called aloud:

"Today; oh yes, today, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy coming. Tarry not longer; show now Thy mercy to me who in Thee believe!"

"The panther!" shouted out a voice. "The panther!" responded twenty. "The panther!" thundered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus like the roaring of an avalanche. A cage started up, as if by magic, from the midst of the sand, and as it rose, its side fell down, and freed the captive of the desert. With one graceful bound the elegant savage gained its liberty; and,

though enraged by darkness, confinement, and hunger, it seemed almost playful, as it leaped and turned about. At last it caught sight of its prey. All its feline cunning and cruelty seemed to return and to conspire together in animating the cautious and treacherous movements of its velvet-clothed frame. The whole amphitheater was as silent as if it had been a hermit's cell, while every eye was intent, watching the stealthy approaches of the sleek brute to its victim. Pancratius was still standing in the same place, facing the emperor, apparently so absorbed in higher thoughts as not to heed the movements of his enemy. The panther had stolen round him, as if disdaining to attack him except in front. Crouching upon its breast, slowly advancing one paw before another, it had gained its measured distance, and there it lay for some moments of breathless suspense. A deep snarling growl, an elastic spring through the air, and it was seen gathered up with its hind feet on the chest and its fangs and fore claws on the throat of the martyr.

He stood erect for a moment, brought his right hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian with a smile, directed to him, by a graceful wave of his arm, the last salutation of his lip—and fell. The arteries of the neck had been severed, and the slumber of martyrdom at once settled on his eyelids. His blood softened, brightened, enriched, and blended inseparably with that of his father. The mother's sacrifice had been accepted.

ALFRED THE GREAT[1]

CHARLES DICKENS

LFRED the Great was a young man, three and twenty years of age, when he became king.[2] Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys which they supposed to be religious; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for then, that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read; although, of the four sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite. But he had—as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had—an excellent mother; and, one day, this lady, whose name was Osburgha, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated," with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that

1. This selection is taken from *A Child's History of England.* Much of the history of Alfred is traditional, and it is not at all probable that Dickens's picture is strictly true.

2. Alfred was a grandson of Egbert, the first king of England. Ethelwulf, son of Egbert, and his three older sons had been kings of England, when in 871 Alfred ascended the throne.

one of you four princes who first learns to read." Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths, and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of king Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and wide, was left alone one day, by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bows and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes,

and they were burnt. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "you will be ready enough to eat them

ALFRED ALLOWS THE CAKES TO BURN

by and by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog?"

At length, the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief, and captured their flag; on which was represented the likeness of a Raven—a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for they believed it to be enchanted—woven by the three daughters of one

father in a single afternoon—and they had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of

killing them, proposed peace, on condition that they should altogether depart from the western part of England and settle in the east, and that Guthrum should become a Christian in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This Guthrum did. At his baptism, King Alfred was his godfather. And Guthrum was an honorable chief who well deserved that clemency; for, ever afterwards, he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good honest English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travelers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, friends, talking of King Alfred the Great.

All the Danes were not like these under Guthrum; for after some years, more of them came over, in the old plundering and burning way—among them a fierce pirate of the name of Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend with eighty ships. For three years there was a war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But

King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and he encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last, he drove them all away, and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English, and now another of his labors was, to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested and improved by their contents.[3] He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred, garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice; the great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways, than he found it.

His industry in these efforts was quite aston-

3. He is said to have translated large portions of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon.

ishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows and through the chinks in the wall, caused them to gutter and burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanthorns[4] ever made in England. All this time he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

4. This is the early form of our word *lantern*.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

NOTE,—The biblical account of the death of Moses, upon which *The Burial of Moses* is based, is given in the thirty-fourth chapter of *Deuteronomy,* and reads as follows:

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan. And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea. And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar.

And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.

And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,

With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave,—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod;
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the incarnate son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

DAVID

INTRODUCTION

OU will never meet a more interesting character in history than David, the great king of the Israelites, who, it is usually claimed, reigned from about 1055 B. C. to 1015 B. C. Under David the Jews reached the height of their power, and he is regarded as their greatest conqueror.

A full biography would be an account of a succession of battles with his enemies the Philistines in which he was always victorious unless, as a punishment for some of the sins his fiery nature led him into, he was temporarily in defeat. Out of the many instances which the Bible gives, we have selected as the most vivid and interesting the accounts of his victory over Goliath, his relations to Saul and Jonathan and the rebellion of his own son Absalom. The story is told as it appears in Hebrew scriptures and is taken from the first and second books of *Samuel*, but in order to make the story continuous the arrangement of the verses has been changed somewhat. For greater clearness, the scheme of paragraphing has been changed, quotation marks have been used, and other departures made from the old form of printing in bibles.

The interesting story is told with all the vivid

directness of the Jewish scriptures, and every one must admire the poetic beauty so characteristic of Oriental writings. David's compact with Jonathan, his sad lament over the death of his traitorous son, and the grand anthem which he sings in gratitude for his victories, show that the great king was more than a warrior and ruler.

In truth, David was as much a poet and musician as he was a warrior and king, for not only did he, by his skill on the harp, quiet the raging fury of Saul's anger, but he wrote, also, the grandest psalms in existence. The *Twenty-third Psalm* and the *One Hundred Third Psalm* which, among others, are printed elsewhere in this work, are fine examples of his skill and art.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

OW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle against Israel. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred

shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am I not a Philistine and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us. I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now there was a man whose name was Jesse, and he had eight sons, and the three eldest followed Saul to the battle. And David his youngest son, fed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And the Philistine drew near, morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David, his son, "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle, for Israel and

the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And then the men of Israel said, "Have ye seen this man that is come up?"

And David spake to the men that stood by him saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel? Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

And the people answered him after this manner, saying, "The man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

And David's eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men, and his anger was kindled against David and he said, "Why comest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard that David spake, some one rehearsed them before Saul, and he sent for David.

And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also

he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he essayed to go. But David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them."

And David put them off him; and he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And he cursed David by his gods, and said, "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

DAVID MEETS GOLIATH

And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that

the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel and Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines; and the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents.

And David took the head of the Philistine and brought it to Jerusalem, but he put his armour in his tent.

Now when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, "Abner, whose son is this youth?"

And Abner answered, "As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell."

And the king said, "Inquire thou whose son the stripling is."

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand.

And Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

And David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite."

And Saul took him that day and would let him go no more to his father's house. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him and behaved himself wisely. And Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

DAVID AND SAUL AND JONATHAN

OW Saul, king of Israel, had a son Jonathan whom he dearly loved, a brave warrior and a noble man.

When David, returning from his victory over Goliath, told the story of his fight, Jonathan stood by, a listener.

And when David had made an end of speaking, the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

And it came to pass, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.

And the women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, "They have

ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?"

And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people.

And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David: and they told Saul, and the thing pleased him.

Saul said, "I will give him her that she may be a snare to him and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him." Wherefore Saul said to David, "Thou shalt this day be my son-in-law."

And David said unto Saul, "Who am I? and what is my life, or my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to the king?"

And Saul commanded his servants, saying, "Commune with David secretly, and say, 'Behold the king hath delight in thee, and all his servants love thee; now, therefore, be the king's son-in-law.'"

Saul's servants spake those words in the ears of David.

And David said, "Seemeth it to you a light thing to be the king's son-in-law, seeing that I am a poor man and lightly esteemed?"

And the servants of Saul told him what David had said, saying, "On this manner spake David."

And Saul said, "Thus shall ye say to David, 'The king desireth no dowry but the slaughter of an hundred Philistines, to be avenged upon the king's enemies.'"

But Saul thought to make David fall by the hands of the Philistines. And when the servants told David these words it pleased David well to be the king's son-in-law. Wherefore David arose and went, he and his men, and slew of the Philistines two hundred men.

And David came and told Saul, and Saul gave him his daughter Michal to wife.

And Saul saw and knew that the Lord was with David, and that Michal, Saul's daughter, loved him.

And Saul was yet the more afraid of David; and Saul became David's enemy continually.

Then the princes of the Philistines went forth: and it came to pass, after they went forth, that David behaved himself more wisely than all the servants of Saul; so that his name was much set by.

And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David.

But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, "Saul my father seeketh to kill thee; now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning,

and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself. And I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see I will tell thee."

And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, "Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good. For he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul sware, "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain."

And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan shewed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

And there was war again: and David went out and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter; and they fled from him.

And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand; and David played with his hand.

And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night.

DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL

Saul also sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning: and Michal, David's wife, told him, saying, "If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain."

So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped.

And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth.

And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, "He is sick."

And Saul sent the messengers again to see David, saying, "Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him."

And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster.

And Saul said unto Michal, "Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy, that he is escaped?" And Michal answered Saul, "He said unto me, 'Let me go; why should I kill thee?'"

So David fled and escaped and went and dwelt in Naioth, whither Saul's messengers came to slay him.

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, "What have I done? what is my iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?"

And he said unto him, "God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will shew it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? is it not so?"

And David sware moreover, and said, "Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, 'Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved:' but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

Then said Jonathan unto David, "Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."

And David said unto Jonathan, "Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not

fail to sit with the king at meat: but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even.

"If thy father at all miss me, then say, 'David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family.'

"If he say thus, 'It is well;' thy servant shall have peace: and if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him.

"Therefore, thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father?"

And Jonathan said, "Far be it from thee: for if I knew certainly that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would I not tell it thee?"

Then said David to Jonathan, "Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?"

And Jonathan said unto David, "Come, and let us go out into the field." And they went out both of them into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David, "O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and shew it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I

will shew it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father.

"And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not; but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth."

So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, "Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies."

And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

Then Jonathan said to David, "To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark.

"And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, 'Go, find out the arrows.' If I expressly say unto the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee; take them;' then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth.

"But if I say thus unto the young man, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee,' go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away.

"And as for this matter which thou and I

have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever."

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty.

Nevertheless Saul spake not anything that day: for he thought, "Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean."

And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day?"

And Jonathan answered Saul, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, 'Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favour in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren.' Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table."

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."

And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and

JONATHAN SHOOTS THE ARROWS

said unto him, "Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?"

And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, "Run find out now the arrows which I shoot." And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, "Is not the arrow beyond thee?"

And Jonathan cried after the lad, "Make speed, haste, stay not." And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter.

And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, "Go, carry them to the city."

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.

And Jonathan said to David, "Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, 'The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever.' "

And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

And David abode in the wilderness in strong holds, and remained in a mountain in the wilderness of Ziph. And Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hand.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

And David saw that Saul was come out to seek his life: and David was in the wilderness of Ziph in a wood.

And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his

hand in God. And he said unto him, "Fear not: for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth."

And they two made a covenant before the Lord: and David abode in the wood, and Jonathan went to his house.

Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats. And he came to the sheepcotes by the way, where was a cave; and Saul went in to cover his feet: and David and his men were hidden in the sides of the cave.

And the men of David said unto him, "Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, 'Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee.' " Then David arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily.

And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt. And he said unto his men, "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord."

So David stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But Saul rose up out of the cave, and went on his way.

David also arose afterward, and went out of

the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, "My lord the king."

And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself; and said, "Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, 'Behold, David seeketh thy hurt?'

"Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee; and I said, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed.'

"Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it.

"The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, 'Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.'

"After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea.

"The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand."

And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, "Is this thy voice, my son David?"

And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil.

"And thou hast shewed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me: forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered me into thine hand, thou killedst me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? wherefore the Lord reward thee good for that thou hast done unto me this day.

"And now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand. Swear now therefore unto me by the Lord, that thou wilt not cut off my seed after me, and that thou wilt not destroy my name out of my father's house."

And David sware unto Saul, and Saul went home.

And it came to pass after many days that the Philistines gathered their armies together for warfare to fight with Israel, and they pitched in Shunem. And Saul gathered all Israel together and they pitched in Gilboa.

And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled.

And when Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by prophets.

Now the Philistines fought against Israel and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines and fell down slain in mount Gilboa. And the

Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons, and they slew Jonathan and two other sons of Saul. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers.

Then said Saul unto his armour-bearer, "Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these Philistines come and thrust me through, and abuse me.

But his armour-bearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it.

And when his armour-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.

So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armour-bearer, and all his men, that same day together.

And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in mount Gilboa.

And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armour, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of the idols, and among the people.

Now it came to pass on the third day after the death of Saul that, behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head: and he came before David and fell to the earth and did obeisance.

And David said unto him, "From whence comest thou?"

And he said unto him, "Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped."

And David said unto him, "How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me."

And he answered, "The people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead; and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also."

And David said unto the young man that told him, "How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?"

And the young man that told him said, "As I happened by chance upon mount Gilboa, behold, Saul leaned upon his spear; and, lo, the chariots and horsemen followed hard after him. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called unto me. And I answered, 'Here am I.'

"And he said unto me, 'Who art thou?'

"And I answered him, 'I am an Amalekite.'

"He said unto me again, 'Stand, I pray thee, upon me, and slay me: for anguish is come upon me, because my life is yet whole in me.'

"So I stood upon him, and slew him, because I was sure that he could not live after that he was fallen: and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord."

Then David took hold on his clothes, and rent them; and likewise all the men that were with him: and they mourned and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul, and for Jonathan his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the

house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword.

And David said unto the young man that told him, "Whence art thou?"

And he answered, "I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite."

And David said unto him, "How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?"

And David called one of the young men, and said, "Go near, and fall upon him." And he smote him that he died.

And David said unto him, "Thy blood be upon thy head; for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, 'I have slain the Lord's anointed.'"

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who

clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

DAVID THE KING

I

THEN came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron and spake, saying, "Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh. Also in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel: and the Lord said to thee, 'Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel.'"

So all the elders of Israel came to the king to Hebron; and king David made a league with them in Hebron before the Lord: and they anointed David king over Israel.

David was thirty years old when he began to reign and he reigned over Israel and Judah thirty and three years, and he had already reigned over Judah seven years and six months.

But when the Philistines heard that they had

anointed David king over Israel, all the Philistines came up to seek David; and David heard of it, and went down to the hold.

The Philistines also came and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim.

And David enquired of the Lord, saying, "Shall I go up to the Philistines? wilt thou deliver them into mine hand?" And the Lord said unto David, "Go up: for I will doubtless deliver the Philistines into thine hand."

And David smote the Philistines and said, "The Lord hath broken forth upon mine enemies, as the breach of waters."

And there the Philistines left their images and David and his men burned them.

And the Philistines came up yet again, and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim.

And when David enquired of the Lord, he said, "Thou shalt not go up; but fetch a compass behind them, and come upon them over against the mulberry trees. And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host of the Philistines."

And David did so, as the Lord had commanded him; and smote the Philistines from Geba until they came to Gazer.

After David had conquered the Philistines he called unto him a servant of the house of Saul whose name was Ziba, and said, "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may show the kindness of God unto him?"

And Ziba said unto the king, "Jonathan hath yet a son who is lame on his feet."

The king said unto him, "Where is he?"

And Ziba said unto the king, "Behold he is in the house of Machir."

Now the name of this son of Jonathan was Mephibosheth, and when he was come unto David he fell on his face, and did reverence.

And David said, "Mephibosheth!"

And he answered, "Behold thy servant."

And David said unto him, "Fear not: for I will surely shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually."

And he bowed himself, and said, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?"

Then the king called to Ziba, Saul's servant, and said unto him, "I have given unto thy master's son all that pertained to Saul and to all his house. Thou therefore, and thy sons, and thy servants, shall till the land for him, and thou shalt bring in the fruits, that thy master's son may have food to eat: but Mephibosheth thy master's son shall eat bread always at my table."

Now Ziba had fifteen sons and twenty servants. Then said Ziba unto the king, "According to all that my lord the king hath commanded his servant, so shall thy servant do."

"As for Mephibosheth," said the king, "he shall eat at my table, as one of the king's sons."

And Mephibosheth had a young son, whose

name was Micha. And all that dwelt in the house of Ziba were servants unto Mephibosheth.

So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet.

II

Now Absalom, the favorite son of David, was wroth at his brother Amnon who had dealt wickedly with his sister. And at a sheep-shearing where Absalom had invited Amnon and all his other brothers, Absalom had commanded his servants, saying, "Mark ye now when Amnon's heart is merry with wine, and when I say unto you, 'Smite Amnon;' then kill him; fear not: have not I commanded you? Be courageous, and be valiant."

And the servants of Absalom did unto Amnon as Absalom had commanded, and David mourned for his son every day.

So Absalom fled and went to Geshur and was there three years. And the soul of David longed to go forth unto Absalom, for he loved him dearly. And the king sent for Joab, who had counselled the king to forgive, and said unto him, "Go ye and bring the young man Absalom again to me."

So Joab arose and went to Geshur, and brought Absalom to Jerusalem.

And the king said, "Let him turn to his own house, and let him not see my face."

So Absalom returned to his own house, and saw not the king's face.

But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty: from the sole of his feet even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. And when he polled his head, he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight.

So Absalom dwelt two full years in Jerusalem, and saw not the king's face. Therefore Absalom sent for Joab, to have sent him to the king; but he would not come to him: and when he sent for him again the second time, he would not come.

Therefore he said unto his servants, "See, Joab's field is near mine, and he hath barley there; go and set it on fire." And Absalom's servants set the field on fire.

Then Joab arose, and came to Absalom unto his house, and said unto him, "Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire?"

And Absalom answered Joab, "Behold, I sent unto thee, bidding thee come hither, that I might send thee to the king, to say, 'Wherefore am I come from Geshur? it had been good for me to have been there still: now therefore let me see the king's face; and if there be any iniquity in me, let him kill me.'"

So Joab came to the king, and told him: and when he called for Absalom, he came to the king, and bowed himself on his face to the ground before the king: and the king kissed Absalom.

And it came to pass after this, that Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him.

And Absalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate: and it was so, that when any man that had a controversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom called unto him, and said, "Of what city art thou?" And he said, "Thy servant is of one of the tribes of Israel."

And Absalom said unto him, "See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee."

Absalom said moreover, "Oh that I were made judge of the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice."

And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him.

And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment: so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

And there came a messenger to David, saying, "The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom."

And David said unto all his servants that were with him at Jerusalem, "Arise, and let us flee; for we shall not else escape from Absalom: make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword."

And the king went forth, and all the people after him, and tarried in a place that was far off.

And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his

head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up.

Then David arose, and all the people that were with him, and they passed over Jordan: by the morning light there lacked not one of them that was not gone over Jordan.

Then David came to Mahanaim. And Absalom passed over Jordan, he and all the men of Israel with him.

So Israel and Absalom pitched their tents in the land of Gilead.

And it came to pass, when David had come unto Mahanaim that the people brought beds, and basons, and earthen vessels, and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and beans, and lentiles, and parched pulse, and honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine, for David, and for the people that were with him, to eat: for they said, "The people are hungry, and weary, and thirsty, in the wilderness."

And David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them.

And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, and a third part under the hand of Ittai. And the king said unto the people, "I will surely go forth with you myself also."

But the people answered, "Thou shalt not go

forth: for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us: but now thou art worth ten thousand of us: therefore now it is better that thou succour us out of the city." And the king said unto them, "What seemeth you best I will do." And the king stood by the gate side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands.

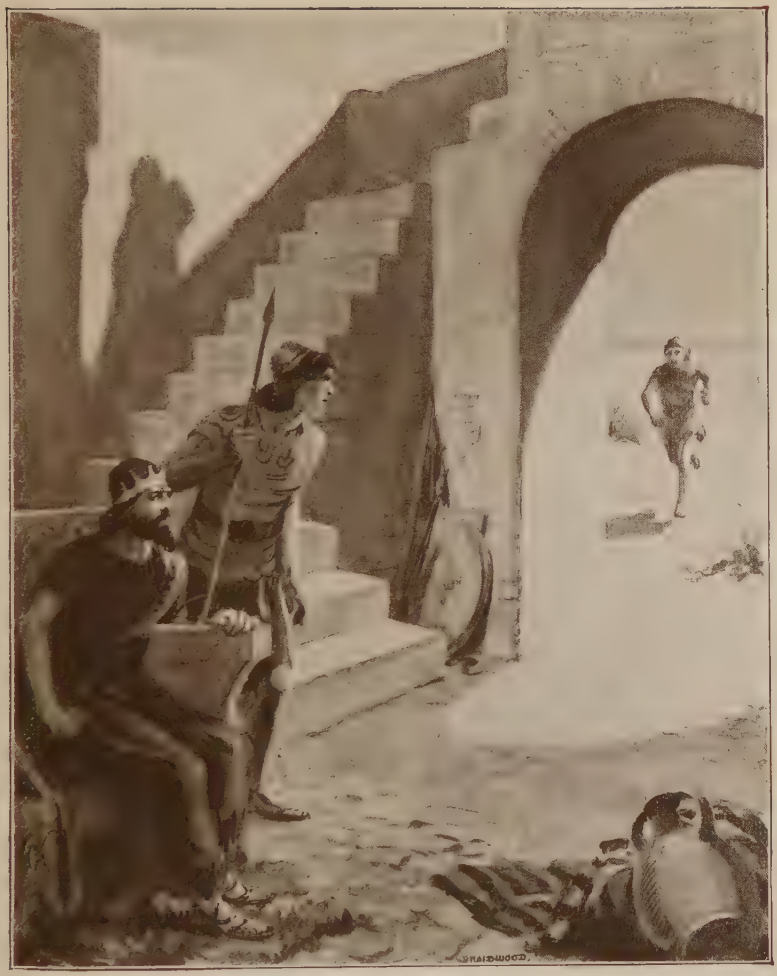
And the king commanded Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, "Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak."

And Joab said unto the man that told him, "And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I



THE MAN RUNNING ALONE

would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle."

And the man said unto Joab, "Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son: for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, 'Beware that none touch the young man Absalom.'

"Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me."

Then said Joab, "I may not tarry thus with thee." And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak.

And ten young men that bare Joab's armour compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him.

And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel: for Joab held back the people.

And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him: and all Israel fled every one to his tent.

And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and beheld a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, "If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth."

"IS THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?"

And he came apace, and drew near, and said, "Tidings, my lord the king: for the LORD hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee."

And the king said unto Cushi, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And Cushi answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that

rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

And it was told Joab, "Behold the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom." And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people: for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle.

But the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, "O my son Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

* * * * *

And David spake unto the LORD the words of this song in the day that the LORD had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies:

"The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; the God of my rock; in him will I trust: he is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour; thou savest me from violence.

"I will call on the LORD, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

"When the waves of death compassed me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; the sorrows of hell compassed me about; the snares of death prevented me; in my distress I called

upon the LORD, and cried to my God: and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears.

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

"He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet.

"And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: and he was seen upon the wings of the wind.

"And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

"Through the brightness before him were coals of fire kindled.

"The LORD thundered from heaven, and the most High uttered his voice.

"And he sent out arrows, and scattered them; lightning, and discomfited them.

"And the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the world were discovered, at the rebuking of the LORD, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils.

"He sent from above, he took me; he drew me out of many waters; he delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me: for they were too strong for me.

"I was also upright before him, and have kept myself from mine iniquity.

"Therefore the LORD hath recompensed me according to my righteousness; according to my cleanness in his eye sight.

"With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful, and with the upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright.

"With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself unsavoury.

"And the afflicted people thou wilt save: but thine eyes are upon the haughty, that thou mayest bring them down."

Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying:

"I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself: that the Lord may continue his word which he spake concerning me, saying, 'If thy children take heed to their way, to walk before me in truth with all their heart and with all their soul, there shall not fail thee a man on the throne of Israel.'"

So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David.

Then sat Solomon upon the throne of David his father; and his kingdom was established.

David was, as you have learned from the account of him you have just been reading, a poet and a singer, and one of his beautiful songs

is to be found near the close of this story of his life. We may imagine him singing this, and accompanying himself on the harp; touching the strings softly as he told that, "The sorrows of hell compassed me about; the snares of death prevented me;" but striking out loud sounding chords as he exultantly cried, "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook."

Does it seem at all strange to you that we should call this poetry? It has no rhyme, and it is not broken up, as are most poems, into lines of nearly equal length; but a poem it is, nevertheless. Hebrew poetry was quite different in some ways from modern poetry. It did not have rhymes, though it did have about it a certain musical quality which made it very suitable for chanting. Then, too, the words and the manner of treating subjects were different from those employed in prose, just as they are in our own poetry.

David in this song is praising God for making him victorious over his enemies. Let us look for a moment at the way in which he expresses himself, and see whether we can find out just where the beauty of this hymn of praise lies. In the first paragraph he applies to the Lord various titles—"my rock," "my shield," "my high tower." He means to say by this that God is strong enough to protect him and defend him, but is not his way of saying it more forceful?

A few lines down we have the words, "The waves of death compassed me." Does this not

give you a vivid idea of the helplessness of David and his hopelessness? What he means is, "I was in constant danger of losing my life," but he puts this fact into impressive words that leave a distinct picture in our minds.

Still further on we read, "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured." This strikes us as a very daring way of describing God, but it is also a forceful way. We get just the idea of the irresistibleness of God which David meant we should.

These are but a few of the striking descriptions of which David makes use in this song. You will find others in almost every paragraph. Read the entire song once more, and see whether you are not impressed anew with its beauty.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

FELICIA HEMANS

NOTE,—Bernardo del Carpio, a Spanish warrior and grandee, having made many ineffectual attempts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, declared war against King Alphonso of Asturias. At the close of the struggle, the king agreed to terms by which he rendered up his prisoner to Bernardo, in exchange for the castle of Carpio and the captives confined therein. When the warrior pressed forward to greet his father, whom he had not seen for many years, he found a corpse on horseback.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-
imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! O, break
my father's chain!"

"Rise! Rise! even now thy father comes, a ran-
somed man this day!
Mount thy good horse: and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded
on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And, lo, from far, as on they pressed, there came
a glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a
leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very
truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned
so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
his cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and
there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand
he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery
spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped
from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above,—the face was
of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow
was fixed and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but in them
was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but
who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror
and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that
stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and
from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length, he murmured low, and
wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown;
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the
dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his
darkly mournful brow,—
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift
the sword for now;
My king is false,—my hope betrayed! My
father,—O the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away
from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my
sire, beside thee, yet;
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's
free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; for
thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though
thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he
seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the
courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rear-
ing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king
before the dead:

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's
hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell
me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give
answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay;

"Into these glassy eyes put light;—be still! keep
down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth
is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove,—for whom
my blood was shed.
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be
mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell; upon
the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then
turned from that sad place.
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in
martial strain:
His banner led the spears no more amidst the
hills of Spain.

CHEVY-CHASE

RICHARD SHEALE

NOTE,—It was said in the old legend that Percy, Earl of Northumberland, declared that he would hunt for three days on Scottish lands without asking leave from Earl Douglas, who either owned the soil or had control of it under the king. The conflict which ensued was celebrated in an old ballad, which in time came to be confused with other tales relating to the Battle of Otterbourne, so that there is confusion in the events. This ballad of *Chevy-Chase* dates back probably to the time of James I, and is merely a modernized version of the old stories.

God prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
  In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summer days to take,—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,—
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,—
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancéd be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,—
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,—
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"O heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our King,
"Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revengéd on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the King performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

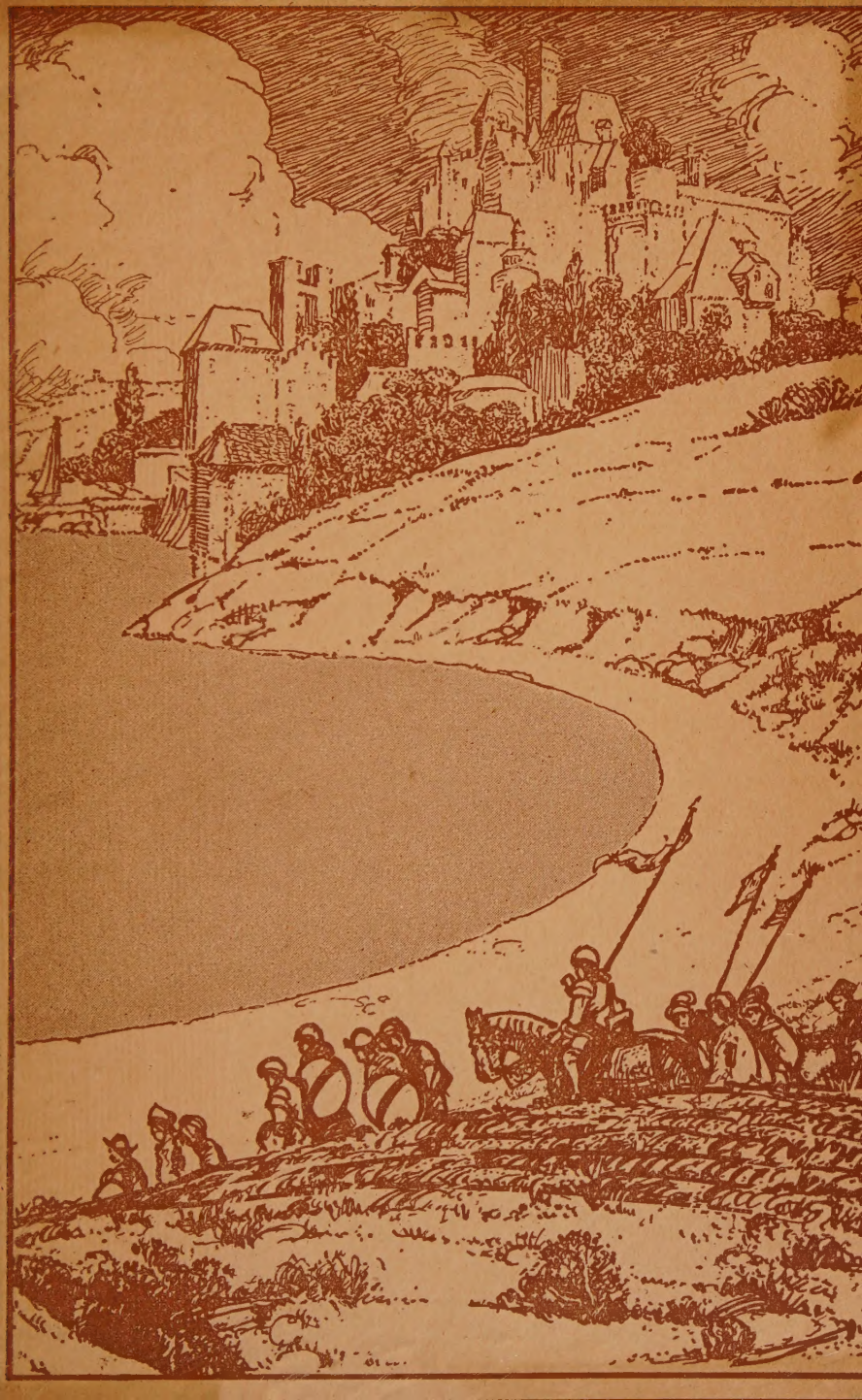
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE,—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* the sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü*, and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

ÆOLUS, *e′ o lus*
AUDHUMBLA, *ow thoom′ blah*
BJORN, *byörn*
BRUNHILD, *broon hild′*
CHAOS, *ka′ os*
CHARLEMAGNE, *shahr′ le mayn*
CHINON, *she′ noN*
CID, *sid*
COCYTUS, *ko si′ tus*
COMPIEGNE, *koN pe″ ayn′*
DAUPHIN, *daw′ fin*
DUPUIS, *du pwe′*
FALAISE, *fal ayz′*
FRANCOIS, *frahN′ swah*
FRITHIOF, *frit′ yofe*
GAEA, *je′ ah*
HRIMFAXI, *hrim′ fax e*
INGEBORG, *ing′ e bor y′*
JOAN OF ARC, *jo′ an of ark*
LIMOGES, *le mozh′*
LOCHINVAR, *lok in var′*
MAGNA CHARTA, *mag′ nah kahr′ tah*

MIREBEAU, *mir a bo′*
NIBELUNGENLIED, *ne′ be loong″ en leet″*
OUIDA, *we′ dah*
OUTRE-MER, *oo′ tr′ mare*
PATRASCHE, *pa trahsh′*
PROSERPINA, *pro sur′ pe na*
PSYCHE, *si′ ke*
QUICHE, *kee chay′*
RHEIMS, *reemz*
RONCESVALLES, *ron″ thes val′ yays*
ROUEN, *roo oN′*
RUYDIEZ, *ri de′ eth*
SIEGFRIED, *seeg′ freet*
URANUS, *u′ ra nus*
VE, *vay*
VILI, *ve′ le*
XIMENA, *hee me′ ne*
YMIR, *e′ mur*

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